

The East Huron Gazette

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1892.

No. 39

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

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

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

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

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

ENNELL'S
OTOGRAPHS
OR
ORTUNATE
OLKS.

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

Greenlaw Mills.
Wroxeter, Ont.
ROBERT BLACK, PROP.
FITTED UP WITH
**HUNGARIAN ROLLER
PROCESS.**
FIRST-CLASS FLOUR
FROM
MANITOBA WHEAT.
Highest Price paid for Grain.
Chopping Done.
ROBERT BLACK.

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

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

City Grocery.
HAVING bought out the stock of MR. JAMES IRELAND I will endeavor to keep up the reputation for High-Class
GROCERIES,
Confectionery,
—Staple and Fancy—
Crockery, Silverware and
Fancy Goods,
that my predecessor has so well merited for the last 12 years.

**Everything Fresh and
Guaranteed of the
Finest Quality.**
No use to enumerate prices, but call and see for yourself.
I will sell as Cheap as the
Cheapest.

T. F. MILLER,
WROXETER.

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

Bull for Service.
THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at 10¢ per cow, 30¢ per cow. He is three years old, and weighs 2000 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.
TERMS:—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLETTS.

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

In Gorrie,
And will pay Toronto Market Prices in exchange for Tweed, Flannels, Blankets, Yarns, etc.
McKelvie & Rife,
LAWLESS BUILDING,
Main Street, GORRIE.

**We want
10,000 BUSHELS
OF Apples**
AT THE
Gorrie Fruit Evaporator
For which the Highest Cash Price will be paid.
**50 Cords
of 4-ft. Wood
WANTED**
At once.
JOHN HARDING,
Manager.

Holstein Calf Lost.
LOST.—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the about the 5th of July last, a Holstein Steer Calf, spotted black and white. The finder will be suitably rewarded on giving information as to its whereabouts to
HENRY WILLETTS,
Lot 18, Con. B., Howick,
Wroxeter P. O.

The Lion Store

Stock-taking
THIS MONTH. And we always have Remnants of all kinds to clear out.
ES: Prints, Flannellets, Seersuckers, Lawn Muslins, Satoons, etc., and all Summer Goods must be sold this month.

Hats and Caps.
Also clearing out our
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE
Department at prices to suit the times.
GLASS GEMS, ALL SIZES,
SUGARS, ALL KINDS,
Produce of all kinds wanted, wool, etc.
Lion Store, Wroxeter.
J. W. Sanderson.

**Don't be in a Hurry
to sell Your
Wool**
TILL YOU
See the Wagon!
—OF—
J. W. WATERHOUSE,
Who is handling the PALMERSTON WOOLLEN FACTORY'S line of Woolen Goods, and will call at your door shortly, with the very best goods in the market.

**Highest Price Paid in
Cash or Trade.**
RESIDENCE:—Next the Railway Track, east of Main St., GORRIE.

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

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

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Brownlee, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.
METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. 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, Superintendent.
BAPTIST.—Services in Gorrie at 3 o'clock p. m., and at the church on the 2nd concession of Howick at 10:30 a. m., and 7 p. m. Rev. J. A. Osborne, pastor.

We call attention to the change of address of the Montreal House in this issue. Mr. Bean informs us that he has just closed his twelfth year of business in Gorrie, and notwithstanding the many changes that have taken place among the business men of this village during that time, and in the face of almost every conceivable class of opposition he has steadfastly adhered to the principles laid down in his advertisement of this week. From a comparatively small beginning he has built a business that will compare favorably with any in this section of the country, and has established a reputation for honorable, straight forward dealing, second to none anywhere.

The Mail says of Parker's Dye Works Toronto: "No longer is it necessary to give away, or sell for a trifling amount, the partly worn goods when they can be cleaned and dyed so as to present as good an appearance as new, and last double the time they would otherwise. This firm have now a most enviable reputation and are distinguished from other and less competent dyers by the fine work they turn out." We cannot say any too much for R. Parker & Co., the well-known dyers of Toronto. We advise our readers to look through their wardrobe and have their soiled or faded garments cleaned or dyed to look like new. Agents: A. B. Allison, Gorrie; Jas. Fox, Wroxeter; H. C. Bell, Fordwich. Orders left at any of the above agencies will receive prompt attention.

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

If you want a good article in
Paris Green
Get it at the
Drug Store.
The only kind I keep is a
Pure English Green.
N. McLAUGHLIN,
Druggist,
GORRIE.

Local Affairs.
General servant girl wanted at once Apply to Mrs. Jas Sutherland.
Mr. W. A. Irwin was in the county town on legal business last week.
Messrs. Loundesbury and Haskett, of Lakelet, called on Gorrie friends last Sunday.
Mr. Perkins is having a new foundation placed under his grain storehouse in this village.
Geo. Green, Esq., of Wingham, a former Gorrie merchant, was visiting in town early in the week.
Toronto's exhibition is now in progress and it is likely Howick will send her full compliment of visitors.
Mrs. Green, of Wingham, who has been visiting her mother for a short time lately, extended her visit to Arthur last week.
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Rev. Jas. Coburn, formerly of Fordwich, has been making some prominent speeches on Orange matters in Toronto within the past week or so.
Mr. D. Sanderson has treated himself to a fine family carry-all, which adds considerably to the display of carriages which Gorrieites can make.
Mr. Will Ashton intends to become a student at the Brockville high school for the fall term, having decided to study with a view of becoming a minister.

The Presbyterian church has undergone a complete renovation. The work was done in a thoroughly artistic manner, Mr. Edgar Veal, of Wroxeter having done the contract.
Mr. Thos. Walker, of the 6th con., received a telegram yesterday from North Dakota, stating that his son George was dangerously ill and requesting his presence there immediately.
After a two-weeks stay Mr. Wheatcroft has closed his butchering business in Gorrie, it being too far away to work successfully with his large operations in a similar line of trade in Palmerston.
A Mr. Kirkby, of Toronto, was in town on Tuesday, selling a patent lettering pencil. He is a fine penman and left many evidences of his skill on the windows and show-cases of our business places.
The congregations of St. Stephens' church, Gorrie, and St. James' church, Wroxeter, purpose holding their annual harvest Thanksgiving services on Sunday Sept. 25th. Rev. Hughes, of Wingham, will take the services.
The death of Mr. Alex. Johnstone, 7th con., Howick, east of Fordwich, occurred on Friday last, of typhoid fever. Deceased was one of the oldest settlers in the township. His funeral was, perhaps, the largest ever held in the township. An obituary notice was received too late for this issue.

Mr. P. H. Shaver has bought the residence at the rear of the GAZETTE office (now occupied by Mr. Geo. Horton) from Mr. Jas. McLaughlin, and will shortly move his family into it. Mr. S. has been quite successful in his shoe trade and has largely added to his business lately, having decided permanently to remain in Gorrie.
Messrs. Jas. and Thos. H. McLaughlin started by C. P. R. on Tuesday morning for a months' ramble through Manitoba. They were followed in the afternoon by Mr. Jas. Leech, who returned unexpectedly to the Prairie Province to settle some business matters in connection with his property there. The party were to have been joined at Cheltenham by Mr. Jas. Rogers, sr., a former Gorrieite.

Much sympathy is expressed for the young man who ditched for Mr. Horton for some days, and who one night last week suffered excruciating pain of a singular nature. Since then he is quite deaf and is altogether in an unenviable state.
There is some grain out around here yet. Those whose misfortune it was not to get through last week will now have a respite till it again dries out.
Mrs. T. Pomeroy, daughter of Mr. Geo. Burnett arrived home from Montana on Friday last. She has been away for six years, and purposes staying at home with her parents for some months.
Miss Etta Scott and Mr. Bert Dulmage left to-day (Monday) for that renowned institute, Harriston High School. We wish them success in their year's work, and trust that their success this year may be repeated in 1893.
We hear that our hotel man contemplates putting a steamboat or something of that nature on the lake in the near future. Had we a few more enterprising men like Mr. L. we might expect some scheme devised to in some way connect with lake Huron and have our products carried off much more conveniently than at present.
Quite a number took in the lawn social at Orange Hill last week.
For the past two weeks almost to a lively time exists in our burg on Saturday evenings. Not the most sanctimonious in the world crowd round; the result is disorder in the highest degree and sometimes, as on Saturday last, it culminates in a pugilistic encounter.
BRIEFS.—There is to be a paring bee at Mr. Jas. Wright's next Tuesday evening. We need something to enliven times and expel the monotony... Mr. Jno. Allan, brother of Mr. Wm. Allan, is visiting around here. He too, falls heir to \$10,000 and will live in affluence the rest of his days... Mr. Moore, brother of Mrs. Jas. Horton, is visiting here now. Mr. M. is a thriving blacksmith in one of the eastern counties... Miss M. Crittenden left for Belmore to-day where she intends to remain a few days before returning to Blyth... Mr. and Mrs. Carlton paid relatives in Walkerton a visit last Saturday and Sunday... Miss Rutledge, of Carrick, is the guest of Mr. W. Hubbard.

The congregation of Trinity Church, Fordwich, purpose holding harvest Thanksgiving services and harvest festival on Tuesday, Sept. 20th. An entertainment will be held in the evening.
A very successful garden party was held at Mr. Edward James' residence last Friday evening. The grounds were tastefully arranged and illuminated for the occasion, the tables, from which the delicacies were served, being spread under the trees. An excellent literary and musical program was rendered, prominent in which was a recitation by Miss Dane, a solo by Miss Ayers, and a couple of instrumental (violin and organ) selections by Mr. and Miss Ashton. The Gorrie Brass Band was engaged for the occasion, and their music was well received by the guests. There were about 900 people on the grounds, and the Busy Gleaners, under whose auspices the party was given, netted a handsome sum.

Wroxeter.
Rev. Mr. Shaw is now on the ocean homeward bound. Mr. Humphries, who has filled the pulpit of the Methodist Church here during his absence, will preach his farewell sermon next Sunday. This young gentleman is a very clever preacher and will yet make his mark, being ready and fluent in his delivery.
A rather serious accident happened at the church now under construction here. Last Saturday morning the men had just got to work and were raising the scaffold, when by some accident the whole concern fell to the ground, a distance of about 18 feet, carrying with it Mr. McDonald, the contractor, and another man, whose name we did not learn. Mr. McDonald had one of his legs broken just above the ankle, and received some injury to his back; his companion also had his back badly hurt and was considerably bruised. Both were taken to their homes, some distance out of town, and their physician, Dr. Brown, reports that they are now doing very well.
The Gorrie Brass Band treated our village to a short serenade last Thursday evening while on their way to the garden party at Mr. Evans'. They were highly complimented for their proficiency, and our citizens are looking forward with pleasure to the open-air concert the boys have promised to give here shortly.

The Methodist garden party at Mr. Evans', just north of the village, last Thursday evening, was a very pleasant and successful affair. The evening was delightful and the beautiful lawn presented an animated appearance. A fine program was rendered in the parlors while the Gorrie Brass Band furnished an entertaining concert on the lawn, where the young people heartily enjoyed themselves in playing games, etc. A splendid lunch was served on tables prepared for the occasion, where the choicest edibles were temptingly arrayed, a special table being spread for the Band boys. A handsome sum was realized at the gate.
A well-written story of a young lady's mistake the other day, is omitted out of sympathy for the young man who lost the kiss intended for him.

Lakelet.
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Orange Hill.
Messrs. Wm. Montgomery and Fred Edgar left for the Model School in Mt. Forest last Thursday. Success.
Our school is again booming in full blast with friend Shearer at the helm. It is hoped that our school for next year does as well as it has in the past. Notwithstanding Mr. Shearer's having to cope with an average attendance of over sixty, seven were sent out to the entrance, all of whom passed, and one passed the Public School leaving examination. This was the only successful candidate for this exam. of all those who wrote at Harriston. Our school now ranks as one of the first in the county, and we expect soon to hear of its further advancement.
Miss Maud Howard, of Hamilton, is visiting with the Misses Howard of our city.
Mr. Edward Ferguson's new stone house is rapidly nearing completion.
Mr. Robt. Millen spent the latter part of last week at the bedside of father, who is sick at Lonsdale.
Preaching in Fordwich must be at a premium. Several of our young men treated their "fair ones" to the expounding of the Scripture in that place on Sunday night.
The social, under the auspices of the Sunday School, which was held at Mr. Spottow's, proved to be a success, notwithstanding the threatening weather of the afternoon. The tea was served in elegant style (as our worthy ladies are accustomed to do) to the large number that assembled. After tea one of the best programmes in this part of the township was rendered. The chair was taken by Mr. T. G. Shearer in his usual jovial, instructive manner, and the programme was rendered by speeches from Rev. Mr. Greene, Messrs. Shearer and Jaques, and music and recitations from the local talent. An attractive part of the programme was the many selections rendered by Mr. Garratt, of Fordwich, and Mr. Almont, of Listowel. The guests went away well pleased with the evening's entertainment and the officers of the school did likewise, knowing that there was \$84.88 more in the treasury than before the social.

Huntingfield.
I have noticed that your correspondent is either away from home or asleep, so I thought I would give you a few lines.
With good weather fall wheat seeding will soon be finished.
Miss Bravn, of Wroxeter, is organizing a class in instrumental music in this neighborhood.
When the cherries were ripe this year, Mr. George Vogan had a cherry tree in his orchard upon which were ripe fruit and blossoms side by side. Now one of his crab-apple trees is performing a similar feat. On the 20th August there were a number of blossoms upon it in full bloom, and now the fruit is set.
Mr. Alex. Burnett met with an accident on Saturday. While drawing in again he fell off the load onto the barn floor, hurting his face and head. Fortunately no bones were broken and he is now able to be about.
We are glad to see Mrs. G. Pomeroy around again after her late illness.
Apple buyers are scouring the country trying to buy apples. But the farmers are wary, remembering that only a couple of years ago a buyer from Wingham closed deals with some of us at \$1.25 per barrel when apples were worth \$2.50.

Second Line.
Misses Vickie Cooper and Maggie Rodhouse and Mr. Dunlop left on Wednesday to attend the Clinton Model School. They were all successful candidates at the late Departmental Examinations. The two latter obtained 3rd class certificates, and the former a 2nd. The success of Miss Cooper is especially noteworthy in that she passed with but six months' High School training, the rest of her school life having been spent in S. S. No. 11. We congratulate our young friends on their recent success, and admire their ambition toward a higher sphere of life. They have all an ample supply of tact, push and principle, the vital elements of success, and will, if given a standing place in the profession, let the country know that they are "in it."
Mr. Charles Tilker has moved back to the 4th line. Charles' short stay on the 2nd proved very prosperous to him, for during that time he received a prop for his old age in the person of a blooming little Tory.
Messrs. B. Cooper, T. Hicks and C. Tilker went out on a con hunting expedition one evening not long ago, and judging by the odor given off by the party on their return home, black cats with white stripes were more plentiful than coons. However we wish them success in future.
What might have proved a fatal accident happened at the threshing of Mr. Jas. Dunlop about a week ago. When Messrs. Rolston Dunlop, Edward Cooper and Richard Cooper were topping a somewhat massive stack they felt the top going off. In a trice Messrs. Cooper and Magee were hurled to the ground and received little more than a few scratches. But Rolston, who has been attending the Brockville C. I. for the last six months, turned science into practice, averted the downfall and remained standing on the top.

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THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

CHAPTER II.

RAFE THE PEDLAR'S DISCOVERY.

It was the year of that Egyptian campaign in which the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought and won after the long night-march beneath the stars. The British army, thereafter entered Cairo, carrying their sick and wounded with them. In the hospital quarters an officer sat writing at a table. He was dark in complexion, as if he had been for many months under the burning glare of a sub-tropical sun; while the thin and wasted face showed that he had been and still was an invalid. In the regiment he was known as Captain Norham, but to the Vicar of Linlaven, and to the Captain's young wife whom we saw enter the Vicar's study at the close of the last chapter, he was known as Arthur, and more kindly spoken of as George. And it was to these three ones at home—to his wife—he was writing now. Let us look over his shoulder and follow his pen.

"One evening," he writes, "I had a strange experience. It was after the receipt of my father's letter in which he informed me that your grandmother had resolved to settle her own property otherwise than upon you. I had been in a despairing mood for some days. My wound was not healing well, and I worried myself into something like delirium. I thought of the helpless state in which my death would leave you and our poor children. That you should be entitled by all the obligations of natural law and family ties to the provision which your father's mother has in her power to make for you, and yet to be cut off therefrom by a perverse and unnatural act of will on the part of one so nearly related to you—Tarry, the thought of all this burned into my brain, and I must have gone into a kind of frenzy."

"I do not know whether it was in a state of delirium or in a dream, but I found myself in the dear old church at home—the church of Linlaven. I was seated in my father's pew, and alone. It was night, and yet somehow it was not quite dark. The church was filled with a soft luminous haze, as of moonlight through obscured glass. I sat, absorbed in the perfect stillness of the place. Then up in the church tower I heard the bell strike one—two—three—slowly, solemnly—till it had struck twelve; the last stroke dying away in long melancholy vibrations; and once more the church was all still as death. I then observed that the west door was open, and that a white belt of light lay across the porch. I saw, too, a figure standing there, shadowy, ghost-like, and yet alive. He entered, and moved slowly up the aisle until he had almost reached the altar. But he did not approach farther, for at this point he came over towards where I was sitting, then turned and stood before the altar. It was the Vicar of Linlaven, and I knew him. My dear wife, it was your father, Arthur Norham! I never saw your father in life; and yet somehow I knew that this ghost, or apparition, or eidolon, or whatever it was, was your father. I could have touched him, I was so near; but I could not stir. He did not appear to be aware of my presence; but my eyes followed him, and I saw he was reading the letters on the white marble tablet which records his father's death. He stood before it with bowed head, as if in deep dejection and grief, and I heard these words uttered: 'He is gone; and I—unforgotten!'"

At that moment, a crash as of thunder rang through the church, and the whole scene disappeared in my winking eye. I woke up. It was only the sunset gun; and I must have been dreaming.

"I was greatly disturbed by the dream, and am still. That I should identify a man whom I never saw in my life, and should feel so sure that he was your father, almost appears to indicate something like an insane delusion on my part. Your father must have quitted his father's house about the time of my birth, and so his personal appearance could not be known to me. But I will describe him, and my father will judge. He was dressed in a riding-coat and boots, his head was uncovered, and his hair was dark, and curled closely around his head. He wore no beard, but there was not light enough for me to note his complexion, or the colour of his eyes. Only, somehow, I knew it was your father as surely as if he had been known to me all my life. I wonder what all this portends, and whether it is due alone to my feverish state of mind, or to some other cause which has hitherto been hidden in darkness the mystery of his disappearance."

The above letter, with all its other details of love and longing for absent ones—which we leave to the reader's imagination, only giving what concerns our story—this letter, written in the hot Egyptian sun, was that which Wilfrid Norham carried to the vicarage of Linlaven on the night of the fierce October storm. Wilfrid was the Vicar's second son, destined to succeed him in his sacred office. The lady, the wife of the absent soldier, was the Vicar's daughter-in-law, and the sole child of that ill-fated marriage between Arthur Norham and Esther Hales, the announcement of which at Brathrig Hall thirty years before had led to the old Squire's fierce wrath, driving him onwards within the hour to a violent death.

The Vicar of Linlaven was of the kin of the Norhams of Brathrig Hall, but the tie of relationship was thinning with time, and would hardly bear the strain of any degree of coisanship. But still he and his two sons—Captain George in Egypt, and Wilfrid at home—were of the true Norham stock. The Vicar and the missing Arthur Norham had been at school and university together, and their friendship had been close and keen. So also had been the Vicar's relations with the family at the Hall, till the time came when Arthur went off upon what his father regarded as a mission of folly; after which the friendship between the Vicar and the Squire somewhat cooled. The latter was angry with his son for quitting the ways of his ancestors, and he was equally angry with the Vicar because he refused to take the Squire's side against Arthur.

Nor was the death of the Squire the only calamity that followed upon these events. The Squire's lady, now a widow had hitherto been of a gentle and loving nature, particularly fond of her husband and children. But from the hour that she saw her husband's dead body carried into the hall, a change, almost phenomenal, passed over her. Her husband's death had been due to her son Arthur's disobedience. It was much as if he had struck a dagger into his father's bosom. It was simply murder. The boy had left his home without his father's knowledge had married without his father's consent; had married a low woman they had never seen; had disgraced the family name; and then had written a letter that killed his father. That was how the grief-stricken mother looked at it, until the bitterness of her soul deepened into deadly hatred of her son Arthur. She would not allow the Vicar to speak to her on the subject; he had

simply aided and abetted her son in the murder of her husband.

And Arthur himself, and Arthur's wife or widow—what calamity had likewise overtaken them? Everything that was possible was done to trace Arthur, but nothing availed. He had gone like last winter's snow. He could not have wilfully deserted his wife, because the deepest and warmest affection had always existed between them. And she, left with her little baby Clara, was heart-broken, and did not survive much over a year. The Vicar's wife was then alive, and when the young mother died, took home the little Clara, and brought her up with her own two boys, and was a true mother to the child.

Even the fact of this poor child's orphaned condition failed to soften the wild and unnatural resentment of the old lady at the Hall—Dame Norham—as she was generally styled. She would not see the child; refused to look upon it. That it was the offspring of her own son was nothing to her; he had been a wicked and unnatural son, and had murdered—yes, murdered—his own father. She had been left by her husband and sole executrix of his property and estates, and never, so long as she could help it, should the child of this unknown, meanly-born Esther Hales, own a single shred of them.

Her only remaining son, Jim, contented upon succeeding to the estates of his father after his mother should depart this life; but Jim the dissipated youth had grown up to be a dissipated man—had burned, so to speak, the candle of life at both ends, and had, good ten years ago, passed into a nameless grave in a foreign land. His sister, too, had died, unmarried; and now the estates and other property were designed for the possession of a very distant branch of the family, the Linleys of Longarth, according to the fiat of this hardened old mother, whom neither calamity nor death was able to soften.

So variously does adversity act and react on different natures. Some it ripens into a sweeter and nobler fruit; others it dries up and warps into sapless rigidity.

All this was in the minds of this little family group as they sat there with George's letter before them. To the Vicar it recalled thoughts of Arthur Norham in the days of their youth and friendship long ago.

"Yes," he said to Clara, "the appearance of the figure which George saw in his dream is like your father as I last saw him. I expect that I must have described him at some time or other to George, and that the picture I then drew has lain latent in his mind until recalled by his memory while in a state of semi-delirium. Yet it is very strange and very painful to have the past brought back to me so vividly as this dream does."

No one spoke for a time. Clara was evidently thinking less about the dream and the strangeness of it, than of her husband's condition in that distant foreign land. Where, in the course of his letter, he spoke with much hope of his final recovery to health, she, as she read these words silently to herself, strove with a woman's insight to read between the lines much which she fancied he had left unspoken lest she should add to the sorrow and the hope deferred from which she had already suffered so long. The tears that came unbidden to her eyes were an index of the mental struggle through which she was passing.

"It is a shame!" said Wilfrid, angrily breaking the silence, as he rose and began to walk hurriedly up and down the room. "What is a shame, my boy?" asked the Vicar.

"That Arthur's own mother up at the Hall should act with such persistent and merciless hostility towards her son's children. Why, Arthur Norham was flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood, so also are Clara and her two children. The woman cannot get rid of that fact; why, then, should she exhibit a kind of savage delight in facilitating arrangements to put the estates past them? I had some talk to-day with Mr. Brookes when I was in town, and he says everything is practically settled, that that rascally Linley of Longarth is to have the property, and Clara and her children are to be left to starve as far as Arthur's mother is concerned. I say again, it is worse than a shame—it is a scandal. Why, Arthur Norham did not sin half so deeply against his father, as she, his own mother, is sinning against him and his."

Clara lifted her eyes to Wilfrid, and there was a look of gratitude on her face. It sometimes does us good to hear our own feelings expressed for us.

The Vicar was silent for a while, and then he spoke, calmly, and as if to check the rising anger of his son.

"You must not forget Wilfrid," he said, "that it is doubtful if Arthur's mother can help herself so far as the Brathrig estates are concerned. No doubt she could—as a Christian and a mother she should—make provision for Clara and the children out of her own private possessions. But as for the estates, that is a somewhat different matter, and she has not quite a free hand. When Arthur Norham left his father's house and remained so many years absent, the Squire, as a man of perception and knowledge of the world, could not fail to perceive that a young man with the strong and heady impulses of his son, and at an age when youth is peculiarly susceptible, would run a danger of marrying some one in the class of life with which he had now associated himself. However respectable and worthy that class might be, persons forming it were not such as the Squire, with his old-world notions of things, could quite approve of as family connections. Do not speak, Wilfrid; I am not going to argue the point.—Well, things being so, he had made up his mind that, if Arthur survived him, he should, married or unmarried, succeed to the property, being the elder of his two sons. But—and this is what I draw your attention to—if he predeceased his father, and had previously made a marriage without his father's consent, then the children of that marriage were to be completely and perpetually cut off from any benefit in, or succession to, the estates."

"Ah," said Wilfrid, "that's rather a different story."

"Yes," continued the Vicar; "that is why I am so much moved by this dream of George's. We found it quite impossible to obtain any clue to Arthur's movements after he left his home, which was but the day before his father's fatal accident. From that time Arthur no longer communicated with the family lawyer, or drew upon the sum of money which was payable to him, as previous to his disappearance he had regularly done. We might, if we were rich, fight the matter out in the courts of law; but the presumption would still remain against us, as we could not prove that Arthur Norham was alive at the time of his father's death. Nearly thirty years have passed, and the mystery of his disappearance has never yet been solved. But I agree with you in thinking that Arthur's mother, seeing that she has ample means of her own, ought to make some provision for the future of Clara and her children."

For more than an hour the three sat conversing on what lay so near to the heart of each—George's restoration to health, and the sad possibilities that might ensue if the event were not restoration. At length Clara pleaded fatigue, and retired for the night, carrying her husband's letter with her, no doubt to weep and pray over it alone, as good women do. Father and son continued to sit there for another hour, not saying much one to the other, but smoking together in the silent confidence of friendship, which at such times is better than talk.

The hour of eleven had pealed out from the church-tower, when a loud ring was heard at the door-bell. Shortly thereafter Mrs. Sommes, the old housekeeper, entered the study.

"Please, sir," she said, addressing the Vicar, "that the gardener come to tell us that Rafe, the owl Scotch pedlar, has found a poor man a-lying to-night on Brathrig Fell, and Lawrence Dale the miller and some more o' them ha' gone up and carried him down. They ha' made a bed for him in the Owl Grange, and please, sir, could Mrs. George let us have some blankets and wraps to cover the poor man, for gardener says he is as near dead as ever man can be."

The Vicar replied that Mrs. George had retired for the night, and was not to be disturbed; but that she, the housekeeper, was herself to give the gardener what was necessary.

Wilfrid started to his feet, and said he would himself go down to the Owl Grange, and see what was afoot.

The Grange was a tall building just beyond the vicarage garden. The night was now comparatively calm, and the old building could be seen standing out black against the sky. From the doorway a gleam of light shone out; and on entering, Wilfrid saw the pedlar, with some others, standing beside the figure of a prostrate man on a rough, unextemporised bed, evidently in a state of unconsciousness. Wilfrid put his hand on the man's wrist, and after a time satisfied himself that the pulse was beating—feebly and intermittently, but still beating. The gardener arrived with the vicarage with the man was carefully wrapped; and the pedlar volunteered to stay there for the rest of the night beside the man, and to give warning to the neighbours if anything happened to render help necessary.

Wilfrid thanked him for his kind offer, and bade the man good-night, promising to see to the sufferer in the morning. The other also retired, all except the pedlar, to whom Lawrence Dale the miller stepped back a pace and whispered: "Rafe, I fear that poor creature has something on his mind. Let what we heard him say yonder on the hillside to-night lie a secret between thou and I; I would ill become us to bring mischief on gray hairs like his."

The cold gray light of morning crept slowly over the silent hills and into the bowls of Cumberland. The wind had died away; but Nature, like an ailing child that has not slept, met the coming day with a dim and tearful look. In the Owl Grange at Linlaven the sufferer of yesterday still lay tossing in the weird delirium of pain, and with the fierce light of fever in his eyes.

Wilfrid and Clara entered early, and stood together a little distance off, and in their approach by the wild look on the sufferer's face. He heeded not their presence. He saw them not, nor heard. Clara went close up to him, and could not tell the pale light of the October morning as he revealed the pinched and worn face of an aged man, who was still in the throes of unconsciousness, and the sounds that escaped his lips were but the rapid, unintelligible, continuous monotone of delirium, which falls so strangely on the watcher's ear.

She returned softly to Wilfrid's side, and advised him to send immediately for a doctor. When left alone, she turned once more to where the man lay, and said to herself: "Poor creature," she said aloud; "what can have brought his gray hairs to this?" The sound of her voice appeared to arrest the attention of the man, and to recall his wandering mind. By a quick movement, he raised himself up without pain, he half raised himself alone, stretching out the other hand towards Clara with an agitated gesture of appeal.

"Esther," he cried, in wild, distracted tones—"Esther! ha' thou come to forgive me? Ha' thou come to tell me it were all a black mistake—a horrible dream from which I am now awaking? Tell me, truly, Esther—tell me! And in his eagerness he seized her hand and pressed it to his burning lips. Then, as if the effort had utterly exhausted his feeble strength, he fell back on the rude couch, and his eyes relapsed into their former look of wild and wandering vacuity. If the veil of oblivion had for a brief moment been lifted from his mind, it must have been again as suddenly; for the room is once more only filled with the hoarse murmur of his inarticulate ravings.

Clara, as she dropped his hand, turned from him with a scared and bewildered look. Her face was ashy pale; and, as Wilfrid at that moment re-entered, she made him some hurried excuse and fled into the open air.

She did not stay till she had reached the vicarage and her own house.

"What a strange thing to fancy," she said to herself. "Yet why did he call me Esther? That was my mother's name. It cannot be!"

And she entered her own room, and shut to the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Sweetest Lives.

The sweetest lives are those to wit, of those deeds, both great and small, of those close-knit strands of an unbroken thread, of those who would not sound no trumpets, ring no bells.

The Book of Life the shining record tells.

They love shall chant: Its own beatitudes After its own life-working. A child's kiss Set on thy shining lips shall make thee glad.

A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich; A rich man, helped by thee shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thereby by every sense Of service which thou renderest.

(Mrs. Browning.)

THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

An Instance of British Courage that Will Never be Forgotten.

The Birkenhead, troopship, iron paddle-whelled, and of 556 horse power, sailed from Queenstown, 7th January, 1852 for the Cape, having on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2nd, 6th, 43rd, 45th and 60th Rifles, 73rd, 74th, and 91st regiments. It struck on a pointed pinnacle rock off Simon's Bay, South Africa, and of 638 persons only 184 were saved by the boats. 454 of the crew and soldiers perished February 13, 1852.

The foregoing is the record in Haydn's Dictionary of Dates of one of those striking events, the facts of which, once impressed upon the memory can never be forgotten. The details are called to mind by the fact that the details were recently read out by the German Emperor on the parade ground of every German regiment, the Kaiser thus acknowledging that no more inspiring example of military heroism and perfect discipline could be imagined.

The story, despite the glory of its luminous heroism, is a sad one. The British troops fighting against the Kafirs had been hardily cut up, and reinforcements were urgently required. These reinforcements were sent out from Cork on board the troopship Birkenhead with all haste. Two regiments had suffered severely in the campaign—the 74th Highlanders and the 91st—and the reinforcements included 66 men to the 74th, and Captain Wright one sergeant, and 60 to the 91st. There were also on board detachments of the 12th Lancers, 2nd Queen's Regiment, 6th Royals, 12th Regiment; 43rd Light Infantry, 45th Regiment; 60th Rifles; and 73rd Regiment. The 74th had lost its commander, Colonel Forrye, in action, and Lieut.-Col. Seton went out with the reinforcements to take over the command, and next to him in rank was Capt. Wright of the 91st. The Birkenhead, which was a fine paddle steamer, commanded by Capt. Salmon, a master in the navy, made a good passage, and on the 25th February, 1852, reached Simon's Bay.

Time was valuable, and not only was the ship steaming at a speed rapid for the period—eight miles an hour—but the commander of the vessel shortened the distance, closely hugging the shore. Simon's Bay had been left behind, and every stroke of the paddle was bringing Algoa Bay, the landing place, nearer to hand. The night was fine. The waves rippled gently in the moonlight, and scarce three miles off could be seen the dull gray of the coast line of Danger Point—ominous name! The water of all were high, for never yet did the British soldier's heart fail to beat with quickened, eager excitement as he neared the enemy with whom he was about to engage. Numbers strolled about the deck, chatting, talking, and speculating on the work before them; a few were below lounging, if not sleeping, in their hammocks. Among those on deck at half-past ten in the evening was Capt. Wright, of the 91st Regiment, and he and the officer of the watch had a long conversation respecting a light which attracted their attention from the port side. There was a slight difference of opinion as to which particular beacon it was, but they were agreed that it was a lighthouse.

Just before 2 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, the leadman was on the paddle-box preparing to heave the lead, as he had previously been doing, when suddenly as the good ship bowled along, there was felt a startling, jarring, staggering crush. The vessel had struck! Every heart stood still. Then rang out the voice of Capt. Salmon in prompt and clear tones: "Full speed astern! This was the fatal mistake; as the engines, reversed, drew the vessel backward from the point of sunken rock which had pierced her bow, she struck amidships, driving her hull in, and totally breaking her up. In the instant it was seen that the Birkenhead was a total wreck. She had, indeed, already begun to fill in a sea. The crush of water must have instantaneously drowned a hundred men in their hammocks.

Now comes the record of the deed of unparalleled heroism. Cool as if he had been on the parade ground, the gallant Col. Seton assumed the direction of the men under his command. Quietly he ordered the boats to be beamed, and the roll of the drums immediately sounded forth the muster call. Many of the men below wit heard the summons of the drummer boys, understood that they had to appear for parade, and, instead of rushing in hot haste, undressed, to create confusion on the deck, numbers donned their uniform, and appeared in a few minutes ready to fall in. It was a sublime scene—sometimes the human soul can reach an altitude of dignity and nobility which is to itself so foreign. It was now. These men stood on the deck of a sinking ship; already she was setting beneath the engulfing waves, but quietly and without question they formed up at the call, yet firm order of their commander, as if he had been on the parade ground. A brief but brave and thrilling scene. The other officers around him, he enjoined silence; then he desired Capt. Wright to give whatever assistance he could to Capt. Salmon. Speaking to the men, he told them they could not escape. The boats would only hold a limited number, and these the women and children would require. The women and children—the weak and the helpless—were to be saved! As for the soldiers—the brave and the strong—they would, if necessary, meet death with him!

If fear there was hidden in any heart it was conquered by discipline. Sixty men, told off in three reliefs, were put to the pumps on the lower after-deck; 60 were stationed at the tackles of the 160 box boats; all who were not required for active duty were drawn up in the poop, to ease the fore part of the ship, which was now rolling heavily. The troop horses were got up and pitched into the sea, some of the poor brutes swimming instinctively for the land, which could be seen in the bright starlight about two miles off. Awo-stricken and speechless, the women and children stood while the ship's cutter was got up; then the helpless ones were lowered, and, in a few minutes, aided by strong and willing hands, all were safe aboard. Then the ropes were cut, and the boat glided away. It had just got clear, when the vessel, working astern, struck again, causing another yawning chasm, through which the water poured in volumes. The outer bows broke off at the fore-cast, the bowsprit shot up into the air towards the foremast, and the funnel went over the side, carrying with it the starboard paddle-box and bust.

All this happened within 15 minutes of the ship striking. A second boat had captured because of the breaking away of the foremast. And now came a further exhibition of heroism upon the world's stage: a bareheaded man with the drawn sword—with his men face to face with death. But, says a writer, nobler than their adhesion to discipline, sublimer than mere devotion to their commander, was the spirit which moved the soldiers to murmur acquiescence in the

heroic officer's behest to stand calmly where they were and face the inevitable. Their eyes no flashing eyes and resolute looks as if he had addressed them on the eve of battle; no answering cheer, such as would have greeted his orders in the heat of a battle; but a moment resigned himself to death, and took farewell of hope, and love, and life, and all things dear! Face to face with eternity, need we doubt that many a painful thought and bitter reflection rushed through the doomed men's minds? Many a backward glance would be taken in fancy on dear familiar home scenes, and well-beloved faces never to be seen again. But not a heart quailed, or gave outward evidence of mental struggle. Down, still down, sank the ship, yet all was calm on board, as if her company had been assembled for Sunday morning service. Sobbing wives and fatherless children were drifting over the blue expanse to a haven of safety but with Col. Seton—under the starlit sky—already in the grasp of death—there was no craven heart who wished to take the place of any of the helpless ones, and be saved instead. No; some at the pumps, although they knew the labor was futile; but the greater part, rank to rank, and shoulder to shoulder, stood on those sinking planks—faithful to duty—uttering no murmur or cry—a band of noblemen, whose true heroism no Thermopylae could rival, and whose devotion neither sin nor master ever excelled. And standing thus, in unbroken order, with the brave simple-minded sailors—who were to share their fate—gazing on them in speechless admiration, that battalion of British soldiers were swallowed up by the relentless waves. Not half-an-hour had passed since the striking to the sinking, yet time had been given for a grand display all that is best and noblest in man. In all 438 souls perished—including the gallant Seton, whose noble heroism was an example to all—and not a woman or child was lost.

Of the dead the 91st contributed Sergeant Butler, Corporals Webber and Smith, and 41 privates. May their glorious memory never be forgotten.

There were many miraculous escapes, amongst others that of Cornet Bond of the 12th Lancers, who was a splendid swimmer, and reached the shore by his own unaided exertions—afterwards lending valuable aid to others, who most otherwise have perished. But our concern is with the escape and adventures of Capt. Wright, of the 91st. Capt. Wright with five other men grasped a large piece of driftwood with which the sea was covered with such floating pieces and with men struggling in the water. So far as the captain could judge at least 200 men were at first keeping themselves afloat by clinging to pieces of the wreck. But men were sinking in all directions, and the sharks were busy at work. Three boats were drifting bottom upwards towards the land. With his five companions on the driftwood the captain was carried towards Danger Point. But the seaweed and the breakers combined to form a very serious impediment to landing, and to relieve his carried them so far he parted from his companions and swam ashore. Others imitated his courage. Some who landed were almost naked, and none had shoes. This made progress into the interior through prickly brushwood extremely painful and difficult.

Capt. Wright led a large party up country, until they arrived at a fisherman's hut near the sunset. By this time they were fearfully exhausted and hungry, having been on foot all day after the adventure of escape. Judgement of their discomfort, then, when they found the hut contained nothing to eat, and that nothing was procurable about the place! But Capt. Wright, with the "grit" of a true hero, set out alone, and dragged himself, rather than walked, to a farmhouse eight or nine miles distant, from which he sent back provisions to the companions he had left at the hut. Later, having gathered together 63 survivors, of whom 18 were sailors, he took them to Capt. Small's farm, where they were comfortably housed and fed.

Capt. Wright's exertions did not end here. In spite of his fatigue he returned to the coast, and for three days clambered up and down the rocks for about 20 miles to make certain that no helpless creature lay there requiring assistance. He was joined in the search by a whaleboat's crew, which sailed along the verge of the seaweed, while he moved along by the shore. Two men were found by the boat clinging to pieces of timber, and the captain found two other men in the clefts of the rocks—all being happily saved. A steamer was subsequently sent for the survivors, who arrived at Simon's Bay on the 1st of March. Capt. Wright bore full testimony to the heroism of all on board. Speaking of the officers, he said no individual officer could be distinguished above another. "All received their orders, and had them carried out as if the men were embarking instead of going to the bottom; there was only this difference, that I never saw any embarkation conducted with so little noise and confusion."

Such in brief is the story of the loss of the Birkenhead—a grand incident in the history of the world's brave men.

Life's Queer Side.

Spiders have eight eyes.
Silk worms are sold by the pound in China.
A thousand children are born in London workhouses yearly.
A 14-year-old boy at San Jose, Cal., thrashed his father because he ordered him to bring in some hay.
The longest animal known to exist at the present time is the roqual, which averages 100 feet in length.
At a public entertainment in Paris a young man was hypnotised. Two days elapsed before he was restored to consciousness.
Georgia professes to have a girl from whose mouth there runs constantly a stream of water as from a small spring.
An old man 79 years old, living in Nodaway County, Mo., plowed his own land with his Spring with a horse 29 years old, which was born on the same farm and had worked on it with the old man ever since.
In India a huge funnel of wickerwork is planted in a stream below a waterfall and every fish coming down drops into it, the water training out and leaving the flapping prey in the receptacle ready to be gathered in.

Mercantile Item.

"How do you sell these peaches?" asked McGinnis of a colored woman who had them for sale.
"Six for a dime, boss."
McGinnis began picking out half a dozen of the largest and finest.
"You can't do dat, boss. Yer can't pick out de biggest ones unless yer buys 'em all."
It often takes a match to light up a young lady's countenance.

THE GUILTY FEAR SCIENCE.

Guided by Good Common Sense the Always Correct.

On a trial for an assault a surgeon, in giving his evidence, informed the Court that, in examining the prosecutor he found him suffering from a severe contusion of the instrument under the left eye, which was an extravasation of blood and coagulums in the cellular tissue, which was in a tumid state. There was also considerable abrasion of the cuticle.

The Judge—You mean, I suppose, that the man had a black eye?
Witness—Yes.
Medical Experts—When they get on the witness stand, are occasionally apt, like this surgeon, to hide what they know and to cover of imposing words. It is when doctor's permit their learning to be guided by their common sense that they do most to shield the innocent and convict the guilty.

The question whether the person who fires a gun or pistol at another during the dark night can be identified by means of the light produced in the discharge has long interested medico-legal minds. This question was first referred to the class of physical science in France and they ascertained it in the negative. A case tending to show that their decision was erroneous was subsequently reported by Fodere. A woman positively swore that she saw the face of a person who fired at another during the night surrounded by a kind of glory, and that she was thereby enabled to identify the prisoner. This statement was confirmed by the deposition of the wounded man.

Desgranges, of Lyons, performed many experiments on this subject, and he concluded that on a dark night and away from every source of light the person who fired the gun might be identified within a moderate distance.

A case is quoted by Foblanque in which some police officers were shot at by a highwayman on a dark night. One of the officers stated that he could distinctly see from the flash of the pistol that the robber rode a dark brown horse of remarkable shape about the head and shoulders, and that he had since identified the horse in London stable. He also perceived by the same flash of light that the highwayman wore a rough brown overcoat.

This evidence was accepted, for it was considered more satisfactory than that of the man who swore that he recognized a robber by the light produced by a blow on his eye in the dark! The physiologists know that is a clear impossibility, because the flashes thus perceived are unattended with the emission of light and it is not possible that they can make other objects visible.

In a case of murder by strangulation the woman who perpetrated the crime had been a nurse in an infirmary and accustomed to lay out dead bodies. After the murder she carried out unthinkingly her professional practice by smoothing the clothes under the body of her victim, placing the legs at full length, the arms out straight by the side and the hands open. The doctor who was called in at once declared such a condition of the body was quite inexplicable on the supposition of suicide, considering the amount of violence that must have attended the strangulation.

In another case the criminal had attempted to make the death appear like the act of suicide by placing the lower end of the rope near the hand of the deceased; but he selected the left hand, whereas the deceased was right-handed, and he did not leave enough rope free from the neck for either hand to grasp in order to produce the very violent constriction of the neck which had been caused by the two coils of the rope. A surgeon pointed out these things. Both criminals confessed their crimes before execution.

Sometimes criminals feign to be deaf and dumb. If the impostor can write he will be detected by the ingenious plan adopted by the Abbe Secard, an old French scientist. When the deaf and dumb are taught to write they are taught by the lip. The letters are only known to them by their form, and their value in any word can be understood only by their exact relative position with respect to each other. A self-educated impostor will spell his words of devils incorrectly, and the errors in spelling will always have reference to sound, thereby indicating that his knowledge has been acquired through the ear and not alone through the lip.

A man who had defied all other means of detection wrote several sentences in which the misspelling was obviously due to the misspelling of the sound of the words. That showed he must have heard them pronounced. Abbe Secard concluded that the man was an impostor without seeing him, and he subsequently confessed the imposition.

An escaped convict was on trial before a French court and the question turned upon his identity with a prisoner known to have been tattooed. There was no appearance of colored marks upon his arm and the question submitted to M. Leroy, a medico-legal expert, was whether the man had ever been tattooed?
M. Leroy applied strong fiction to the skin on the man's arm. This had the effect of bringing out white lines on the skin, with a slight bluish tint. This means the word "Sophie" was plainly legible in white marks on the reddened skin. This proved the identity of the convict who, thereupon, was barely restrained from knocking down the witness.

Basket Making.

Basket making, which used to be practiced more or less in every village, is now relegated almost entirely to machinery; and yet it is very easy, and children even may become very expert in its manipulation. Even the rudest and most primitive of handmade baskets make a pretty present if filled with mosses and growing ferns. At a watered place, the other day, a clever woman set some children at work on the carpets and chairs which was on the carpets, and these baskets, filled in the way already suggested, found a ready sale, and brought in quite a nice little sum. Shoots of willow, were used in this instance. These were cut soaked in water, and afterward peeled. Strong pieces were laid across each other and proven together to make the bottom, the ends having been left sufficiently long to turn up when the foundation was large enough to form the uprights for the sides. Thinner strips were then woven in and out, thus forming a thick wickerwork. The edges were formed by the uprights or ribs being turned down and woven in. This is the rudest kind of basket; but every one knows what dainty things are woven out of bark and scented grasses. It is such pretty and easy work that it would be a popular handicraft for idle summer hours if once adopted by the busy bees of society. If an old basket is taken apart and woven to again it will give a practical knowledge of its construction which could be better than any directions that could be given.

Turn a crank loose and it will make itself heard.

HOUSEHOLD.

Hospitality.

The summer brings to every country-dweller a great proportion of guests...

But is there any true hospitality in living while the guest is with us who do not know when he is absent?

Summer Cookery.

FRICASSEED CHICKEN.—Cut the chicken in pieces for serving, then barely cover with water...

ROAST VEAL PIE.—Cut cold roast veal in slices with the stuffing and lay in a deep dish...

MOCK MINE MEAT.—Roll 12 crackers fine, add one cup each of hot water, sugar, currants and raisins...

PRESSED CORNED BEEF.—After serving corned beef at dinner and while it is yet warm, chop up fat and lean together...

YOUNG BEETS.—In washing and cutting off the leaves be careful not to break off the roots, which would let out the juice...

GREEN PEAS IN CREAM.—Put a quart of peas into boiling water, and when nearly done and tender drain in a colander until dry...

NEW POTATOES.—Wash and rub them with a coarse cloth or brush kept for cleaning vegetables...

RICE SNOW BALLS.—Boil a pint of rice until soft in two quarts of water with a teaspoonful of salt...

hour before serving. This is a simple but nice dessert.

BEST GINGER DROPS.—One-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, ginger and cloves...

FRIED SALT PORK.—Cut the pork in thin slices and freshen in cold milk and water; roll in flour and fry crisp...

CORN STARCH BLANC MANGE.—Measure one quart of sweet milk and put one pint on the stove to heat...

To Preserve Peas.

Peas will very soon be in season, and are among the most delicious fruits for preserving...

To preserve peas with ginger, weigh out three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of peas...

Love is Blind. No truer saying was ever uttered than the one that states that "Love is blind."

She Had Him There. Yesterday at the court of common pleas, the presiding judge asked a lady, who appeared as witness—"Your age?"

A Pleasant Old Legend. Many years ago, sailing from Constantinople to Marseille, we passed close under the lee of Stromboli...

The bottom about the Dead Sea is one of the hottest places on the globe, and the sea is said to lose a million tons of water a day by evaporation.

ARMAMENTS IN PROGRESS.

An Enormous Output of Mannlicher Rifles. A Bucharest despatch says—Returning here yesterday, my attention was called to a curious and fantastic article on the subject of Roumanian armament...

The Steyr factory is now delivering the rifles, and the cartridge factory is preparing the sockets and the bullets...

I may further inform you that the Italian Government has adopted the Mannlicher rifle calibre 6.5, with wadded cartridges...

ENGLAND DREADS CHOLERA.

Russia Reports 50,000 Victims and the Disease Spreads Westward. The British public is just now shuddering at the horrible possibility of the shadow of cholera which is spreading over all Europe...

A GREAT PARACHUTE DESCENT. Cappazza, of Paris, Falls 3,900 Feet in a Device of His Own. A very bold and successful parachute descent has just been made at Villetta, a suburb of Paris...

The Richest Man in the World. A Chinese banker, Han Quay, is stated to be worth the almost inconceivable sum of three hundred and fifty millions sterling...

People should Sleep Apart. Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed? It is always unhealthful for two persons to sleep together under the same covers...

Important to Business Men. Johnny—I, say Pa, a man can make a heap of money by falling in business, can't he?

Price controls purchased. Even the shoes are in demand.

ENGLISH YOUNGER SONS.

The proportion of young English gentlemen who are roughing it in the West far exceeds that of the young Americans...

My life is sad and weary, too dark with want and pain. But your dear eyes would bring its light and gladness back again...

The heated sun is shining on the fields of rich July. In blazing summer splendor from his throne of azure sky...

There's the stable in the shaven fields clean swept of every spear. The big red moon comes sailing up the sky so sparkling clear...

Even in a palace, life may be lived well. Diabell in goodness becomes pain, and afterwards degradation. All men would be masters of others, and no man is lord of himself...

NEW CONTRIVANCES. In France, 9,079 patents were granted for electrical improvements during the past year. A New Yorker has made a clock which contains 34,000 pieces of wood, comprising about 325 varieties...

Professor Hall, of the Illinois Institution for the Blind, devised a typewriter for the blind. There are but six keys to manipulate. Dots are made in the paper, as in the Braille system; but with the machine the letters can be made very rapidly.

The death is announced of Mr. John MacGregor, better known as "Rob Roy," of canoeing fame. Mr. MacGregor was the eldest son of the late General Sir Duncan MacGregor, K. C. B.

A large part of the massive wall of the tower of the parish church, Great Chiswell, Essex, fell in with a loud crash at an early hour on July 19th. Signs of lateral expansion of the tower had been noticed of late, and on the previous day a survey had been made with a view to removing the peal of bells, which are now left hanging in a dangerous position.

A singular accident happened during the adjustment of the compasses of the mobilized ships in Sheerness Harbour. A pinnace was upset through coming into contact with the hawser of one of the ships which was being swung. Three blue-jackets were in the boat, and two of them held on until assistance reached them. The other man was under the pinnace, but a hole was made in the bottom of the craft, and he was brought through alive.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

A woman named Brewer, whose husband is abroad, committed suicide in a most determined manner at Goldsmiths, Penance, on Saturday morning. She stood in front of a looking-glass and cut her throat in a frightful manner with a pocket-knife.

It has been determined to enclose the remains of the late Duke of Clarence in a beautiful sarcophagus in the Memorial Chapel, St. George's, Windsor. The sarcophagus is nearly ready, and will be fitted to enclose the coffin, as in the case of the late Duke of Albany.

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In a London police court, recently, Lady Donoughmore was fined \$100 for failing to give notice that her daughter was suffering with scarlet fever in a lodging house and for moving her in a public conveyance.

Pupils at an English technical school rowed across the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne recently in an ordinary four-oared galley, covering the distance in 5 1/2 hours and beating the record.

The Montefiore memorial prize at Girton College, Cambridge, was won this year by Miss Edith Emily Rawson. It is the year's income from a permanent fund and is worth about \$300.

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According to the tenth annual report on Scottish salmon fisheries, which was issued on July 18, it appears that last year was favorable both in regard to the number and size of the fish taken. The boxes of salmon sent to the Billingsgate Market during the year were of the estimated value of over \$138,000, showing a large increase on 1890.

Lady Matheson is making arrangements by which crofters in the Uic district, in the West Highlands, will have an opportunity of securing increased holdings. The lease of the farm of Linsdale, recently lapsed through the death of the tenant, and is to be divided into two lots, and the two lots are being decided to reduce its size, and give the disjoined portions to those who may desire them among the crofters of the adjacent townships.

A novel operation was performed in the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh. A farmer was suffering from a diseased leg-bone induced by an accident. Acting upon medical advice he went to the infirmary, where a surgeon removed the diseased bone and substituted an ox's rib. The limb is now said to be as healthy and as strong as ever, the operation having been entirely successful.

The justiciary court has quashed a conviction of a Glasgow "medical specialist" who had affixed bills to a hoarding and a gate on a Midlothian road in breach of a county council by-law. Lord Young, while admitting the necessity for repressing the bill-sticking nuisance, and the dangerous practice of throwing away waste paper—so apt in paper-blown areas to a road to make horses shy—characterised the by-law on these subjects as ridiculously framed.

According to the report of the Fishery Board for Scotland, there are about 500 miles of rivers and 40,000 acres of lochs there barred against salmon by obstructions in the shape of impassable waterfalls. In some of these cases the cost of enabling salmon to surmount the obstruction would probably not be repaid by the increased value of the waters opened up. But in the great majority of cases the cost of opening up the barrier would be amply repaid.

Seasonable Spring Wit That Will Season Busy Lives.

With many religion never gets above the knees.—Texas Sittings.

Some people seem to think that talking in a moral way is leading a religious life.—Somerville Journal.

Many a boy is frightened out of being religious by the way religion makes his friends look.—Ran's Horn.

Lying is a reprehensible habit, generally speaking; but fish stories are quite appropriate during Lent.—Boston Transcript.

The idea of a "heavenly choir" must have been conceived by some one acquainted with the earthly article.—Indianapolis Journal.

Sober Minister—Do you read your Bible every day, my little dear? Little Dear—No, indeed. I don't have time. I'm too busy helping mamma stow raisins and things, so as to always have something nice for dinner every time you come.—Good News.

Little Jennie—Say, ma, does a minister really need all the clippers that are given him? Mrs. Brown—Yes, indeed. His son is generally very bad.—Epoch.

Rector—Are you denying yourself anything during Lent? Mrs. Lakeside—Indeed I am. I'm putting off getting a divorce until after Easter.—New York Weekly.

Rev. Poundtext—Are you doing anything to mortify the flesh during Lent? Sweet Parishioner—Haven't you noticed that I am in church every Sunday?—New York Weekly.

Jasper—For a good and pious man Brown is remarkably lazy and shiftless. Jump-spye—Yes; he is a sort of a tramp on the strait and narrow way.—Philadelphia Record.

A church in Lancaster, Pa., offered a medal to every person who did not miss a church or Sunday-school service during the year. One medal was awarded, and the janitor got it.—Lowell Courier.

Those who pray loudest are not always the most pious. The noisy petitioner sometimes prays that way in order that the brethren (and sisters) may notice the strength and sweetness of his fine, low baritone voice.—New York Herald.

Rumor Paraphrased.

The Purist.—Lawyer—Have you conscientious scruples about serving as a juror where the penalty is death? Boston talemán—I have. Lawyer—What is your objection? Boston talemán—I do not desire to die.—New York Herald.

Sultor—I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, and at the same time to deposit my property of 50,000 marks in your bank. Banker—What! and to such a reckless man you expect me to intrust my daughter?—Fliegende Blätter.

A teacher of natural philosophy once asked the bright boy of the class how many kinds of force there were, and was astonished to receive the following reply: "Three, ma'ma. Mental force, physical force, and police force."—Pharmaceutical Era.

A big Job on Hand.—Cleverton—What's your hurry, old man? Dashaway—I haven't a moment to spare. I've got to attend a reception this evening, and I'm going around to my laundryman to see if I can borrow one of my collars.—Clothes and Furnishes.

Mrs. Morton (angrily)—Tommy Horton, what made you hit my little Jimmy? Tommy Horton—He struck me with a brick. Mrs. Morton (more angrily)—Well, never let me hear of your hitting him again. If he hits you come and tell me. Tommy Horton (sneeringly)—Yes, and what would you do? Mrs. Morton—Why, I'd whip him! Tommy Horton (in disgust)—What! he hits me with a brick, and you have the fun of lickin' him for it? Not much!—Fack.

And Then He Sat Right Down.

Principal of Grammar School—William Flint, stand up! What were you laughing at?

William—I don't like to tell, Mr. Laskinson.

Principal—I insist in knowing. William—I was laughing at Ben Parrott. He whispered to me that he saw you kissing Miss Boonseven on the stairway 'fore school took up.

Unfortunate Hankiness.

Mr. Hankinson—Here are some chocolate creams, Johnny. Do you think Miss Irene will be down soon?

Johnny (after stowing them away secretly)—Yes, sis 'll be down purty soon, I reckon. I wish it was you, Mr. Hankinson, sis was goin' to marry instead of that stingy old Snagsford.

A Satisfactory Conclusion.

Mrs. Younghusband—And you'll let me spend the money for that purpose, dear?

Mr. Younghusband—Why need you ask? Isn't all my money yours, dear?

Mrs. Younghusband—But I don't help you earn it, dearest.

Mr. Younghusband (tenderly)—No—er—but you help me spend it, darling.

Up and Doing.

The advice to be up and doing is all very well in its way, if we are the right pursuing.

And our deeds bear the light of day! A better precept we cannot keep.

If we are busy with honest labor, but 'tis better, far, to be fast asleep.

Than be up and doing your neighbor.

Possibly So.

Little Fanny—Mamma, what is hereditary?

Mamma—It is something you get from your father and mother.

Little Fanny—Then I suppose spanking is hereditary?

A Judge of Babies.

Miss Giddigush—Mr. Crusty, did you see the Cooington baby? Do tell me how it looked.

Old Crusty—Um—ah! It is quite small, clean-shaven, red-faced, and looks like a hard drinker.

Well Named.

Shopper—Why this is a new shade of red.

Clerk—Yes, madam. That is the anarchist tint.

"How did it come to get that name?"

"It won't wash."

The East Huron Gazette.

Published every Thursday

The Newsiest Local Paper in North Huron.

—AT—

Gorrie, Ont.,

A splendid staff of able correspondents in every part of this section.

ONLY

\$1 Per YEAR

or less than 2c. a week.

Job Printing.

We have a splendid printing outfit, including the very latest faces of type, the most modern appliances,

Fast Job Presses.

Fine Poster Type.

We can turn out

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

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

On the most reasonable Terms.

EstimatesFurnished

J. W. GREEN,
Editor.

A WORD IN SEASON!

As this is the season of the year when the head of the family and the prudent housewife are looking about them to ascertain where they can purchase their fall supplies to the best advantage, we desire to place a few facts before you for your consideration.

The lowest priced goods are not always the cheapest, for inferior goods are dear at any price. Neither is the dealer who is constantly cutting his prices to you the one who will give you the most value for your money in the end.

Our aim has always been to supply our customers with the class of Goods that will give them the very best satisfaction and at prices as low as possible consistent with legitimate living profits and to sell to everyone alike.

This way of doing business may not be popular with everybody, but after an experience of twelve years we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the appreciation our efforts have met with at the hands of the people of Howick and Gorrie.



A Word About My Fall Stock.



It has been selected with the greatest of care from the very best Houses in the trade. Our facilities for buying are second to none. We pay cash for all we buy and thus secure a fair profit in discount, besides being in a position to take advantage of bargains when offered.

WE are showing a full range of DRESS GOODS, in Henriettas, Cashmeres, Bedford Cords, Serges, Tweeds, etc., in all the popular shades. Our stock of Worsted Coatings, Tweeds, Overcoatings, etc., will repay your early inspection. We have full lines of Cottons, Flannels, Blankets, Underclothing, Top Shirts, etc., etc., at bottom prices.

We are showing a splendid range of Boys' and Youths' Ready-Made Suits. Do not fail to see those goods when fitting up your boys for the fall and winter.

MILLINERY.

OUR MISS KINSEY has been on the market for the last week selecting goods for the Fall Trade. We shall be opened up in a few days. We bespeak the patronage of all of our old customers and many new ones.

Thanking you all for the favors I have received at your hands in the years that are past, and promising my continued efforts to make our relations to each other as agreeable and satisfactory as they have been,

W. S. BEAN.

B. S. COOK,

Real Estate & Loan

AGENT.

FORDWICH, ONT.

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

GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Special Attention given to

CONVEYANCING.

B. S. COOK,

North of the Post Office,

FORDWICH

Fordwich

Roller * Mills.

WILSON BROS., Props.

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

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

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

WILSON BROS.

Fordwich Drug Store

A SPENCE, M. D.,
Proprietor.

J. C. BELL,
Manager.

— A FULL LINE OF —

Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,

Stationery and Fancy Goods,

WALL PAPER

In endless variety and at every price.

W. C. HAZLEWOOD

City Boot and Shoe Store,

WROXETER

A Neat Walking Boot

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

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

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

GENTS' can be supplied in any line.

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

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

WOOL WANTED.

Listowel Woollen Factory.

Highest Prices Paid. Cash or Trade.

Largest * Wool * Market * in * Ontario.

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

New and Fresh Stock,

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

FINE WOOL SCOTCH SKIRTINGS

(Something new offered to the trade.)

We are the only woollen factory in Canada that make this line of goods and offer them for one-half the price you pay in the city of Glasgow.

WARNING

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

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

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

B. F. BROOK & SON.

Fall Shows.

Below we give a list of Fall shows in which our readers may be interested:

Industrial.....	Toronto.....	Sept. 5-17
Western.....	London.....	" 15-24
Bentick.....	Hanover.....	" 20-21
Culross.....	Teeswater.....	" 20-22
Central.....	Georgetown.....	" 20-22
Carrick.....	Mildmay.....	" 22
Palmerston Hort.....	Palmerston.....	" 22-27
Mitchell.....	Mitchell.....	" 27-28
Mornington.....	Milverton.....	" 27-28
North-Western.....	Wingham.....	" 27-30
Northern.....	Walkerton.....	" 27-29
West Wellington.....	Harriston.....	" 28-29
North-western.....	Goderich.....	" 29
Elms.....	Atwood.....	" 29-30
North Perth.....	Stratford.....	October 1
ROWICK.....	Fordwich.....	" 4-5
Elms.....	Lacknow.....	" 4-5
South Huron.....	Seaforth.....	" 4-5
WROXETER.....	Wroxeter.....	" 4-5
East Wawanosh.....	Belgrave.....	" 4-5
Arthur Union.....	Arthur.....	" 4-5
Woolwich.....	Elmira.....	" 6-7
Huron Central.....	Clitheroe.....	" 6-7
East Huron.....	Brussels.....	" 6-7
Clifford.....	Clifford.....	" 11-12
Morris.....	Blyth.....	" 13-14
Ashted-Wawanosh.....	Bunnahon.....	" 13-14

'WAY BACK IN ALGOMA.

In Camp on Birch Lake. Crowded out last week.

Editor Gazette.—We left Listowel on the 31st day of July in the evening, arriving at Warton about midnight, where we had a delay of several hours waiting for the boat, which had been delayed by an accident near Orangeville on the C. P. R. When the cry of "all aboard" was heard every one of our party made a B line for the Purser's office in the boat to get our berths as quickly as possible, so as to snatch a short repose before breakfast. This was Sunday, and being nice and cool on the water most of our party spent the greater part of the day in catching up lost sleep. But the writer had never been through this part of the country before and wanted to see what was to be seen. We called at most of the principal places on the Manitoulin island and some on the main land. We arrived at Algoma Mills on Monday morning just before breakfast, and were loth to leave the boat before getting it as they "hashed up things in good style." We spent the day at this place. Algoma Mills is a quiet and deserted place. At one time the C. P. R. had intended making it a calling place for their steamers, and the erection of a gigantic hotel, to accommodate at least 600 guests, was commenced, but for some reason the scheme was abandoned.

We arrived at Webbwood on Monday evening. This is a divisional point on the "So" branch of the C. P. R., and is our headquarters for supplies and mail matter. We managed to get our party completed and our supplies ready for transhipment to the township of Gough, which we were to survey. By evening we arrived at our camping place on Birch lake and made ourselves as snug as possible.

There is a good class of boats on the lake, and we expect to make good use of them in fishing, pleasure, etc. Through the country around the lake is very rocky, many cliffs being 250 ft. high and towering above the tree tops, making the scenery very grand indeed. The lake is full of islands, some of them quite large. One, called Bear island has over two hundred acres in it. The land is of but little value as what is not rock is sand. Away from the lake is not so rocky but after all is very rough. Game of all kind is abundant, partridge especially. Moose and red deer are also very numerous. We have had very fine weather since we came here and have good health and abundance of good "chuck" and are enjoying ourselves as best we can under the circumstances in the wilds. I will try and write again in a few weeks.

Aug. 26th '92. D.

Orange Demonstration at Palmerston.

A very successful gathering of Orangemen and their friends was held at Palmerston on Friday last under the auspices of Palmerston lodge No. 655. At 10.30 a procession was formed on Main street, headed by four mounted marshals, followed by the Chesley brass band and the Walkerton reed band, Capt. Jamieson's cadets, the competing lacrosse clubs, members of Palmerston and other Orange lodges, and several lodges of the O. Y. B. The procession marched to Mr. Kearns' farm where Wingham and Palmerston lacrosse teams played a hotly contested game, resulting in 3 to 2 in favor of Palmerston, whereby the trophy played for passed into their possession. During the progress of the game a two-mile bicycle race was run and won by Arthur Hamilton, a Palmerstonian. A bicycle race, mile heats, best 2 in 3, was won by the same young man, a Chesley man being second.

At 2 o'clock a procession was formed on Main street, and, with colors flying and music playing, made its way to a beautiful and shaded spot known as Brown's grove. Upon the arrival of the procession a meeting was at once organized, Mr. R. Johnston being called to the chair.

Grand Chaplain Rev. Wm. Walsh, of Brampton, was the first speaker and fully sustained his reputation as a speaker of marked ability. His patriotic references and words of counsel were received with great applause. Grand Master Wallace, M. P., followed

with one of his stirring and eloquent addresses. Lengthy references were made to the loyalty and devotion of the Protestants and Orangemen of Ireland to the Queen and country. The disloyal movement in Canada was fully gone into, and the speaker's practical knowledge of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was displayed as he pointed out the many advantages which we enjoy as British Canadians. Cheer after cheer was accorded the grand master as he sat down.

Mr. L. H. Clarke, who made such a splendid showing in his contest in the last Dominion election, was the next speaker, and was given a very hearty reception by his friends and future constituents. Speaking from personal knowledge Mr. Clarke described the proud position of the farmers of Canada when compared with those of the adjoining republic, contrasting their circumstances with our comfortable and secure position and the many blessings which accrue to all from a fixed and well administered system of laws as we have in Canada.

Grand Secretary Birmingham, of Toronto, closed the proceedings with an appeal to the young men to come into the Orange Association, believing it will make them more useful to their fellow-citizens, to their magnificent heritage, and ensure their devotion at all times to faith and fatherland.

During the intervals between speeches, stirring and patriotic music was furnished by the well-trained brass band of Chesley and the O. Y. B. Band, of Walkerton. After the speeches Capt. Jamieson and his well-trained cadets went through some beautiful movements and were liberally applauded by the audience.

The proceedings closed with the National anthem. Much credit is due the committee of management. The town was beautifully decorated with flags, evergreens and arches for the occasion, and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the day.

Excuse Yourself Graciously.

Every lady has a right to refuse herself to friends when sickness, weariness, or some domestic duty makes it difficult, impossible, perhaps, to be at the time a gracious and courteous hostess, writes Mrs. Helen S. Conant in an earnest article on "The Untruthfulness of Servants" in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. The message of refusal, however, can be so worded that no person of any common sense or judgment could feel offended. "Mrs. Brown is engaged," is abrupt and not to be recommended, although it may be the truth, but there are many ways of making it more gracious. "Mrs. Brown cannot receive visitors to-day," is simple, truthful, and should offend no one, as, if the maid delivers the message at the door to each and all alike, it is evident that no slight is intended.

Many ladies have now only one day in the week when they are "at home." This arrangement becomes necessary in large cities where one's circle of acquaintances is extensive and calling is a matter of ceremony. But the fact that a lady sets apart one day to receive friends is no excuse for instructing the maid to tell an untruth to those who for some reason, call on another day, but it is a reason why those who call out of season have no right to be offended when they are told that "Mrs. Brown is not receiving."

A little girl named Connolly, in Glencoe Ont., got hold of a box of morphine pills on Sunday and swallowed so many of them that she died in two hours.

Severe earthquakes are reported in Mexico.

A cloudburst nearly swept away the town of Alpina, Texas, on Sunday.

President Harrison has formally accepted the nomination of the Republican party.

About fourteen months ago a young man named Arthur York, who lived somewhere near Uxbridge, came to Sutton West and married a Miss Torbett. The fruit of the union was a son. Sunday morning the infant died under suspicious circumstances. The father some time ago attempted to take his own life. An inquest was held to-day, with the result that a verdict for manslaughter was returned by the jury against York, who will be taken to Toronto by Constable Millard. Dr. Stuart Scott, of Newmarket, conducted the inquest. York will come up for trial at the Fall Assizes.

Wellington and Waterloo counties report an abundant yield of wheat, with most other crops an average all round. One farmer in Waterloo had 85 bushels of wheat to the acre.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.
A specific monthly medicine for ladies to restore and regulate the menses, producing free, healthy and painless discharges. No aches or pains on approach. Now used by over 20,000 ladies. Once used will use again. Investigate these organs. Buy of your druggist only those with our signature across face of label. Avoid substitutes. Beaded particulars mailed on stamp, 10c per box. Address, **EUDEKA CHEMICAL COMPANY, Drexel, Mich.**

August.

The farmers are busy and business is usually dull at this season, Those who are looking for good value, and can spare the time, should see the following lines which are reduced to close out:

Prints,

All lines at and some below cost.

Embroideries,

Some good bargains.

Art Muslins,

A good article at 8c. and 10c.

Straw Hats,

At cost.

Felt Hats,

A new, full stock and prices all reduced.

Men's Tweed Pants.

A good line at \$1.

Toweling.

A fine assortment at 5c. per yard and upwards.

Men's Union Socks.

Wool and Cotton, 13c. per pair.

BOOTS and SMOES

We are showing a Ladies' Oxford Slipper @ \$1 to \$1.25 which are, without doubt, the best value in the market.

If contemplating purchasing a Suit or Fall Overcoat we would ask you to see our stock and Prices. If you buy you will save money, and if you don't buy it will not cost you anything to see the goods.

See our

Saturday Bargain

Miscellaneous Counter.

P. S.—Prices quoted for goods on the Counter are for Saturday only.

ALL INVITED.

McLaughlin & Co.,

Glasgow House.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE ?

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

COOPER MAP

OF THE COUNTY OF HURON,

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

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE, THE FARMER NEEDS ONE, THE BUSINESS MAN NEEDS ONE

PRICE, \$3.50.

Published by **W. Cooper & Co., Clinton, Ont.,**

Booksellers and Stationers School Globes and all kinds of Maps and School Supplies. Write for prices and our traveller will call on you.

Next Week!

We will have something to say, in this space,

About

STOVES

That will interest you.

We will also tell you something

About

LAMPS

That may astonish you.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, Tinsmith, Gorrie.

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

IS THE NEW PREMIUM



Given to every subscriber, new or old, of THE WEEKLY EMPIRE FOR 1892. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its preparation. Its success is fully assured; it is a highly valued souvenir of the greatest statesman and the most honored leader ever known in Canadian history. This beautiful Memorial Album contains 15 full-page illustrations of interesting scenes in connection with the history of Sir John, and presents to the thousands of admirers of our late chief many new and valuable portraits.

READ THE LIST.

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It was near the close of the evening. The sun was sinking in the heavens, and shone with subdued brightness on all beneath it. As the warder in charge of one of the convict gangs at Fort St. George reached the limit of his walk he looked clear, vigilant eyes on the sea rolling and tumbling many feet below, and for a minute there was a curious sadness in the expression of his face. But the warder was not demonstrative, and before he had gone two strides farther was his old self again. Half-way down the paved footway he stopped by the side of a kneeling figure with an instinctive conviction that something was wrong.

"You seem to get on badly with your work, Number 60."

"Do I, warder? I am ill."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know; only my head burns. I feel as if I were being roasted by inches, and sometimes all in dark, and I have to grope to find my tools. It's been going on these four days, but to-day I am worse than usual."

The warder was humane, although a strict disciplinarian, and he spoke with unworldly gentleness as he bent over the kneeling figure.

"Humph! I don't think this is a case of malingering," muttered the warder. "Hadn't you better go to the infirmary?"

"You're a good fellow, Smith, and I thank you. Infirmary be hanged! I have none of it. No; let me die like a dog, and be buried like one!"

The change in his voice, which grew hoarse and savage in a moment, startled the warder, experienced as he was in the passions of the worst class of humanity.

"Come, that won't do, 60; so cool down. I think you are really ill, you know, and you'd better by far take my advice."

"I can't, and I won't."

"Then there's no more to be said. I can't stop longer, and must continue my beat up to the guard-room," saying which he hurried off.

Number 60 stood very quiet and still.

"Even he despises me," he murmured; "even he thinks me beneath his notice. Is this to be my end? No sweet resting-place in a country church-yard, with the echo of Sabbath bells ringing over my grave; but the convict's shift—buried in quicklime, and forgotten forever!"

He took up the mallet which he had been using and turned to his task. As he did so, a shadow darkened the ground, and there crept to his side a stunted negro, with the trunk of a giant and the short limbs of a child.

This man was a singular object to look at. His face was deeply lined, and across the right cheek, running from the temple downwards, was a long white line—the mark of a terrible wound received in some conflict.

"How now?" said 60, sharply. "What do you want, Pluto?"

"One little word, mate."

"Say it, then," rejoined the convict, teeth, and a look of deadly malice shone in his eyes. 60 never noticed it; he was looking down and his thoughts were far away.

"Did you hear me tell you to be quick," he said, with a sudden start. "The warder will return and surprise us."

"I'd smash his head if I could catch him alone on the other side of the fort," growled the negro. "Never mind him. Do you care for liberty, 60?"

"At the word 'liberty' 60 eyed him steadily, conquering his impatience by sheer force of will.

"You have some plan of escape to propose," he said. "Don't tempt me by keeping me in suspense. Out with it."

"You are a brave man, 60," began the negro. "I want a brave man for my comrade in this enterprise. You are a good swimmer, too."

"Fool!" retorted the other, contemptuously. "Was it worth while to come to me with any such proposal as this? Swim?—yes; and be picked up by one of the watch-boats, with the shame of my failure to haunt me ever after! Is that what you mean? Is your black skull as thick as your black skin?"

"You won't let me finish," returned Pluto. "You are a good swimmer, and if there is a boat of our own on the look-out for us—a boat manned by fellows who can row, and who will stick at nothing, you are the man for the job. I made an imploring gesture. The negro grinned approvingly.

"Now for the details," he said. "There's a party related to the chap that keeps the lighthouse, and he has promised me to be out with his boat and another at midnight. You understand that I mean to slip from my bunk through the window, the bars of which are already broken, and then dive off. That is easy. But you are quite at the other end. How are you to get away without the sentry giving the alarm?"

The white man said nothing, but appeared absorbed in thought.

"I will manage it," he said at last.

"Bravo!" returned the negro. "But hist! I hear the warder. Remember, midnight after the bell has rung the hour."

Pluto winked by way of farewell, and wriggled himself off as noiselessly as a snake, as 60 felt to work with astonishing fury till he heard the warder's friendly voice hailing him again.

"How are you now?"

"Just the same, Smith. I think I will take your advice," said the convict.

The warder gave vent to a cynical grunt.

"You're as bad as a child," he remarked, good humoredly.

And he marshaled him on past glistening cannon and watchful sentries, till the pair came to a halt in front of a low wooden building, with a green verandah running round it.

Signaling to 60 to come in, the attendant, a convict, closed the door. The warder, remarking his march, had not gone far when he saw an officer approaching, and stopped to salute him as he went by.

"Suppose that the new officer come to relieve the captain in charge of the guard," muttered the warder, dropping his hand from his cap, and looking after the retreating figure.

"Strange that he should be willing to do duty in such a place! Family trouble or no, I fancy he'll soon tire of it, and wish he was back where he came from."

CHAPTER II.
IN THE GUARD-ROOM.

The officer walked straight on till he reached the guard-room. Some soldiers off duty were lounging outside. The officer called to one of the men to follow him in.

"Do you know who I am?" he said.

"Yes, sir, Captain Stewart."

"Step round to Dr. Dod—you may, perhaps, know where to find him—and say that I have arrived."

The soldier withdrew. The officer sauntered to the window and lingered there a

moment, then returning to the table, he unbuckled his sword, sitting down before a formidable placard headed "Notice to Convicts," proceeded to read it through with the earnestness of one accustomed to get at the pith and marrow of everything that concerned him professionally. Once he passed to make a note in his pocket-book, and then lit a cigar.

"Severe, but necessary, I presume," he said. "So I am to be responsible for the safe keeping of every man here, am I? A pleasant occupation, truly."

He sprang up as a spurred boot jingled in the passage, and opened the door. The doctor and he shook hands warmly, and drawing chairs to the table prepared to enjoy the inevitable chat about old cronies and old days that invariably follows such a meeting as theirs.

"Well, Stewart," he said, after they had exchanged compliments—"well, Stewart, when it was first rumored that you were coming from England to join us, I was positively stunned."

"Were you?" said Stewart. "Why shouldn't I come, pray?"

"My dear fellow, if you are going to adopt the *argumentum ad hominem*, I flower my sword at once. It's not why shouldn't you come, but why did you come! Some call you whimsical; I don't. I never yet knew you to do a thing without a reason for it. Deuce take it! What's your reason now? A woman?"

"Say a man, doctor, and you'll be nearer the mark. In fact, unless I am mistaken, he is one of those convicts I noticed on the ramparts."

"Bliss my soul!" ried the doctor, "what's he done?"

"I will tell you. But first let me ring for candles."

A soldier answered the bell, received his orders and went out. When he returned with the lights the captain opened his pocket-book and laid it on the table within reaching of his hand.

"It is six years since you and I served together in Plymouth," he said, after a slight preliminary pause.

"Your memory is better than mine, Stewart. You are posted in your facts, I perceive, and have your notes to refer to."

"I have the heads of my narrative by me in black and white, because the affair is too serious for me to run the risk of making a single false move. Can you remember a young fellow named Austin?"

"Austin! Austin!" the doctor twisted his chair round and drummed his fingers restlessly on the table. "Yes," he cried, suddenly. "Austin was the young ensign, and you and he were great friends."

"We are so still, and shall remain friends to the last if we ever meet again. Ah, poor fellow!"

At this point Stewart's manly voice trembled, and he bent his head to avoid the doctor's penetrating eye.

"Do you begin to understand now?" said the captain presently. "My good friend and you voluntarily sacrificed his good name and prospects—all that the world could give him or take away—for another's sake."

"You astound me, Stewart! If the man is here I'll have him set free on the spot. By Jove, sir! Talk about courage! What courage equals that?"

In a mighty bustle the doctor got up, with the evident intention of rushing out to the guard, but the captain restrained him, begging him to have patience till he had heard all. "Hear me first," he said, "and then act."

He glanced at the open page before him, and continued his narrative.

"Austin and I were friends, as you are aware, and being friends I got to know something of his family affairs. In most households there is a black sheep; and the black sheep in poor Austin's was his twin-brother Richard. Austin was always more or less in trouble on Richard's account, for they were the living image of each other. One day Richard was arrested for forgery—a clear case—no defence possible certain transportation the penalty. Then Dolly came forward, took his brother's place in the dock, and was sentenced accordingly. How he managed it—whether by bribing the gaoler, or by visiting his brother in prison and passing Richard out in his stead—it is difficult to say. The sacrifice availed Richard nothing, however; he met his death shortly afterwards, dying of a wound inflicted by a negro who boated the classical name of Pluto."

Before he could proceed further, the tramp of the relief on its way to the sentries sounded drowsily outside.

"So late?" murmured the doctor; and he crossed the floor, and drew the blind aside. "Rather a wild night, Stewart. Look!"

The red gleam of the lighthouse showed far away on the left, a burning, fiery eye in the face of the night, and wild and high leapt the waves as they broke against the rocks with a hollow, booming noise that rolled along the ramparts like the rapid beating of some funeral drum.

Dr. Dod put on his cap, and turned to leave the room.

"I have a few patients to visit at the infirmary," he said. "Will you finish your story when I return?"

"Most assuredly."

The friends shook hands and parted. Captain Stewart sat down again, and leaning his elbows on the table, fell into a gloomy reverie.

The time wore on. The silence on the ramparts was unbroken, save by the measured step of the watchful sentries. But the lights burned steadily in the guard-room where the captain was, and the captain lay with his head on the table—asleep.

A sharp-eyed sentry suddenly lowered his gun, thinking he heard a noise, though he could see nothing. The noise was not repeated. He shouldered his gun and marched on.

60 had not heard it for one, for 60 was looking in at the guard-room window at that moment, startled at the sight of the sleeping officer.

Then the convict glided into the room, and with a stealthy tread drew nearer and nearer to the sleeping officer.

There was no light design in the mind of 60. The convict's face was pale and composed; his manner hardly less so.

He stood quietly by the chair. The captain's face rested on his arms, and his features were hidden. The convict's gaze settled on the red coat and shining sword, and his lips moved—he was speaking to himself.

"How many years ago is it since I wore that dress? Years—ages—which is it? I have done with the past, and even memory is dead, my life a bygone thing already."

Stepping back, his foot struck against something on the ground, and he stooped to see what it was.

A pocket-book.

"Is it his I wonder?" mused 60, examining it doubtfully.

He next unfastened the clasp, and turned to the first page to ascertain what name it bore.

He found it where he expected. Legibly written in a bold, free hand; the characters seemed to shine in letters of fire.

"Captain Stewart, 14th Regiment."

Long did the convict stand, rigid and motionless; and then he knelt softly down by the side of the sleeper.

"Can this be Stewart, my old comrade and friend?—the Stewart who read and chatted with me in the days when my dreams were of a future as unlike the hideous reality of the present as I am unlike my own self?"

The sleeping man never stirred. Unconscious of the presence of him who had sought so long, he slumbered placidly, and the convict dared not wake him.

As 60 rose to his feet again, still holding the book in his hand, he saw his own name on the opposite page, and lower—

A unit seemed to rise before his eyes; he could read no further. He sat down in the chair the convict had occupied, tried to steady himself, and opened the book again.

Then in solitude and silence he read the story of his brother's death, and learnt for the first time that his self-sacrifice was a vain one.

"A broken life," he murmured; "ay! the mole is blind, the worm is mute, and in the grave there is rest!"

HOT COMFORT.

Places Where the Heat Reaches 140 Degrees in the Shade.

Those who have been quartered at Aden would not allow that any spot on this upper part of the coast can be more awful than that. But unfortunately they have dwelt in Scinde and the horrors of Aden. Visitors to Scinde, in the Persian gulf, talk lightly of Scinde, and Russians assert that there are districts in Central Asia more terrible than all three. One would incline to believe them also, if only it were proved possible to live through a Summer of heat more cruel than that of Scinde, for instance. Americans also put in a claim for their Great Desert. One thing is assured—that the famous Sahara does not approach any of those mentioned. In some parts of Scinde necessity taught the inhabitants ages ago to invent an apparatus for cooling their rooms, which we were glad to adopt under the name "windmill."

We have heard responsible officers of the old Indian flotilla avouch that they have seen the glass register 200 degrees in the sun at Bushire. It was a long time ago, however, and there lies their excuse. Perhaps 180 degrees has been recorded, for a brief space, under peculiar circumstances. Some 100 degrees passed every fraction becomes horribly perceptible. Ten degrees above this is not uncommon. The coolest place to be found at Shikarpur sometimes has been 140 degrees. But 120 degrees in the shade may be regarded as the temperature of the very hottest climates in the world—when no wind blows. Fancy that as the minimum, for forty-eight hours at a stretch. At Shikarpur—the year round mark—residents endure a minimum of 97 degrees; happily there are very few whites among them. But this is in a time when no wind blows; and winds are the rule from March to July. There is the Suk, which rises, as scientific persons allege, in the Kachi Desert, but ordinary mortals will not be persuaded that it has its origin in the upper air. All life withers before it. But there it encounters; not only that—it burns up tissue and cartilage, so that the limbs can be pulled asunder when the storm is passed by.—London Standard.

Runaway Cars.

Mr. Croft tells of a thrilling experience in Echo Canon, when a train of sixteen flat cars, loaded with ties and iron rails, was making its rapid way down to Echo City. The train had proceeded but a few miles down the canon when it was discovered that it had parted, and four heavily loaded cars had been left behind. The accident happened, the grade was easy, and the motion attached to the locomotive had gained about half a mile on the stray cars, but now the latter were on a down grade, and rushing upon the train with lightning speed.

Two men were on the loose cars, and might get on the brakes and stop the runaway. The whistle was blown, but the men did not hear; they were fast asleep. On came the cars, fairly bounding from the track in their unguided speed, and away shot the locomotive and train.

"Let on the steam!" came the order, and with wild and terrible screams, the engine plunged through the gorge.

"Get with the ties," and the frantic men cast them off as they flew, in the hope that some of them would remain on the track, throw off the runaways, and thus save the forward train.

Down the gorge they plunged, the wild whistle, signifying "switches open," all the time thrilling the air. That there was time for this was well known at Echo City, but the men who were not so unfortunates, and the switches were not ready.

If the leading train had but the requisite distance, it could pass on while the following cars might be switched off the track, and spend their force against the mountain side.

On shot the locomotive the men still clinging to their ties, and suddenly, just as they reached the cut, outside the station, they saw the dreaded purser straggle and plunge down the embankment into the valley below.

"Down brakes!" screamed the engine, and in a moment more the cars entered Echo City, and came to a standstill.

The excited crowd, alarmed by the repeated whistling, and off toward the scene of the disaster to bring in the dead bodies. When they arrived, they found the two men unharmed but bewildered, sitting on the greensward. They had slept soundly along through their perilous adventure, until the moment when they were tossed down the valley.

TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

Russia's woolen industries employ 5,000. Carpet manufacturers employ 800.

The Boiler-Makers and Iron-Ship Builders' Union of Great Britain, has a fund of \$923,636.39 in the banks.

The Iron Moulders' unions, of Massachusetts, last week joined the American Federation of Labor's branch, of that State.

Resolutions are being passed by labor unions all over the country protesting against the closing of the World's Fair on Sundays.

The capitalistic combine recently formed in San Francisco to break up the labor organizations of the Pacific coast is said to represent at least \$200,000,000.

The co-operative shop of the locked-out shoemakers of Haverhill, Mass., has been a failure. They could not compete with the large capital invested by the bosses.

The earliest labor strike in the United States, of which there is any record, occurred in Philadelphia in 1796 among the shoemakers. It was for an increase of wages, lasted two weeks and proved successful. Again the workmen "turned out" in 1799, asking for more pay which was allowed them.

The laws of nature are the thoughts of God.

HARD TO COUNTERFEIT.

The Paper Money of Europe—Why it Resists the Counterfeiter.

"The paper money of the United States is the least handsome in the world," said the proprietor of a money exchange. "That is because this Government depends entirely upon the intricacy and elaborateness of the designs on its notes and certificates for protection against counterfeiters. In foreign countries, on the other hand, much effort is directed to making their currency beautiful with pictures and arabesques in the classical style. Not only are the results pretty to look at, but they serve their chief purpose better, for any engraver will tell you that real work on a bill is far more difficult to imitate than any purely mechanical effect, no matter how complicated the latter may be made by the geometric lathe and other devices."

"Most beautiful of all paper notes are those issued in France and Prussia. Here is a pretty Austrian bill of 100 florins, printed in blue ink, with the design mainly composed of two large standing figures of cherubic children and an oval of children's heads. That seems a queer notion on our part of view for the ornamentation of currency, but it is certainly both interesting and handsome. This is a Russian bill for 100 roubles, done in pink and green. Here you have a Scotch note, issued by the British Linen Company, which promises to pay £5 on demand. In Great Britain the privilege of issuing paper money can be obtained by corporations other than banks from the Government."

"You will need a magnifying glass to examine this note with. It is Irish. The words 'one pound' are printed across it in big letters, but this broad stripe extending from one end to the other of the document is a curiosity. To the naked eye, even upon scrutiny, it seems to have no significance, but when magnified you will perceive that it is wholly made up of the words 'one pound' in microscopic letters. From the superficial appearance of the Bank of England notes you would suppose that they could be readily imitated by photography or otherwise, inasmuch as their designs consist of very little more than lettering in black that is certainly not so elaborate as that great financial institution depends upon together upon the water marking of its paper, which is wonderfully elaborate, as you can see by looking at the light through it. The water marking has been imitated, but never with success."

A TALE OF THE SEA.

Terrible Experiences of a Shipwrecked Crew.

Mr. T. Barton, of Fratton, North Cornwall, and chief officer of the Peter Sturt, whose loss near Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, was recently reported by telegraph, has written to his friends particulars of the disaster. He says:—"We struck on a rock about eight o'clock on Sunday night, and soon afterwards my wife and I went on to the sea. The sea was breaking over her all the time, and we all got into the mizzen rigging until it began to totter, and it fell over us as we came down. The captain, Mrs. Hughes (the captain's wife), and several of the crew, got into the boat, where she hung in the davits; but she soon got washed away and capsized, and killed or drowned Mrs. Hughes, her little boy, and several others, and found the rest of the boat righted again, and found the captain in her, nearly done for. Six of the crew besides the captain, got into the boat, and she drifted away out of sight. I and the remainder of the crew were then in the forward part of the ship, where we remained until she broke up altogether. I suppose that would be about two-and-a-half hours after she struck. Some of the things left for it then but got on the floating debris, the mast, and we floated away from the wreck all night and until six o'clock in the morning. When daylight came the fog lifted a little, but we saw no land. We sighted the ship's boat, with the captain and six men in her. They were doing nothing, but we were all to get on the floating debris, the mast, and we floated away from the wreck all night and until six o'clock in the morning. When daylight came the fog lifted a little, but we saw no land. We sighted the ship's boat, with the captain and six men in her. They were doing nothing, but we were all to get on the floating debris, the mast, and we floated away from the wreck all night and until six o'clock in the morning. 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THE LAND OF PIGTAILS.

China not so Fair as Fancy Paints Her.

A Country Where the Inhabitants Think They Have a Sun of Their Own, Spilt at Foreigners, and do Everything Backward—Civil Service but no Civility.

The Chinaman abroad is a different being from the Chinaman at home. Here he permits himself to hold an opinion of foreigners, and he permits his boys to express it with mud and pieces of tiles. The first glimpse we had of China was within the mighty semi-circle of hills that forms the harbor of Hong-kong, a port equal in respect of its tonnage to New-York, and in no way suggestive of the China of the geographers, the land of tea chests and missionaries.

The name means "fragrant streams," and nothing could be more appropriate than this appellation if applied to the native quarter, for there the streams are fragrant, indeed, in these festering Summer days. Even one who knows the hiddenness of the Chinese quarter of Victoria or San Francisco is appalled at the foulness and loathsomeness of the creeping lanes and mazes of the homes of the Chinese in their own country.

And when one gets hopefully entangled in their crooked streets it seems as if it were only by a special dispensation of Providence that one might be delivered alive from these shuffling, stolid-faced crowds of cue-wearers who shout out "foreign devil" and spit in your face as you pass. It is only in China one realizes how foul a habit expectation may become.

The Chinese at home are of all people the most uninteresting, their country the grimest and most grotesque, and their religion as dull and stupid as their stony and ferocious gods. Western civilization is a mere hem to this great garment, a few dots here and there, and, though we are not a hundred miles from an English port, Canton is as heathen as it was a million years ago.

The ordinary demands of ship routine, his duties allow and aloft, in harbor, upon the ocean—all are so hazardous, so dependent upon quick eyes, strong hands, clear heads and alert intelligence that the least mischance of judgment or of grip, the slightest physical mistake may be fatal.

When the maritime Jack dies he is buried without much undue ceremony. A brief prayer, a shotted hammock, the lee rail and all is over. But on board a ship of war a sailor's funeral is pathetic in its dignified simplicity. No muster of the ship's company, naturally, so sad as this, and you can see it on the faces of all when the subdued shrilling of the boat's whistle is followed by the long-drawn-out and modulated call of "All hands bury the dead!"

When the closing prayer is said, the last blessing given, the tackle is removed, the coffin is stripped of its flags and slung in straps, and slowly, reverently, is hoisted above the rail and clear of the ship until it is poised over the billows. The marines load, aim, fire—in all three volleys, that awaken ship; the bugle sounds "taps" tenderly and sweetly, with a never meaning of sleep and rest; the coffin swings further out, and is lowered gently until the foam and spoor-dripping water of the sea is reached.

In a little while the cheery whistles trill out a call to duty, the half-masted ensign climbs to the dasher block, the ship is brought to her course, and dazedly the men take up the wearying routine of the lives so broken. An unusual quiet rests upon the vessel and around the upper hour, murmuring and bubbling. By means of the virtues—those heroic and honest sea virtues—of the dead sailor are recalled, and with a tenderness born of comradeship closer than any other men except soldiers may know.

A CHATHAM MIRACLE.

Dr. Carl Verrinder's Vicissitudes of Torture and of Health.

He Survives Them All, and Recounts His Wonderful Deliverance From Poverty and Death, and His Restoration to Prosperity and Vigor of Mind and Body—Good Words for the A. O. U. W.

In a Raleigh St. residence there lives with wife and one child—a little ten year old daughter—a man known throughout Ontario, if not the whole Dominion, as a prince among pianists, organists and choir masters—a veritable *maestro* and "Wizard of the Ivory Keys," and no one who has ever listened to his manipulation of the great organ in the Park St. Methodist Church, or heard him evoke "magic music" by his mystic means, is not a devotee of Dr. Verrinder's Grand in his own drawing room, but will declare that his eminence is well deserved, and his peers can be but few among the professors of Divine Art. The door plate bears the following inscription:—

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
Dr. Carl Verrinder,
Director.

To sit, as did a Planet reporter a few days ago, in a very atmosphere of sweet harmony, created by Dr. Verrinder's magic-like touch was an experience that might well be envied, and one calculated to inspire the most sentimental reveries. But sentimental moods finally vanish and leave one facing the sober and practical side of life. The music ceased and the conversation took a turn leading to the real object of the reporter's call.

"There are stories abroad," said the newspaper man, "regarding some extraordinary deliverance from death, which you have met with recently, doctor. Would you object to stating what foundation there is for them, and, if any, furnish me with the true facts for publication?" Dr. Verrinder shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "I have not," he replied, "been given to seeking newspaper notoriety, and at fifty-five years of age it is not likely I shall be, and yet," said the professor after thinking a moment and consulting Mrs. Verrinder, "it is the best that I should give you the circumstances that led to the Planet. The story of my rescue from the grave might fittingly be prefaced by a little of my early history. We resided in England, where though I was a professor of music, I was not dependent on my art, as I had acquired a competence. My wife was an heiress, having £25,000 in her own right. Through the rashness of a broker she was robbed almost of all her fortune, while by the Bank of Glasgow failure my money vanished forever. It became necessary for me then to return to my profession in order to live. I do not speak of it boastfully, but I stood well among the musicians of that day in the old days. My fees were large, and I was given to my music as a hobby, and I was twenty in a day. We came to America, landing in Quebec, where I anticipated getting engagement as organist in the cathedral, but was disappointed. Subsequently we moved to St. Catharines, in which city I secured an organ and choir and soon had a large clientele. My order as I thought to better my fortune, I took up my residence in London, first filling an engagement with a Methodist church and afterward accepting the position of organist in St. Peter's Cathedral. In those cities I made many warm friends, and their tributes and gifts I shall ever retain as among the most precious of my life. It was while living in London and pursuing my art with much earnestness and labor that I received a stroke of paralysis. Perhaps,—here the speaker rose and stretching himself to his full height, thus displaying his well-built and well-nourished frame,—I do not look like a paralytic. But the truth is I have had three strokes, the first, second and third, and each time the third is fatal, ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Yet here you see before you a three-stroke victim, and a man who feels, both in body and mind, as vigorous as he ever did in his life. My ultimate cure I ascribe to a medicine which I never cease to sound as long as I live, and which I shall recommend to suffering humanity as I am now constantly doing, while I know of a case and can reach the ear of the patient. After removing to Chatham I had not long been here when my health further began to give way. Gradually I noted the change. I felt it first and most strongly in my stomach, which produced constant and distressing nausea. It grew worse and worse. I myself attributed it to bad water poisoning my system. One doctor said it was catarrh of the stomach. Another pronounced it diabetes, still another a different diagnosis. I kept on doctoring, but getting no relief. I tried one medicine after another, but it was no use. Grippe attacked me, and added to my pain, discomfort and weakness. At last I took to my bed and it seemed that I was never going to get well. Nothing of a nourishing nature would remain on my stomach. No drugs seemed to have a counter-acting influence on the disease which was dragging me down to death. My wife would sit at my bedside and moisten my lips with diluted spirits which was all that could be done to relieve me. Besides three local doctors who gave me up, I had doctors from London and Kingston whose skill I believe in and to whom I paid heavy fees, but without any benefit or encouragement. It was that a stomach pump operation afforded temporary relief, but yet I felt that my peculiar case needed some special and particular compound or remedial agent which I knew not of. But, at last, thank God, I discovered it. I had been for eighteen months a miserable wreck, unable to work, unable to eat or to sleep properly. My poor wife was worn out in body and spirit. Suddenly the deliverer came! Pink Pills! Yes! Pink Pills—God bless their inventor or discoverer!—have rescued me from the jaws of death, and miraculously made me what you see me to-day, hearty, happy with a splendid appetite, a clear brain, a capacity for work and an ability to sleep sound and refreshing sleep—a boon that only a man who has experienced the terrors of insomnia can rightly appreciate. Bear in mind, my friend, I am no wild enthusiast over the supposed merits of the medicine. I have tested the virtues of Pink Pills and am ready to take oath to their efficacy. No one could shake my faith in them; because what a man has thoroughly proved in his own experience, and what he has had confirmed in the experience of others—I have prescribed the pills to other sick persons and know what extraordinary good they have effected in their cases—he ought to be convinced in so. I shall tell you how I came to try them. A fellow member of the A. O. U. W., the brethren of which order had been more than kind to me during my illness, recommended Pink Pills, I knew nothing about what they were or what they could accomplish. In fact I am rather sceptical on what are termed "proprietary remedies." But I started to take Pink Pills for Pale People, made by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, from the very first, one at a dose, I began to amend, and before I had taken more than a box or two I knew that I had found the right remedy and that to the Pink Pills I owed my life. In nine months I have taken twelve boxes—just six dollars worth. Think of it my friend! Hundreds of dollars for other treatment, and only six dollars for what has made a man of me and set me again on the highway of health and prosperity. There is some subtle, life-giving principle in Pink Pills which I do not attempt to fathom. I only know like the blind man of old: "Once I was blind; now I can see!" God, in the mystery of his providence, directed my brother of the A. O. U. W. to me. I took it. I live and rejoice in my health and strength. I have no physical malady, saving a slight stiffness in my leg due to grippe. I feel as well as in my past days. My prospects are good. All this I gratefully attribute to the virtues of Pink Pills for Pale People, and now my story is done," as the reporter said, "if anybody should ask confirmation of this tale of mine let him write to me and I shall cheerfully furnish it. The Pink Pills were my rescuer and I'll be their friend and advocate while I live!"

ALBERT COLLEGE.

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DURING THE HOT WEATHER

You should use Rice as a light and healthy food.

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HELIX

3,450 Miles of Railway Passes Given Away FREE Each Month.

The above bonus is the name of a perfume. In order to obtain it you must purchase one of our HELIXES. We will give in prizes the above number of railway passes each month, to be distributed as follows: To the first person sending us the correct answer to the above bonus will be given a 100 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket to Canada or the United States; to the second will be given a 50 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the third will be given a 25 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the fourth will be given a 10 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the fifth will be given a 5 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the sixth will be given a 2 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the seventh will be given a 1 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the eighth will be given a 1/2 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the ninth will be given a 1/4 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket; to the tenth will be given a 1/8 mile round-trip First Class railway ticket. All of the above prizes, or their equivalent in cash, to be given without partiality. Our POKKET PERFUME HELIXES are the choicest, most desirable and durable perfumes ever introduced, being made of the best perfume, of the size of a small coin they fit perfectly in the pocket, and each will impart a delicate odor from four to six weeks without the use of any clothing. The water is put up in boxes of one-half dozen each, each box will last for six to nine months. Each person answering above bonus must enclose 30 cents in silver (or ten three-cent Canadian or fifteen two-cent United States postage stamps) for one of our POKKET PERFUME HELIXES, which will be sent postage prepaid. In addition to the above a large number of SPECIAL PRIZES OF VALUE will be awarded. Address: HELIOTROPE PERFUME CO., 329 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada. (Mention this paper.)

A Promise He Was Sure To Keep.

Jimmy—"Dinna greet, Bobby, maybe yer father'dna mean it when he said that he'd wid the thair ye."

"Bobby—"Boo-hoo! Ye didna ken ma father, Jimmy; it's no like as if he promised to tak' to the thairer—boo-hoo."

No False Pride.

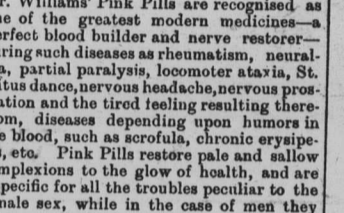
"Ain't you ashamed ter be seen in do Tabernacle in sich raggedy pants?" said Whangdoodle Baxter to Jim Webster. "No, indeed, Parson, I ain't ashamed. They don't belong ter me. What's it got ter be ashamed of?"

Get Rid of Neuritis.

There is no use in fooling with neuritis. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand relief that invariably attend the employment of Polson's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

TOOTHACHE.

When suffering with Toothache use GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM. Bread is the staff of life and pie is the stuffing block. A. P. 620.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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

MAGIC SCALE FOR DRESS CUTTING taught by Miss Chubb, general agent for Ontario. 256 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto Ont.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Stomach Headache, restores the complexion. Get Free Sample at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY 317 Church St. Toronto.

DRESS-CUTTING. Send for Illustrated Circular of our "New Tailor System." The leading system. New Sleeve Chart just out. J. & A. CARTER, Toronto, Practical Dressmakers.

ATTENTION. If you are an agent would like to be one—if you are out of work—if you have a few hours to spare each year—if you want to make money—send us your name and address and we will send you our illustrated list free of cost. William Briggs, 32 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Chas. Cluthe's AUTOMATIC TRUSS

Grandest Original Invention

The Automatic is a marvel of mechanism. It centralizes difference between contraction and expansion of body, caused by motion of legs, coughing, sneezing, etc., direct to the aperture of Hemia, automatically.

THE SAME TRUSS FOR LIGHT AND SEVERE CASES. Only sold through Physicians, Druggists, or direct from the House. Pamphlet free. Address: CHAS. CLUTHE SURGICAL MACHINIST 134 King St. West, TORONTO, ONT.

PLAIN AND FRACTION threshers

11 Standard Champion and new Horizontal Champion with perfect water spark arresters are STILL THE LEADERS

A large supply of second-hand Engines Repaired and Re-built for sale Cheap. WRITE US PROMPTLY.

ENDLESS BELTS

EXTRA STANDARD 100 F
HEAVY EXTRA 110
PARA 120

Specially Cheap for Cash. Tank Pumps and Suction Hose. WATEROUS BRANTFORD CANADA

Some Children Growing Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF Lime and Soda.

Palatable as MILK. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00.

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"I Love the Woods."

Oh, give me but that fragrant rock
On which to build my simple cot,
And I'll not ask for palaces,
Nor murmur at my lonely lot.
I do not need the silken rug,
The cushioned couch or seasoned food:
I do not need the tongue of men
To voice the word that "Life is good."
I do not need the amber scent,
The honeyed smile and tutored song,
Or crowd of glittering sycophants
That in the halls of Croesus throng.

I love the woods.
When o'er the distant line of hills
The rosy morning peeps its head,
And stars that through the night have watched
Now quench their light and go to bed,
I do not need the perfume of flowers,
And seek the purring brook that flows
Between its fringes of velvet moss,
Where tiny turquoise plovers brood,
I need no marble fountains rare
To purify and lave and clean,
And when I say my grateful prayer
'Tis in His mighty dome of green.

I love the woods.
My silent friend, my faithful dog,
The horse that hastens to my call,
The birds that sing above my head—
They constitute my all in all,
I breathe the forest's filtered air,
The breeze that cools the mountain brow,
And thank the Lord I'm living now!
I love the woods.

—Richard Mansfield.

Wingham.

The lacrosse team of this place went to Palmerston on Friday to play a match with a team of that place. We are informed it was not a team from Palmerston but a team of "ringers" picked from surrounding towns. Among those who were to form the Palmerston team was a Mr. Morrison, from Walkerton. The Wingham boys objected to him playing and he did not have the pleasure of taking part in the game, but he acted as referee. It is also reported that he said he would give the game against Wingham, because they would not let him play. The result seems to bear this out, as when one of Wingham players had his stick broken, and time was called that he might get another, the Palmerston club kept on playing and drove the ball through without any opposition. The referee allowed this a goal and the score stood 3 to 2 against Wingham, who refused to play any longer on account of the injustice.

Mr. J. C. Colling was in town a few hours on Thursday last. He was on his way to Lucknow from Mitchell to assist the Lucknowites in their lacrosse match on the following day with Kincardine on the latter's ground. We hear the match was a hot one and was won by Kincardine by a score of 4 to 1.

The brick work of the new St. Paul's church here is being rapidly pushed forward by the contractors, Messrs McGregor Bros. A faint idea can be had already of the appearance of the building, which when completed will be one of the grandest churches west of Toronto.

The Wingham foot-ball boys were deceived by the Gorrie boys. They understood they would play a team from Gorrie and Wroxeter, instead of Gorrie, Wroxeter, Fordwich, Orange Hill and Lakelet. Besides the boys were after playing a hard match with Teeswater, and therefore were not in as good shape as the Howick kickers who came on a fresh. Wingham would like to have a match with a Gorrie team. [The team the Ranger Foot-Ball Club sent to Wingham was the usual one furnished by this club, and we have not hitherto heard complaints because the boys do not all live in Gorrie or Wroxeter villages. We are satisfied the Rangers did not intentionally deceive the Wingham team in the matter.—Ed.]

Misses Bella and Maggie Stuart, of Detroit, who have been visiting Mrs. Johnston here returned home on Friday last. Miss Bella, being a school teacher there had to return to work which began on Monday last. While Miss Stuart was in Wingham she received word that she was raised from the position of assistant to that of principal. During their stay here the ladies have gained for themselves a wide acquaintance and numerous friends. On Wednesday evening a large number of friends gathered at the residence of Mrs. Johnston to bid them farewell and spend the evening. The girls will be missed around Wingham, as they being experts on the bicycle, attracted much notice.

Redgrave.

Harvesting is done in this neighborhood, and many of our farmers have sown their fall wheat.

Mr. Alva Stockton and wife paid this place a flying visit on Sunday.

Miss Ariss, of Clifford, is visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Mr. Wm. Barnes, of Clifford, paid friends in our burg a short visit on Sunday last.

Messrs. C. Erisman, Geo. Whitman, John Wallace, S. Hyndman, A. Bushart and W. Foster started on Tuesday for Manitoba. We wish them all a profitable and pleasant trip and safe return.

Rev. Mr. Jones, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit of the church here on Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Harris, also of Toronto, will officiate next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. McLellan, of Toronto, and Mrs. Winter, of this neighborhood, were visiting friends at Maitland on Monday of this week.

Some of our citizens intend taking in the Toronto exhibition this and next week.

Molesworth.

The high wind-storm a couple of weeks ago greatly reduced the apple crop in this section. Hundred of bushels have been blown from the trees.

A picnic is to be held in Robertson's grove, on Saturday, by the pupils of U. S. S. No. 16, Howick and Grey. A good time is promised.

Harvesting is now about over and there is no reason to complain in this neighborhood. Many have had to thresh in order to secure barn room for the later crops.

Our cheese factory has made a sale of July cheese at 9 11/16c. The cheese was delivered at Listowel.

Miss Johnston, of Coburg, is with Mr. John McKee's family at present.

Everything is blooming on our line just now. Harvest is settled and the fall wheat sown.

THOS. RAE

Is giving some of the Best Bargains!

—AT— W. H. OLEGG'S OLD STAND.

Ever Given to the Public!

—IN—

Hardware

—AND—

Groceries.

Come and See for Yourself.

THOS. RAE,

Gorrie.

JNO. BRETHOUR,

FIRE AND STOCK

Insurance Agent

WROXETER.

REPRESENTS:

Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Mercantile Insurance Co.

Etna Insurance Co.

Ontario Mutual Live Stock Insurance Co.

Give John A. Call.

Taman, the Tailor,

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

Adv. next week.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

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

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

Watches of all kinds. Clox of all kinds.

Silverware of all kinds. Jewelry of all kinds.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

Fordwich Hardware Store. DARBY BROS.' Alphabet:

A pple parers. B and Iron. C utlery. D airy Supplies. E eye Trough. F orks. G lass. H arness Snaps. I rons. J elly Cake Plates. K nives. L ocks. M irrors. N ails.

O ils. P aints and Putty. Q uilting Frame Clamps. R ope. S cythes. T urpentine. U pholsterer's Tacks. V arnish. W ringers. X -cut Saws. Y ellow Ochre. Z inc. & we sell them very cheap.

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

DARBY BROS.

N. M'LAUGHLIN, Druggist, Gorrie.

See new adv next week.

New Shoe Store!

IN GORRIE.

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

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

—FINE AND COARSE—

BOOTS and SHOES

At the Very Lowest Living Prices!

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

You are cordially invited to call in and see them.

P. H. SHAVER,

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

I make a specialty of Custom Work.

Repairing done to order neatly and quickly.

Just Received!

At Allison's

A Fresh lot of

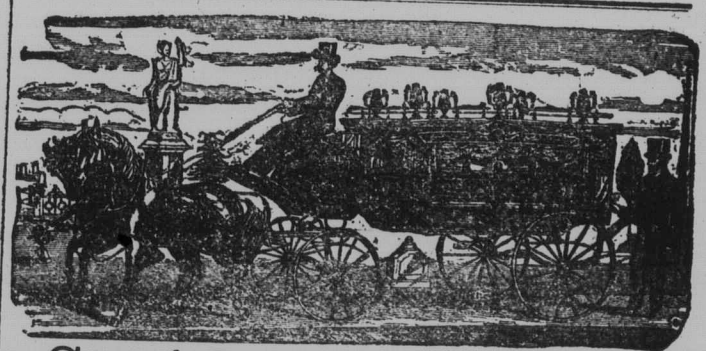
Oranges, Lemons,

Bananas, Cocoanuts, Dates,

A fine assortment of Confections and Canned Goods.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Feathers and Flowers

Are being Sold Very Cheap for a few weeks.



Special Announcement.

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Hearses, 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 Hearses 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.