

# The East Huron Gazette

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 2nd, 1893.

No. 13.

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

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

**N. McLAUGHLIN,**  
ISSUER of MARRIAGE LICENSES. No witnesses required.  
Office—At the Drug Store, Gorrie.

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

**Scientific American Agency for PATENTS**  
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.  
For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.  
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligible man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 six months. Address MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Executors' Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that any person or persons holding any claims against the estate of Alexander Johnston, late of the Township of Howick, in the county of Huron Province of Ontario, shall send to the undersigned Executors a verified statement of such claims, on or before the 1st day of March, A. D. 1893.  
And all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle said indebtedness on or before said 1st day of March, 1893.  
Dated at Howick, this 3rd day of January, 1893.  
SAMUEL JOHNSTON,  
JAMES DOWNEY,  
Executors.

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

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

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

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

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

**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**

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.  
—SEE THE ELEGANT—

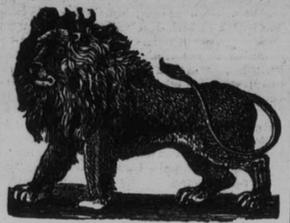
**Breakfast Sets,**  
**Dinner Sets,**  
**Tea Sets.**  
Everything Fresh and  
Guaranteed of the  
Finest Quality.

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

I will sell as Cheap as the Cheapest.

**T. F. MILLER,**  
WROXETER.

## The Lion Store



## Fur Goods and Winter Goods

AT  
**COST PRICE.**  
To Clear.  
Lion Store, Wroxeter.

**J. W. Sanderson.**

## Shareholders' Meeting.

**Belmore Cheese and Butter Company.**  
A SPECIAL General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Belmore Cheese and Butter Company will be held in the Temperance Hall, in the village of Belmore, on  
**SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1893,**  
At the hour of One o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and any other business that may be brought before the meeting.  
PETER TERRIFF,  
JAMES RITCHIE,  
D. N. McDONALD,  
Shareholders.  
Belmore, Jan. 23, 1893.

**Farm for Sale.**  
LOT 1, 9th Con., Turnberry. The farm is an excellent one, containing 100 acres, 30 under cultivation, balance good hardwood bush. Stone house and large orchard, plenty of water. Situated about seven miles from Wingham, and five from Wroxeter.  
For particulars apply to the Proprietor,  
Wm. Saxton, Wroxeter, P. O., Ont.

**Sows for Sale.**  
THE undersigned has six Sows about six months old, fit for breeding purposes. If not sold in about ten days they will be put up to fatton.  
Lot 1, Con. A, Turnberry.  
Wroxeter P. O., Feb. 15th, 1893.

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

## Local Affairs.

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

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

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

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

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

Fresh oysters at Allison's.  
The annual meeting of the East Huron Conservatives occurs at Wingham town hall, on March 7th.

Miss Maggie Deachman and Miss Maggie Anderson returned last Friday from a visit to friends in Lucknow.

Owing to the absence of the trains much of our usual correspondence has failed to reach us in time for this issue.

A sleighload of Gorrieites attended the Wroxeter skating rink last Saturday evening and report having had a good time.

There will be a meeting of the Howick Conservative Association held in Biernes' hall, Fordwich, on Saturday, March 4th.

The Brass Band has just received a lot of new music from Toronto and Galt, and will be well prepared for next summer's engagements.

Mr. David Sanders, who has been working in this office for several months past, has accepted a position on a Chesley paper, leaving for that village on Saturday last.

Owing to the heavy snow-storms Mr. C. C. Kaine has not yet started for Manitoba. He again occupied the Methodist pulpit last Sunday evening, preaching acceptably to a very large congregation.

The Gorrie school trustees recently advertised for tenders for wood, but not a single tender was received. The great depth of snow in the bush and the drifted state of the roads makes the teaming of wood very difficult.

Mr. Geo. Hazelwood is this week moving from the Thompson farm, upon which he has resided for several years past, to the Hunt farm on the 6th con., just west of Mr. Jas. Mitchell's which he has leased for a term of years.

Rev. Mr. Haig will (D.V.) preach in the Gorrie and Fordwich Presbyterian churches on Sabbath next and the Sabbath following, March 6th and 12th. He has been in Manitoba for the past seven years, but is now returning to Ontario on account of his health.

NOTICE—My accounts have all been sent out and all those who still owe will please settle. If any have not received their accounts they need not be offended but come and pay the same as if they had. JAS. ARMSTRONG, V. S.

Mrs. Martha Miller, mother of Mrs. John Wilson, 6th con., died at the home of her son-in-law last week at the advanced age of 84 years. Her remains were interred in Fordwich cemetery in the presence of a large gathering of the friends of the family.

The high wind last Monday completely blocked this branch of the C. P. R. by filling in the cuts with snow. Several snow-plows and engines have been detailed in their efforts to get the road clear. No mail has reached Gorrie since Monday but it is confidently expected that trains will be running today as usual.

PAKES AND TREATS!—A pancake social will be held at the residence of Mr. Alex. Smith, Gorrie, on Wednesday evening, March 8, in connection with the Presbyterian Sabbath School. A good programme is being prepared and a good time may be expected. Everybody is invited to come and enjoy themselves. Admission, 15c. Pancakes served from 7 to 9.

On the evening of Feb. 22nd a large number of invited friends assembled at the residence of Mr. John Jacques, Orange Hill, the event being to witness the marriage of his daughter, Esther, to Mr. W. J. Anderson. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. F. Brownlee at 6 o'clock, p. m. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister, Nancy, as bridesmaid, while Mr. Charles Harris acted as groomsmen. The bridal costume was of white cashmere trimmed with silk and lace, while the bridesmaid was dressed in corresponding colors, in all presenting a beautiful appearance. After the ceremony the guests sat down to a very richly prepared dinner, after which the company continued to enjoy themselves in various ways until an early hour. The bridal presents were very numerous, rich and beautiful in themselves, expressive of the esteem in which the bride was held by her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will spend a short time visiting friends in Oxford county previous to returning to their home on the 9th con., Howick, near Gorrie. We wish them pleasant days and much happiness.—CON.

A very interesting debate was held in the town hall last Friday evening, in the presence of a large audience of ladies and gentlemen, on the subject of annexation vs British connection, the former being upheld by Messrs. Moore, Dr. Smale, (jr.), T. W. Gibson and Munro, while Messrs. Clegg, Doig, Greer and Jno. M. Kaine defended British Connection. Those who expected to listen to a political discussion between Grits and Tories were agreeably disappointed, not one objectionable argument of that kind being used on either side. The speakers held closely to the subject under debate and there was an agreeable fertility of argument which kept the judges—Messrs. H. Perkins and Dr. Armstrong, of Gorrie, and Dr. Fortune, of Wroxeter, busy during the entire evening. The debate was finally awarded to the Gorrie gentlemen, although the decision was a very close one. A return debate is, we understand, to be held shortly in Wroxeter.

The death of Mrs. J. R. Williams, which occurred at three o'clock last Monday morning, caused a sensation of profound sorrow in this village, where she resided with her husband and family for many years past. She has been in poor health of late years, suffering from a complicated disease which has baffled the best medical skill, and to which she finally succumbed after much suffering, which she bore with true Christian fortitude. She leaves behind her, besides a sorrowing husband, a family of five sons and a daughter, to whom the sincere sympathy of the public goes out in their great affliction. The funeral occurred on yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon and was attended by a large concourse of neighbors and friends, among those present from a distance being Mr. Henry and Miss Lizzie Ferrier, of Bervie; Mr. Ed. Crippen and Mrs. Masters, of Alpena, Mich.; Miss Lena Williams, of Mitchell; Mr. Jas. Williams, and daughter, of Seaford; Miss Yeo and Mr. Geo. Yeo, of Teeswater.

## Gorrie School Report.

The following shows the standing attained by each pupil in the Senior Department of the schools, for the month of February:

Name	Attendance	Marks
Jessie McLaughlin	19	8
Amy Clegg	8	
Junior Fifth— (Marks obt. 880)		
A Heibell	19	633
M. Aylesworth	19	459
Edith Perkins	13	452
Wm. Dane	17	484
Eva McGrath	17	420
Lizzie Greer	16	387
A. McLaughlin	14	273
A. Osborne	14	252

Name	Attendance	Marks
Senior Fourth. (Obt. 2000.)		
L. McLaughlin	19	1431
E. Evans	18	1845
F. McLaughlin	12	1838
H. Burns	17	1272
M. Sanderson	19	1247
A. Crawford	19	1090
C. McLaughlin	18	1083
H. Evans	17	970
E. Blow	14	886

Name	Attendance	Marks
Junior Fourth. (Obt. 1400.)		
Eddie McKee	19	987
Robt. Greer	15	818
Wm. Osborne	14	635
Liz Green	14	483
Harry Young	14	266
Peter James	13	239
Senior Third. (Obt. 1600.)		
Mabel Campbell	18	1433
Harry Young	17	1284
Jno. Dane	19	1186
Grace Pyle	15	1165
Albert Bowyer	13	1020
Willie Sharp	16	828
Susan Vattie	14	776

## Wroxeter.

The Foresters' concert on Tuesday evening drew out a crowded house. Fax, Miss Bowes and the Gorrie Orchestra, and Miss Brawn, as accompanist, furnished an attractive programme, which was ably presided over by Bro. W. G. Strong, who acted as chairman. The Foresters have won the friendship of all by their determined efforts to please under the adverse circumstances with which they have had to contend.

Reeve Sanders was in Goderich on county business last week.

## Belmore.

We are very sorry to have to announce the sad calamities befalling Mr. P. Terriff's family, of this place. His oldest son, John Terriff, died in Clifton on Friday morning, 24th inst, of consumption, at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Hollinger. His remains were interred in McIntosh cemetery on the 25th inst. The funeral was largely attended. Mrs. Terriff, wife of Mr. P. Terriff, who has lost her reason for the past two weeks, was taken to Walkerton Jail on Thursday, 24th inst. The reason for her insanity is supposed to be an over-strain on her nerves during her son's illness, which she faithfully attended as long as she was able. We sincerely hope and trust that she may soon be home to her family again all right.

Miss Murray has been very poorly for the last week but now is able to be about again.

Miss Hermeston's visiting her mother and friends here. She is not ashamed of the badge of the Salvation Army. That's right; we like to see people true to their colors.

Miss Minnie Crittenden, of Attwood, who has been visiting friends here for the past three weeks, has gone to Brus for a short time before returning to her home.

## Turnberry Council.

Turnberry council held its regular meeting in McDonald's hall, Bluevale, on Feb. 20, 1893. Members all present; the reeve in the chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read, approved of and signed.

The Reeve reported that he had attended the audit at the Treasurer's office, and their report will be laid before you.

A petition to the Legislative Assembly of this Province for a plebiscite on the question of prohibition was laid before the council.—Left over for further consideration.

Moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded by Mr. Diment, that the order issued at last meeting in favor of Rev. I. B. Wallwin, for taxes, be cancelled.—Carried.

The auditors presented their report, abstract and detailed statement for the year 1892.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Mundell, that the Clerk be instructed to get 100 copies of Auditors' Report printed.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded by Mr. Gommill, that the auditors be paid \$10 each for their services.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded, that the Reeve be paid \$2 for attending audit.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Mundell, that the Treasurer be paid balance of salary \$40 and \$7 postage.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Gommill, seconded by Mr. Mundell, that the Treasurer be paid \$2, expenses of railway debentures.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Cruickshank, that the Clerk be paid balance of salary, \$10, and \$11 postage.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Gommill, that any person wanting a change of pathmasters must notify some one of the members of council or the Clerk before next meeting of council.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded by Mundell, that the scale for statute labor be the same as last year.—Carried.

On motion an order was drawn in favor of Ira Etcher for \$2, damages drawing gravel.

Moved by Mr. Mundell, seconded by Mr. Diment, that this council do now adjourn to meet in McDonald's hall, Bluevale, on Monday, March 27th, 1893, at 10 o'clock, a. m.—Carried.

JOHN BURGESS, Clerk.

## Fresh oysters at Allison's.

## BORN.

On Saturday, Feb. 18th, the wife of Mr. Jas. W. Edgar, of a son.

## MARRIED.

ANDISON—JACQUES.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, Feb. 22nd, 1893, by the Rev. W. F. Brownlee, Mr. W. J. Anderson to Miss Esther Jacques, both of Howick.

## DIED.

MILLER.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Jno. Wilson, 6th con., Howick, Mrs. Martha Miller, aged 84 years.

WILLIAMS.—In Gorrie, on Monday, Feb. 28th Sabina, wife of Mr. J. R. Williams, aged 67 years and six months.

# A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

## CHAPTER V.

The immediate result of Norris's attempt to escape was that all the cold Chinese streets of his foes seemed in those feelings of insatiable cruelty which few but the northern Chinese know.

Well was it for Norris that he lay on one dead for hours to come, insensible, immovable, and ignorant of that death which, but for his unconsciousness, had assuredly been his. And yet not well; for death indeed would have been preferable to the life in store.

The discovery of the body which lay in the thimble court seemed to throw a shuddering touch upon everything within the temple, for the man who had committed the deed still lived!

To Norris his captors had been Chinamen. Strange as it may seem, he had never in his solitary confinement cast a thought upon their priest-like attributes. To his own mind he had called them Chinamen, no more. They had been his foes as a nation, not as a priestly brotherhood; and though he had known that they were sanctified, he had not for a moment looked upon them as different in that respect from others of their race, nor in his plans of escape had he taken account of the awful results which might follow the desecration of the temple by the murder of one of its priests.

Had Norris been in possession of his senses, been in fact as a living man when the body of the priest was found, it is more than a probability that in the impulse of the moment his life at the hands of those who had recaptured him might have been taken as an atonement for his deed, for the frenzy which spread over one and all within the temple walls almost cried aloud in wild thirst for blood and revenge upon the man who had done this thing. But the momentary impulse had passed, and now a more hideous fate was in reserve. Blood alone cannot atone for blood, life is not repaid by life, when the frenzied souls of Chinese priests beheld the corpse of a brother who has been killed, and look upon a temple whose holy light is suddenly obscured.

Death for death!—not so. Life for death!—a long never-ending life, a life whose hell is worse than death—this alone is recompense for such a deed.

The injury sustained by Norris, when he fell forward upon his face, was of a nature most serious, and, after many hours of unconsciousness, he recovered only to intermittent state, resembling brain fever, and during this time the priests waited like wild beasts who would play with their prey before striking it to the earth.

A torture is not a torture if it kill, for then of what use is it? If a man is weak and ill, so that he may go mad, and so that he do not feel to the full the horror through which he passes, because death lies in front, it is no use to torture—it is better to wait. For the truest and deepest agony of mind which can be inflicted upon man is that which drives him so far, no further—near to death, so that he may almost clutch it, and yet removed from it so that he clutch in vain—near to madness—ay, on the very brink of the precipice, and yet saved, as the brain totters, so that it may continue to totter and yet never fall.

Many days passed, and the Chinese still waited; and Norris, who had now been tossing through the ravings of weary hours upon a rough skin or two, which was all his bed, began at last by a miracle to recover his strength; and it may be that as the priests fed him during this time, so they also prayed that he might live, for gradually the crisis passed, and he returned to life to find that he lay under constant watch within one of the smaller temple buildings, away from the terrible heat of the midday sun.

As he grew stronger, an awful thirst took possession of him—a thirst that seemed unquenchable, and he would seize and drink every drop of water which was brought to him, as soon as it was placed upon the ground.

It was now that the first of that series of tortures to which the man was destined to be subjected was inflicted upon him. Because he thirsted, it was decreed that he should continue to thirst; and the water given to him was only the more decreased in quantity, the more he endeavored to signal to his attendant that water was precious to him now.

Then at length came the hour when he understood, when there was no more water given to him, and the revelation of the truth threw him back again upon the illness from which he was but commencing to recover.

And thus it came that weeks intervened between Norris's attempt to escape and the day upon which truly commenced that system of fiendish cruelty by which his captors sought to wipe away the blot of desecration and to satisfy the lust for cruelty which is innate to the Chinese.

In the mean time winter was approaching, and Norris in his convalescent state looked forward with a leaden heart to the long months to come, for he seemed to lose hope of freedom with the commencement of the winter. Summer he might never see again.

The closing of the port of Tientsin for the winter months, as he heard it was closed with ice, meant the closing of the door of hope—a door which will stand open in face of many terrible storms. Tientsin closed, Norris felt, he scarcely knew why; that his last chance was gone. Had the swallows borne his messages to any purpose; or had one and all of these been given to the air in vain?

The birds were all that he had to trust to now; the ten swallows, liberated with his messages securely bound, where were they? If, indeed one of the ten came into some friendly hand far away, it might be too late, for who would travel from Shanghai to Peking in the cold winter months? Who would face the perishing cold, and the journey, at such a time?

Then he would wonder for what reason he had been spared—he who had killed a Chinaman; and, again, for what reason was he allowed now to gain strength as he lay chained by his ankles to the ground?

He feared the most when he cast his thoughts upon the apparent clemency of his foes. Why had the want of water now ceased? Why was he again treated as in the days before, save only that his ankle was firmly bound? He set himself to the endeavor of fathoming the motives for the life he was allowed to lead.

What interest was it to the Chinese that he should live, unless his money were at issue? What had saved him from a cruel death long ere now? He could guess little until he remembered suddenly that the swallow—the eleventh of the birds—had been left beneath his coat on the morning of his attempted escape.

And there fancied might lie the truth. This man, whoever he was, beyond the temple walls, who had promised him his liberty, and by that sought to extort a large sum, had been informed of all that had oc-

curred. No doubt the swallow had been taken to him, or at least the paper which had been wrapped to its leg. And this paper, bearing the words "eleventh swallow," would have been sufficient to convey to him the knowledge that there was a chance, however dim, that the English nation beyond the seas might hear of the captivity of William Norris and send to save him from his foes.

If this was so, and if this man still commanded Norris's life to be spared, it seemed partly probable that he might do so because he was a great man, and that it would not suit him to be the possible and remote means of a disagreement which might result in a little thing swelling gradually into a war between the English and the Chinese.

For were Norris to be cruelly killed in the temple of Confucius, there was the possibility that some other coming to his rescue might meet with similar treatment, and the first death might grow into a massacre in the after time.

Such was the conjecture slowly formed by Norris—a conjecture which, wild though it was in many respects, yet had a grain of truth; for although it was difficult at this time to fathom the full motives which actuated his enemies, it is true that besides that cruelty of which Norris was till now unaware, and which had in store for him a life of hideousness, there was another underlying design—something which came to the priests from a higher hand still, according with their wishes in this command:

"Torture, but do not kill!"

Norris felt to wonder vaguely upon his captivity one morning, subsequent to his almost complete restoration to health and indeed, feeling as he now did that he was daily regaining his strength, he once more cast about in his thoughts for some means by which he might still escape.

This had become a much more difficult question than formerly, for his ankle was, as he has been told, encircled by a chain, which confined his motions to a limited circuit, and at times became the source of extreme irritation and mental pain. In addition to this, he was now at no time alone, for a guard was constantly in his presence—not always the same man, it is true, but nevertheless, a preventive of the faintest motion which might create the suspicion of a renewed attempt at freedom. Upon the morning in question, his dreams resulted in little save in an ultimate wandering into a land of fancy, in which he lived his youth again beneath the blessed English skies in the dear old home-land, free to wander where he might please.

His musings were interrupted by the entry of three of the priests, accompanied by a man of filigree garb, whom Norris regarded with some curiosity, wondering wherefore this man had been brought.

The Chinamen approached him, and bound him with ropes. He could make no resistance, or, rather, he knew that it was useless to do so, and submitted quietly. They had already bound his feet, when he faced across him that man, indeed, he faced the terrors which he had had painted in a ghastly dream.

For the first moment of awe he yielded, thinking only that to be further bound could matter little; but now, as he thought upon his helplessness in this bound, he struggled with all his strength, crying out aloud whilst the men forced him down and held him to the ground by the force of numbers against one. Then, all this strength, recalled for a moment only, left him, and he lay gasping, and would have been unable to move even without his bonds.

The man whom he noticed had now come forward, knife in hand. Norris shut his eyes, believing that his last hour had come, and waiting for the first touch of the blade.

A few seconds passed, and then he knew the truth—that the man had not come to torture him, but to deprive him of his hair, and, unable to protest, he lay still, whilst, commencing at the forehead and working slowly back, the Chinese barber cut away his hair, bit by bit, shaving each portion of his head closely, whilst the priests stood by to watch.

In China there is a custom—an ordeal which has to be borne by those who desire to join certain priesthoods; it is an ordeal of brutal barbarism—an ordeal which makes one shudder even to name. It consists in the pouring of a drop or two of molten lead upon the brow or scalp of the priest.

But one might wonder what connection had this with William Norris, or with the barber who was at work upon his head?

Only this—that the priests of the Temple of Confucius knew of the unspeakable nature of the agony of the molten lead; and, knowing of no torture more intense than this, they had decided to make the Englishman conform to the priestly rule, and suffer upon his shaven head, during moments of a wanton cruelty which might well waken the dead from their graves, the molten metal that should fall and eat into his human flesh.

As yet Norris was totally ignorant of the significance of that to which he was compelled to submit. His first feeling, when he recognized that the shaving of his head was the present object of his captors, was naturally a combination of fear and hatred, and then gradually a cold callousness, parking of the nature of utter despair, came over him. But, indeed, the sensations which filled him became, as it were, dimmed, and deprived of all acuteness for the time being, owing to an excess of fatigue, which had prostrated his energies—an immediate relapse upon that full possession of his manhood's strength, which had come to him for a little time whilst he had struggled vainly with those who sought to bind him to the ground.

The Chinese barber is not gifted with singular rapidity in his work; rather he devotes his attention to the complete removal of every appearance of a hair upon a single spot, and to an extreme exactitude as he proceeds, which, whilst rendering his work at once minute and complete, adds a singular degree of tediousness to his operations.

After watching his progress for a considerable time, the three priests retired, leaving the barber to complete his work at his leisure; and this he continued to do apparently to his own thorough satisfaction for a very protracted period.

At the expiration of that time Norris was perfectly bald, not a hair left upon his head; for not even that part where the pigtail is allowed to grow had been left untouched; only his mustache and his eyebrows and a rough, unkempt growth which had come upon his cheeks during his confinement, remained to testify to the fact that his baldness was not nature's freak.

The barber bound a cloth tightly round his skull, and then left him, still bound, and now recovered so far from his fatigue as to be able to reflect upon what the deprivation of his hair must mean to him, and to be fully conscious of his aching thoughts.

Shortly his captors returned and undid his bonds, and for the rest of the day he was,

as he had been for many an hour past, free to move within a little space—free to eat and drink, but kept beyond this by the chain which bound his ankle to the ground.

To Norris thought itself had become of that gnawing kind which seems to eat away the soul; but he took his meals, and, as these men he re-entered the first time, the court where he had formerly been confined, and where were now congregated a great number of priests around a small fire, which had been lit upon the ground. Upon this fire had been placed an iron vessel, not far from which was an upright post, which had been fixed in the earth deeply and firmly, and around which the Chinamen stood.

To this post Norris was secured, and he recognized, as the bands were drawn tight, that the pot upon the fire contained something of the nature of metal, which was melted there. That some awful event was about to occur he realized, and, looking round upon the faces crowding near to him, he seemed to read something of his doom, and his senses seemed to forsake him for a few seconds, whilst the consciousness of the unknown to come descended upon his soul.

The cloth which had bound his head had been removed, and the feeling of cold immediately resulting from the exposure of his hairless skin recalled him to himself, and from that moment every action was intensified to such a degree that the realism of every detail of what succeeded was written in fire upon his brain.

He watched one of the throng that the molten mixture with a long and thin piece of metal, and then another raised the pot from the fire and approached with it till he stood within a foot from him.

A cry of terrible agony burst from him in a voice surely not his own:

"Great God in heaven, have mercy upon me, God!"

And his voice rose to the blue heavens, and perhaps the cry was heard far away!

But the world did not change because of the agony of a single man, and the Chinamen, whose hand was raised so that the heat of the hideous pot smote upon Norris's face, only spoke two words in answer to the man who stood by his side—the command to proceed with the completion of what was decreed to be done.

In obedience, the other reached out and took the end of that which the metal had been stirred—a long spoon—a spoon so small as to contain only a single drop of the molten liquid.

This Norris saw whilst his blood-shot eyes started from his sockets, and then the drop fell upon his head, and the air was filled with an awful noise; and a second time the spoon filled his function and again a third; and the world blackened, and he seemed to stretch out its arms to receive him, and Norris knew no more.

For weeks succeeding the man with the shaven head was little else than mad. They had set him free again in the court yard, where the deer swallows had used to be. It was winter now, and the swallows had gone away; and the man who had called to them to aid him in his sore distress was in a worse state now, for the torture had, for the time being, unhinged his mind.

He fed as nature called him to feed, eating as though without knowledge that he did so; and the rest of the day he spent, sometimes crawling about the walls and sometimes wildly clawing with his nails in a vain attempt to scale the walls, whimpering all the time like a human being, but rather like a poor wounded dog.

Was the debt discharged now? Was the blot of desecration washed from the temple walls? There was no one to ask that question; and, if there had been, the answer might have been, "No."

By night he crept into a species of wooden hut or kennel which he had put up for him, and where he had warm furs; and his clothing, too, was thicker now, for they had dressed him in Chinese garb, heavy and warm, and suited to the chill of the severity of a winter in Peking.

And it was this severity, this cold, which the man did not seem to feel, which proved his salvation. In the midsummer heat, body and soul might indeed have borne what had been, but more probably would have succumbed in the condition of semi-weakness in which the man had been; but now he was saved from fever, and perhaps from worse than fever, by the clear air and invigorating cold.

Thus it was with William Norris in the Temple of Confucius, during the winter of his captivity—a winter in which a settled look, as of the hunted creature, gradually replaced the furs of pain and the light as of madness upon his face; whilst a strange crop of new white hair grew in bristles upon his shaven head, and on his death in 1816 he was found, on post-mortem examination, to be a man.

Some fifty years ago, John Sloman, the actor, who was then manager of the five theatres comprised in what was called the Kent circuit, made a bet of a hundred pounds that he would act the part of Tom in the interlude of Iniquity, and sing a comic song at three of his theatres on the same night between six hours of seven and eleven. The theatres selected were those of Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone, between which places there was at that time no railway communication. On the appointed evening the curtain rose at the Canterbury house exactly at seven; Sloman went through his part and sang a comic song, then jumped into a postchaise, and made for Rochester as fast as four good horses could take him, covering the distance—twenty-six miles—in an hour and forty minutes, changing horses at Sittingbourne. Part of the company had been sent on in advance, and they were ready to commence directly the manager arrived. The interlude was played, the song sung, and Sloman posted to Maidstone, a distance of eight miles in forty-four minutes. Here he was welcomed by a house crammed from pit to gallery, and accomplished his task with fifteen minutes to spare.

The silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy will be celebrated April 22.

## A FEW CURIOUS WAGERS.

### Romance of the Betting Book.

One of the wildest and most audacious bets ever offered was that of a physician, named Asotepiades, who wagered that he would never be ill in his whole life. Absurd as it may seem he gained his bet, though of course he was unable to enjoy it. He lived to an advanced age, and met his death suddenly in consequence of a fall downstairs.

In the year 1634 the Parliament of Dole in France was called upon to decide an extraordinary wager between two inhabitants of Pasmes. One of the two had agreed that if the other would pay him 24 francs in hand he would furnish him with a certain number of grains of millet in proportion to the number of children who should be born within a certain term of country, and he bapined, during one year. For the first child he was to furnish one grain, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth. The number of children born was 66, and the proportion of grains to be supplied was so enormous that the party bound by the bet demanded the cancelling of the contract as being founded upon the impracticable condition. The court decided after having made the necessary calculation, that the wager was naturally impossible to be fulfilled, and it consequently decreed that the party who had received the 24 francs on condition of an event which he declared himself unable to meet, should return that sum to his opponent and should pay an additional sum of 24 francs, which was the only change of loss incurred to the winner if the millet had been furnished.

The Count de Saillant made a bet with the Prince de Conde that he would ride twice from the gate of St Denis to Chantilly at full gallop and return to his starting place in the space of six hours, the distance between the two points being thirty miles. The stake was 10,000 crowns, and the bets on both sides exceeded a million of francs. The Count equipped himself with a tight belt round his waist, and his body was swathed with strips of flannel, which he carried a leaden bullet in his mouth. Relays of horses were stationed on the road; everything that could, in the slightest manner, obstruct the course was carefully removed; and a clock was fixed to the gate of St Denis to mark the precise instant of starting and return. The Count accomplished his feat with eight minutes to spare, in which time he offered to ride to Versailles, a further distance of eleven miles.

The year 1725 was extremely wet, and a banker named Bulliot, noticing that it rained on St. Gervais' day, the French St. Swithin Day, offered to support the popular superstition by a bet that it would be wet for forty consecutive days. Several persons took him up, and a wager was reduced to writing in these terms—"If, during St. Gervais' Day, it rains more or less during forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; if it cease to rain for only one day during that time Bulliot has lost." On these terms Bulliot betted against all comers, and on that day he deposited a very large sum of money, for besides what had lodged in the hands of the umpire, he took gold-laden canes, snuff-boxes, and jewellery of every kind whose value was appraised, and against which he staked money. The affair caused great excitement at the time, and as the chances were decidedly against Bulliot many people were eager to get on the good thing. At last the banker, having deposited his cash, was forced to give the stakeholder notes and bills of exchange, and as his credit was well established, he was enabled to issue paper to the amount of fifty thousand crowns. It will readily be conceived that the hero of this wager became quite fashionable. Wherever he appeared he attracted attention. But, unfortunately, Saint Gervais was not true to his reputation, and it ceased raining before the expiration of the allotted time. Bulliot was ruined, and so completely that he could not honour the notes and bills of exchange which he had given. The holders tried to enforce payment, and as the existing law did not recognize debts of this character, they endeavored to pass themselves off as bona fide creditors who had taken Bulliot's notes for other considerations, but they were not allowed to do so.

Previous to the passing of the Betting Acts, actions used to be allowed in England, and Lord Mansfield tried several. One was where two spendthrift young noblemen wagered with their two fathers, who would die first, and the verdict was given for Lord March.

Another famous case was that of the Chevalier d'Eon, the point at issue being whether the Chevalier, who, though a military officer, was of effeminate appearance, was a man or a woman. The case was heard before Lord Mansfield, and the verdict given that he was a woman. Although the verdict was afterwards set aside on legal grounds, it was allowed to settle many other bets laid on the same question. According to a contemporary authority, this decision was instrumental in retaining in this country no less a sum than £75,000, which would otherwise have been transmitted to Paris.

The Chevalier, after declaring that she had had no interest whatever in the bet, upon the question of sex, left England for France, and assuming female attire, enjoyed a pension from the French Government, for having been long a spy of Louis XV., till the breaking out of the Revolution in 1790. He then went to England, and being in great distress lived with a lady of reputation as her companion, but on his death in 1816 he was found, on post-mortem examination, to be a man.

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## A WONDROUS SEA STORY.

### One Billow Sweeps a Sailor From His Ship, Another Brings Him Back.

After a terrific combat with winds and waves the British steamship British Prince came into New York the other day with the story of a rescue more startling than anything Clark Russell ever dared to write. The British Prince came from Mediterranean ports. As soon as she got outside the Straits of Gibraltar she encountered the fierce gales which have been recently making such havoc on the North Atlantic. She is not a large steamer, and though staunch and well found, she had a hard time of it, the waves breaking over her decks and pounding her back as she struggled to advance. Still, inch by inch she struggled on, until her coal began to give out and she ran into St. Michael's, in the Azores, for a fresh supply. After leaving St. Michael's she met the same kind of weather as before, and had it up to Sandy Hook. When 460 miles east by south of Sandy Hook the steamer sighted what Captain Innis, who commands the British Prince, thought was a pilot boat. A heavy south-west gale was blowing, and a tremendous sea was running. The supposed pilot boat was headed south and had not a stitch of canvas up. She was apparently deserted. The pilot commissioners say there is no pilot boat in that region from New York, and none at sea for which any fear is felt. Still Captain Innis thinks it was a pilot boat.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the supposed pilot boat was sighted. Three hours later, as the captain was eating his supper, and doing so with considerable difficulty on account of the pounding and the rolling of the ship, and these officers were on the bridge, a great wave, which the first officer says was "like a cliff," came over the bows, carrying away everything before it. The Swedish boatswain of the ship, Charles Lastadius, was on what is called the "fly bridge," a structure extending out in front of the real bridge. He saw the cliff of water falling on him and grasped a stanchion. Stanchion and man were swept away like leaves before a hurricane. The second officer saw the boatswain rise on the top of a wave close on the starboard hand. It was bright starlight, so the struggling man could be seen as he was swept along on the great surging billows, and he was shouting for help.

Thomas Jones was the second officer's name and Mr. Jones made one of the greatest casts of any kind ever made in the seafaring tales. He grabbed a life-buoy which was hanging handy on the bridge, and threw it out into the waves with such precision that it settled down over the boatswain's head, just as the people at Coney Island throw rings over cheap canes in the booths of the "fakirs" in summer time. The man pulled it down under his arms, and though the water was so intensely cold that it numbed him, he struggled bravely for life. The captain, hearing the cry of "man overboard," ran on deck and ordered the ship backed down toward where the boatswain could be seen, rising on the top of the giant waves in the starlight, and driving to the northeast. The steamer backed down past the man, trying to get near him, and then a great wave swept him around the bows to the front side of the ship. Then he was swept away into the night and Captain Innis lost sight of him.

But the captain heard a loud cry from him, and noting a star in the direction from which the cry came he steered by that star and soon saw him again bobbing like a cork on the foaming crest of the starlit waves. The steamer ran toward the struggling man and then close to him, until he was just abreast close aboard. A great wave reared itself with the boatswain on its crest and dashed him against the vessel's rail. He grasped it as a drowning man would, and the wave, receding, left him there. The man was dazed, as well as he might be, and clung so tightly to the rail that it took five of his shipmates to loosen his hold and carry him below. Hot water, hot whisky and hot cloths soon brought him about all right, and when the British Prince arrived here yesterday he was none the worse for his remarkable adventure.

ENGLAND'S REPLY TO FRANCE.

An Explanation of the Course She Intends to Pursue in Egypt.

A Paris despatch says:—The French press continues to display deep indignation regarding the attitude assumed by England in Egypt. The *Debat* says that the action of England in Egypt is a direct provocation to France, and that Great Britain must explain her intentions. The *Figaro* says that France ought to retaliate for England's course by occupying Tangiers.

The Marquis of Dufferin, British Ambassador, has delivered to the French Government a note as to the increase of the British garrison in Egypt. He assures the Government that the increase does not imply any modification of previous assurances in regard to the conditions of the British occupation, or any change in the policy heretofore pursued by Great Britain.

M. Waddington, French Ambassador in London, has been instructed to ask the Earl of Rosebery, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to specify the incidents in Egypt which have caused Great Britain to take the recent extraordinary steps.

A London despatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company says that France has asked the British Government for an explanation as to the increase of the British army of occupation in Egypt.

In answer to an inquiry by cable about the present political troubles in Egypt, E. Paladino & Co. received this morning the following cable answer from their correspondent in Alexandria:

"No serious apprehension felt here; unified Egyptian bonds over 98, and cotton market firm and unchanged."

EMIGRANTS FROM DAKOTA.

the majority of whom were Canadians, who, emigrating from Ontario to Dakota years ago, were only too thankful to be back on Canadian soil again. They were settled on a beautiful section of country, and were highly elated with their prospects, though, of course, they had returned much poorer than when first they went to the States. Southern Manitoba, or the Glenboro district was also doing well, and though there were no very large towns, the small ones were growing steadily. The Canadian Pacific railway could not be praised too highly, continued Mr. Woodworth, for the part they had played in the development of the country. The branch lines had done more than anything else to open up the splendid districts lying away from the main track. The Souris line, which runs from Brandon south-west through the Souris coal fields, had been completed last year as far as Estevan, the centre of the mining district, and there had been considerable settlement along the line as far as it went. Estevan would, moreover, be a divisional part of the Soo line, and the prospects of immediate settlement in the neighboring districts were exceedingly bright. During the year 50 miles of the Great North-west Central railway, which runs from Brandon in a north-westerly direction, had been built and were now in operation. Another extension which had been the greatest benefit to the southern portions of Manitoba, was the junction of the southern branches of the Canadian Pacific railway, which terminate at Glenboro and Deloraine, with the Brandon and Souris branch.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

Turning to the territories, Mr. Woodworth said, that on the whole they had had a fairly prosperous year. The population, of course, was not so large as in Manitoba, but there was every indication that the country would settle up rapidly. Emigrants were fast filling up the tracts of land at the foot of the Rocky mountains and in the Saskatchewan valley, especially in the Alberta and Edmonton districts. Calgary, he said, was growing steadily, though not very rapidly, while Edmonton was growing exceedingly rapidly. Regina also was improving, and the farmers around there had done very well in the last two years. The Canadian Pacific railway had filled a long felt want by the construction of a branch line from Calgary to Fort Macleod.

In conclusion Mr. Woodworth said that he thought that all had the utmost confidence in the future of the country.

Several large cargoes of raw cotton grown in Russian Central Asia were recently shipped at Odessa to German ports. The Russians are sanguine that there will be a vigorous development of the cotton-growing industry there in the near future. The quality of the cotton so far, however, has been inferior.

RAILROADING ON THE ICE.

Tracks Laid Every Winter Across the Frozen St. Lawrence.

The communications between the two shores of the St. Lawrence River at Montreal are made, as is known, by the means of the Victoria Tubular Bridge, constructed some thirty five years ago, which is the longest in the world, the metallic span being 6,500 feet long.

But from this point to the Atlantic, for a distance of 1,000 miles, there is no other bridge and all the railroads established on both sides the St. Lawrence have necessarily to cross it. The company of the Grand Trunk railroad, which built it, levies a right of way toll of \$10 per car and eight cents per passenger.

To avoid payment of these monies the S. E. railroad company had the idea, some ten years ago, of constructing in winter a communication between the two shores by means of a railroad established on the ice. Every winter the work is done over again, and it amply pays for the outlay. The length of this ice road is about two miles, between Hochelaga and Longueuil.

The roadway is easily built. The track leaves the main track parallel to the shore,

then curves gradually in such a manner as to be perpendicular to it, and, then, again, before it strikes the other shore, it curves anew so as to become nearly parallel to the opposite side, and then it is connected with the main track on this shore.

## CANADA'S FERTILE PLAINS.

### A Glowing Account From the North West.

A Clergyman of Brandon Reports on the Condition of the Country—They Had Good Crops Last Year—The Cities and Towns Are Growing and Everywhere Are Most Gratiifying Signs of Prosperity.

Ever since the opening up of the fertile plains of Manitoba and the Northwest territories by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway the progress of the settlers in the west has been watched with the deepest interest by the remainder of the Dominion. All recognized the great part which the Prairie Province and the great Lone land were to play in the development and growth of Canada, and all accordingly followed eagerly the struggles and disappointments of the earlier settlers, due largely to inexperience, and rejoiced as each succeeding year proved that when scientifically farmed the country was one of the finest agricultural districts in the world. The other day a Toronto Reporter met Rev. James Woodworth of Brandon superintendent of Methodist missions in Manitoba and the North-west who is at present engaged in lecturing on mission work in the districts of Ontario. Mr. Woodworth, in the course of his duties as superintendent, travels continually all over Manitoba and the North-west from Port Arthur to the Rocky mountains, and has, consequently, a grand opportunity of observing the condition of the country and its people. He gives an eminently satisfactory

ACCOUNT OF THE PROGRESS MADE during the past year. When asked about the general condition of Manitoba, Mr. Woodworth said that the country was without doubt progressing not only steadily, but rapidly. Last year had been a good one, the wheat crop having been large and the samples fair. The low prices of wheat had, of course, militated to a considerable extent against the farmers, but still they could not complain, as they had done fairly well. The immigration, too, had been considerable, and the prospects for the coming year were better still. The Manitoba Government were giving every attention to the immigration question, and it was probable that there would be a large influx of settlers from the United States, as well as from other places. Everywhere there were signs of steady improvement, not only in the condition of the farmer, but also in the growth of the cities and towns. Winnipeg, he said, was improving fast, and had completely recovered from the depression which so long hung over it. There were no more strikes, and there was movement in real estate. Brandon also had grown considerably during the last year, not only in population, but in the number and character of its buildings. Over \$500,000 was expended in the construction of these. The hospital which was erected by the city of Brandon, with the assistance of private enterprise, cost over \$200,000 and was a magnificent brick building. Besides this there were numbers of fine business blocks and scores of private residences erected. He inquired what was called the Syndicate block a three-story brick building, with 130 feet frontage.

IN THE NEPAWA DISTRICT, along the Manitoba and North-western line of railway, the year had been one of marked prosperity. The country was beautifully situated, frost being almost unknown, and the soil most fertile. The town of Neepawa was growing rapidly and the country around it improving every day. Further up the line the conditions for grain growing were not so good, but those who had turned their attention to stock-raising were finding it profitable.

Mr. Woodworth spoke most enthusiastically of a large number of the 50 stations from the terminus of the line of railroad called Yorkton. This, he said, was a large and prosperous settlement, composed principally

of emigrants from Ontario to Dakota years ago, were only too thankful to be back on Canadian soil again. They were settled on a beautiful section of country, and were highly elated with their prospects, though, of course, they had returned much poorer than when first they went to the States. Southern Manitoba, or the Glenboro district was also doing well, and though there were no very large towns, the small ones were growing steadily. The Canadian Pacific railway could not be praised too highly, continued Mr. Woodworth, for the part they had played in the development of the country. The branch lines had done more than anything else to open up the splendid districts lying away from the main track. The Souris line, which runs from Brandon south-west through the Souris coal fields, had been completed last year as far as Estevan, the centre of the mining district, and there had been considerable settlement along the line as far as it went. Estevan would, moreover, be a divisional part of the Soo line, and the prospects of immediate settlement in the neighboring districts were exceedingly bright. During the year 50 miles of the Great North-west Central railway, which runs from Brandon in a north-westerly direction, had been built and were now in operation. Another extension which had been the greatest benefit to the southern portions of Manitoba, was the junction of the southern branches of the Canadian Pacific railway, which terminate at Glenboro and Deloraine, with the Brandon and Souris branch.

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THE WYN COURT TRAGEDY.

"Good-bye, Lady Wynstanley." "Good-bye, Sir Peter—good-bye—thank you. Sir Peter Foley had just passed sentence of death on the woman lying before him, but he made his old-world, courtly obeisance over the slender, out-stretched hand, and took himself out of the room with much the same air as though he had conveyed the most amusing scrap of gossip to a lady at her five-o'clock tea.

"Have you told her?" A short, anxious-looking man met Sir Peter Foley, the great physician of the day, in the long corridor that ran from east to west of Wyn Court.

"Yes, I have told her." "All?" "All and everything." "How did she take it? Shall I go to her?" And the little courtier doctor, who had been elevated by Lady Wynstanley's long and dangerous illness into her constant attendant, half-turned from the London physician in the direction of the room he had just quitted.

But Sir Peter Foley laid a detaining hand on Dr. Wilson's arm. "You need not go to Lady Wynstanley. She bore the news wonderfully well. In fact, she was so calm that I half-suspected she was not sorry."

Sir Peter looked sharply into his companion's face as he spoke again. "Is Lady Wynstanley a happy woman? Does she ever—love her husband? Do they get on—"

Dr. Wilson faced his interlocutor as he answered: "Sir Peter, love is not the word to describe the feelings with which Lord and Lady Wynstanley regard each other. They adore one another passionately. It is common talk in these parts that his wife's death will kill his lordship."

"Humph! And yet she took the news so quietly," muttered Sir Peter to himself. Then he said aloud: "I want you to drive with me to the station; there are a few directions I have still to give you."

The two doctors went to the brougham that had brought Sir Peter to Wyn Court from Wyndford station two hours ago.

"Tell the coachman to drive fast. I want to catch the 4.10 train to town. I have to dine with Lord Rosmount to-night."

Then, with the air of a man who has done his duty, and who expects to find his reward a few hours later, the doctor sank luxuriously against the well-stuffed brougham-hack, and proceeded to give a few final hints to his country confere.

A quarter of an hour later Sir Peter was in the London train, and Dr. Wilson leant over the door, bidding him good-bye.

"Then I am sending for you again?" "None whatever," said Dr. Wilson, in a good, take care, doctor, is the train moving."

"And I'm to let her have anything she wants?" said Dr. Wilson, with drawing his head from the carriage quickly, and raising his voice as the train glided away.

"Anything and everything—it can make no difference," said the doctor.

As Dr. Wilson drove back to Wyn Court his dull, professional mind was sorely exercised at the thought of the tragedy that lay before him, and in which he was cast for a part. It was not an important one, truly; but it involved his presence on stage when the hero and heroine would act that agonizing separation which would presage their eternal separation; when the love-dream of two lives would be shattered; when one heart would die, and the other would break.

The little doctor's own heart beat quicker than usual, and his eyes were dimmed with unaccustomed tears, as he alighted from the brougham at the Court, and walked rapidly down the long corridor towards the room that Sir Peter Foley had left such a short while back.

It was at the western corner of Wyn Court, and had been the favourite room of Lady Wynstanley ever since she came, a bride, to her husband's home, five years ago.

This afternoon it was flooded by the golden light of the setting sun, which poured through the wide-open window in a glorious tide. Coming from the cool shadows of the dimly-lit corridor, the blaze of clear light was perfectly blinding, and as he closed the door softly behind him Dr. Wilson stood and blinked at the glare, like an owl whose night-goggles had landed him too far from home in a bright summer dawn.

A slight laugh, thin and clear, came from across the room, half-boudoir, half-studio, and guided the sun-blinded doctor's wavering footsteps towards a broad, low couch, placed in the full stream of the radiant warmth.

"Ah, doctor, take care of that chair! Ho, ha! you do look so funny, blinking and groping about. I suppose the light is strong; but—but—"

"Are you in pain, my lady?" "A little, nurse. Put the morphia and the syringe on the table by me, and close the window I'm cold."

The nurse quietly obeyed.

"When his lordship comes in tell him I wish to speak to him. Now lower that lamp, and—good-night, nurse."

"You will call me if you want me, my lady?" "Yes; or I will ring the bell to his lordship's room."

Five days of Olive Wynstanley's allotted span of life were past, and she knew that now indeed her hours were numbered, and that they were few. Her face was very pale as she lay on her white pillows, but the lines about her mouth and eyes spoke more strongly of purpose and resolve than dissolution.

"Always with Marion? If she had not come here to see the end of my reign and to inaugurate her own I might have given—for God knows, I shall forget in the grave—but she has driven me too far now, and she shall find that what she has sought to steal from me shall be buried at my side—almost in my arms. Her false sympathy for me, her ill-concealed love for him, have made me mad. If I sin now, on her head be it."

The nurse spoke in the corridor, and her husband's tones in reply warned Lady Wynstanley of his approach.

"Mayn't I say good-night to dear Olive," drawled the traitorous voice of a woman.

"No! Then I'll wait for you in the smoking-room. Don't be long."

Whatever words Lady Wynstanley wished to say to her husband were checked by that last sentence of Marion's, and when after a while she replied to the imperious order, Lord Wynstanley entered his wife's room, it was to find her languid, cold, and only wishing to bid him "good-night."

But in the early morning hours the shrill tinkle of a bell, and the electric bell just above his head roused him from his first deep slumber, and took him, half-blind with sleep, and yet throbbing with anxiety, to Olive's side.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, half-disappointed to find that the nurse was not present.

"No; only I cannot sleep, and want someone to talk to. Nurse was so tired to-night I did not care to rouse her."

"What a funny smell!" With ill-concealed impatience he snuffed the air, while she spoke, which he took awkwardly in his square, strong palm.

"Don't trouble about waiting to see my husband—I'll speak to him when he comes in. Oh! don't look so frightened! I promise not to excite or upset myself, Sir Peter said that with care I might live another week. I—mean to be careful. Good evening."

Dr. Wilson had reached the door, when Lady Wynstanley's voice once more stopped him.

"Don't forget the morphia to-morrow. You know it is my only chance of peace. I shall use what I still have during the night. Good-bye."

The door closed, and in the fading glory of the setting sun Lady Wynstanley lay. Her tall form, stooped to emaciation, scarcely made an impress in the huge pile of down-pillows amidst which she nestled. Her body, draped with a clinging, white wool fabric, seemed but an indistinct adjunct to the beautiful face. Illness had traced a faint blue line beneath the violet eyes, and had pinched a little hollow in either temple; but for that, and a certain rigidity of the body, it was impossible to believe that Lady Wynstanley was doomed to almost immediate death.

She turned her head very slowly and painfully towards the sweeping park that rolled from beneath her boudoir windows in a great sea of undulating verdure, deep-green, and blue-clothed, for three miles. And as she looked at the familiar scene, the whole of her five years' married life came back to her, and with it the short, brilliant London season that had preceded her engagement to the best "catch" of the year. Her wedding, and the long, blissful honeymoon, that followed, made sunlight in the pathway of her memory retrospects. There was a tiny cloud, cast by the shadow of her child's death, and then another blaze of sunshine, which led on and on, till it reached that hideous blackness of despair which had fallen on her life a year ago, and which had killed her love for her husband and turned her heart to stone. A bitter smile curled the corners of her mouth as she recalled the days of the moment, and the manner of the discovery.

"Herein this room, my room, where we had laughed and kissed, and went for our dead baby. Here, where the air was heavy with our love, he brought that other woman. And I—I found out. A year ago, the word that sent me to my grave would have killed him too. But now—now he will be glad that I am going to die—glad that he can take her hand without fear of discovery from me—glad in the thoughts of his future children—"

A fierce passion shook her frail body, and her fingers plucked at the folds of her woolen gown. The breath came quickly through her tightened lips, and she seemed for a moment as though on the verge of some seizure. Suddenly, with a violent effort she regained her lost self-control, and the face she turned towards her husband as he entered her presence was as set and calm as that of the marble Psyche that stood in a dim corner of the room.

"How are you this evening, darling?" Lord Wynstanley bent over his wife as he inquired, and laid his handsome mouth on her unresponsive lips.

"You look brighter—though perhaps a little pale. What is Sir Peter Foley's report? Good, I hope."

Lady Wynstanley motioned her husband to a low stool at her side before she answered him.

"Some people would think it good, I daresay."

"Ah! ah! That's famous. And when will you be about again?"

Slowly and painfully, Lady Wynstanley put out her hand, and laid her thin fingers across her husband's wrist.

"He says that in about a week—I—"

"Yes; go on. You will be—"

A quiver, born of intensest anxiety, or fear, shook his voice.

"I shall be dead?" "Good God!"

The sharp exclamation indicated horror and sorrow, but her eyes caught the flash that hope fulfilled struck from his, her sensitive fingers felt the pulse-leap of glad joy.

"He is glad," she thought; while he almost cried aloud, "I shall be free to marry Marion Vane."

"Have Mrs. Vane and his lordship finished dinner yet?"

"I think so, my lady, for I believe I saw them going down the rose-walk a few minutes ago."

"Ah!"

"Are you in pain, my lady?"

"A little, nurse. Put the morphia and the syringe on the table by me, and close the window I'm cold."

The nurse quietly obeyed.

"When his lordship comes in tell him I wish to speak to him. Now lower that lamp, and—good-night, nurse."

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he forbore to comment on his wife's sad little plea for sympathy.

"I knocked over the chloroform bottle just now; I never mind, there was only a little in it. See, I'll dry it with my handkerchief." She passed her handkerchief over a little pool that lay on the turned-down sheet, and then absently began to flick it in the air. "Come and sit down. Close, Bertie—close—lay your face by mine. It's for the last time, dear. Ah! don't start. Almost the last time."

Not unwillingly he complied, and laid his sleepy head on her pillow.

With her mouth near his she murmured love-words of long ago till her voice drowned in his ears like the purl of a distant stream. The flicked handkerchief diffused the heavy odour of chloroform through the warm air, the patch on the sheet glistened white in the lamplight. Surely there must have been more in the bottle than her ladyship had thought.

"Was that your cousin who spoke outside my room during the evening?" "Ay—What?—Marion; did you say? Yes; she wanted to come in—but I say, Olive, what nasty sleepy stuff that chloroform is, and how sickly it smells!"

"Never mind," said she, she turned one arm about his throat, and drew his head down to hers.

With one last effort of her fading strength she filled—once, twice, thrice—the tiny morphia-syringe, and once, twice, thrice, injected its contents into the sleeping man's arm.

Then she filled the deadly toy once more, and as she pressed the needle to her own white arm she drew the sheet from her husband's face and laid it over her own.

"Forgive—forgive—for I have loved him so—"

Lord and Lady Wynstanley were buried side by side—she, at a right angle, a fatal complaint; and he as a monument of conjugal affection that could not let its twin soul cross the dark river alone.

KILLED HIM AT LAST. The Lunatic Who Swallowed the Cutlery is Dead.

Three months ago one of the inmates of Toronto Asylum swallowed several articles of cutlery. On Friday the man died. His name was William Tucker, a son of Rev. Mr. Tucker, a retired minister living on Henry street, Toronto. Up to Thursday the man suffered not the slightest inconvenience or pain, but on that day he was seized with a violent attack of the lining of the bowels and the action of wind and weather.

Dr. Lynd, Dr. Young, of McCaul street, and Dr. Robinson were also present. The spoon and knife were almost entirely eaten away, and the fork—also electropile—was very little corroded. The knife and fork were still in the stomach but had altered the wall and broken through. The spoon had taken the natural course towards the small intestines. That he lived so long is one of the greatest marvels in medical history.

The case will be reported all over the world in medical books, as nothing approaching it ever occurred before. The knife was 9.2 inches long, the spoon 6 inches and the fork 7.12 inches. The knife and fork went down handle first and kept that position. Tucker had also swallowed a three-cornered piece of glass which stuck in his wind-pipe. He was 23 years old.

Aluminum.

As compared with most metals, pure aluminum, according to a recent article by Mr. A. E. Hunt, of the Pittsburgh Reduction Company, under ordinary circumstances, withstands the action of wind and weather exceedingly well, but the presence of silicic acid greatly reduces its resistance to atmospheric influences. Metal with 4 per cent. or 5 per cent. of silicon very soon collects a thick coating of oxide upon it, if severely exposed. Aluminum can be rolled or hammered cold, but the metal is most malleable at, and should be heated between 350 and 400° Fahr., for rolling or breaking down from the ingot to the best advantage. Like silver and gold, aluminum has to be frequently annealed, as it hardens up remarkably upon working. Due to this phenomenon of hardening during rolling, forging, stamping, or drawing, the metal may be turned out very rigid in finished shape, so that it will answer excellently well for purposes where the annealed metal would be entirely too soft or too weak, or lacking in rigidity, to answer. Especially is this true of aluminum alloyed with a small percentage of titanium, copper, or silicon. It can be safely stated as a general rule, that under similar conditions, the purer the aluminum, the softer and less rigid it is. Aluminum can be annealed by heating and allowing it to cool gradually. The best temperature is just below the red heat. This section can be annealed by heating in boiling water. Aluminum can be easily and cheaply welded by electrical apparatus, and a cheap and satisfactory solder has been discovered. Sound castings of this metal can be made in dry sand moulds or metal chills. It requires, however, some experience to master its peculiarities before sound castings can be uniformly made. The aluminum should not be heated very much beyond the melting point; if too hot, it tends to absorb gases, which remain in the metal, preventing sound castings.

Why American Girls Hate Housework.

The great reason why housework is repugnant to self-respecting Americans is not so much on account of the work itself, for other kinds of men are hard and monotonous, but on account of the conditions under which it is performed. The single domestic task, society; she is isolated from the family life and she can never call any time her own. Girls will work all day amid the steam of a laundry, the fumes of a factory, the bad air of a sewing room, because they have companionship, their hours are defined, and they are their own mistress with the day's work is done. It is impossible to have these conditions in domestic service except in very wealthy families, and there the workers must be branded as servants. As there is every probability that housewives will go higher rather than lower, and as the girls are not come to the houses, the houses must go to the girls.

Sooth Music in South Africa.

Sir Donald Currie, M.P., is evidently determined that pipes, bagpipes and shrill shall be heard in South Africa. He has just presented the Caledonian company of the Natal Royal Rifles with a magnificent set of Highland bagpipes, made by the royal bagpipe maker. They are of fine ebony, elaborately mounted in silver and ivory. The silver is beautifully chased and engraved with Scotch thistles and scroll work. The pipes are dressed in Black Watch tartan, and bear a silver shield with an inscription stating the name of the donor.

FORTUNES ON THEIR FEET.

7,000,000 Pairs of Stockings Kept in Place by 800 Miles of Garters.

The women, girls, and children of London wear close upon 7,000,000 pairs of stockings in a year, and that is putting the average only a trifle above three pairs for each.

The difference in the price of stockings is so great, ranging from the unbleached cotton, which you buy for about two pence a pair, to the beautifully embroidered silk pair, made to match the costume, and costing about £2, that it seems absurd to try to name the average price. But let me get at the details in another way.

There are about 5,000,000 pairs of cotton, woolen, and lisle-thread stockings and socks bought in the city every year, and averaging these at ten pence a pair, the highest price being ten pence, and the lowest seven to ten shillings, the sum paid for them would be about £100,000. This I am assured by large dealers in hosiery, is quite below the mark. But consider the 400,000 or 500,000 pairs of mixed silk and pure silk stockings and socks worn by rich girls and women, actresses and others who like to make a display of costly hosiery; and the figures are almost incredible. Their chief wear is pure silk, and the stockings range from ten shillings in plain colour up to £4.

Add to this list the fancy, all-silk articles, those hand-embroidered with all kinds of artistically wrought figures produced in open work, and done to match the costume, and the prices range from £2 to £20. But put the average down to £12 a pair, and you can scarcely purchase an all-silk pair for less than £12 a pair up to 4s. For less than 4s., indeed for 1s., there are now in the market several brands secured to the owners under patents of guaranteed "fast black," and the same colour up to the highest price.

Black is now the queen of fashion, and it is not so in cotton alone, but in lisle, wool, worsted, and all other materials.

Society girls and their mothers wear black silk, black lisle, or black fine merino, and other wools; actresses and other women of display even wear them, and the yellows, pink, light blues, crimsons and other fancy colours are relegated to second-rate ballet dancers, and song and dance actresses of the variety stage.

Black was long in disrepute because the dye came off upon the leg and foot, and was supposed to be capable of blood poisoning. Girls who stood all day were apt to find their feet swollen when the dye came out profusely, and the doctors have records of numerous deaths resulting from the dye. Dread, not fashion, turned women to light colours, but now that the other dye is fast they are back again to black, nearly three quarters of a million strong, in London alone.

But the women are being cheated every day by hundreds in buying for lisle thread stockings that have no lisle in them. You cannot buy the genuine article for less than 2s. a pair, and that is a very inferior quality and you must spend at least 4s. to get a good article. The imitations are so skillfully made that it is easy to be deceived; the best plan is to be guided by the price and character of the hosiery. No reputable dealer will sell the fiftieths for the real to an intelligent customer. In woolens, called, there is half the time not more than a fourth or a third of wool; and this, too, has largely to be determined by the price and reputation of the dealer. "Woolen" stockings and socks sell at from 6d. up to 12s., but if you buy for much less than that, be sure you are getting some cotton. The genuine, serviceable and expensive, of kinds of woolen goods are made of fine cashmere, lamb's wool, Saxony, German town zephyr, and other kinds.

A large quantity of honest, homely stockings, spun and knitted in farm-houses, come into the market and sell moderately. They are really a pair of articles that are readily known. A score of thousand pairs of so-called silk stockings at about 3s. to 6s. are sold here every month, but they are only silk on the surface. They are the most flagrant sham of them all.

Fashionable women sometimes get two or three dozen pairs of all-silk stockings each in a year, after that they are worn a few times. The maids get these, or give them or sell them to their friends. Other women, and there are a great many of these, cannot bear to throw away a high-priced pair of silk stockings as some people appear; instead, they take the needle and thread silk bobbin and work into the whole a butterfly, a flower, a leaf, or some artistic design. After a few hours have been darned in this way the stocking becomes a valuable piece of bric-a-brac.

For those interested in curious results I may as well tell the stockings worn by the women in London, if fastened together, a row would make a row about 4,000 miles long, twice as long as the Atlantic cable. To keep these 4,000 miles of stockings in place it requires about 800 miles of garters.

The 2,000,000 women and girls of the Metropolitan wear garters, and it is not an over-estimate to allow two pairs each to them in the year. Scores of thousands of them wear topsy garters, which are nothing more than a torn strip of cotton or flannel, and all those old ladies, with antique notions especially if they were born in the country, put the pink selvage off the flannel they buy for winter garters, and other winter undergarments. A great many of them do not think that it is either lucky or proper to wear any other kind of garters than those made from this selvage.

But this hardly affects the great garter trade now, which in the line of "notions" is one of the most important branches in London. Let me give what can be deduced from the actual commercial figures. Two pairs for each female, at the lowest price, which is about three pence a pair, reaches the sum of £50,000. Nearly every female, big and little, with any pretensions to "style," drops into the draper's and gets a pair of garters at from three pence upward. The cheap ones are common cotton elastic, but shop girls, factory girls, and thousands of others tie up the plain darn with dainty bows and rosettes of blue, pink, crimson and other ribbon.

While the general estimate holds good there is to be counted at least 2,000 women, including all varieties of actresses, who pay from 10s. to £3 a pair for garters. Average three at 30s. each and the bill comes to £3,000. But some of these are not satisfied with mere gold buckles, with their many scores of designs, and countless monograms, with the oxidized silver clasps with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and even pearls. I have seen half a dozen pairs of garters to favorite dancers and other actresses, the clasps and setting ranging from £30 to £100 a pair. Then a great many of these women get the hands to match the colors of their different suits of underwear. Some are primrose, pink, turquoise blue, robin egg blue, golden brown, seal brown, and on to ochre. All expensive garters are made of silk elastic, having on satin flowers or other ornamentations, applique or raised work. Moreover, the "fashion" in garters is as variable as in anything else. Some are named after the different college colors, and worn by actresses and boarding-school misses alike, according to their preferences for this or that college or this or that cricket club.

Another class of women with whom expensive and beautiful garters are a fad are the wives and daughters of some rich and showy folk, and even of those not very showy. Counting these thousands, a large garter dealer tells me that £6,000 is a low estimate to put to their account. In other words, the total cost of garters in London alone reaches the little sum of £70,000 a year. Tie them all together, the cotton and the flannel ones, the plain elastic and the gorgeous bands, and we have a string about 800 miles long. Why, it would support 600 families of 2,500 souls for a year!

Many thousands of our women will not wear elastic garters; it stops the circulation, and makes the lower part of the leg unshapely. The same objection, though in a lesser degree, applies to elastic bands. Then the latter kind are constantly untying or slipping down, which is the chief mark of slovenliness. For this reason the suspender is largely used, and is made at all pendants from the simple cotton band and extends to the elaborate silk, with satin applique and every ornamentation that the needle can devise. The structure of these conveniences is a belt passing around the waist to which is attached V-shaped or other kinds of pendants, which grip the stocking and hold it snugly up in place. Some of the children without the belt are sold for about 6d., but those with the belt may run from 2s. to £10. With gold and silver monogram clasps and adorned with jewels, they run up to prices almost fabulous.

REASONABLE FUN.

Lecturer—"What is dearer to a man than his wife?" Bachelor—"Her jewelry."

Maud—"That was a politic move of Lottie's." Leila—"Yes; kind of a Charlotte ruse."

Whenever there is any doubt about a dog's sanity an ounce of lead is worth a pound of cure.

Young Mr. Dolley—"Miss Amy, what is the best way of killing time in the winter?" Amy—"Sleigh it."

Sparks—"Why do trolley-men on electric cars wear rubber gloves?" Flash—"Because they're not conductors."

Justice O'Halloran—"Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?" Mrs. Kelly—"I hev two livin' and was married."

"Doesn't it beat all how that woman, married four times, still attracts men?" "Oh, no. The widow's might, you know."

"Say, Phalim, phwat's a ventriloquist?" "He's a lad phwat stands on one side av' th' room and talks to himself from th' other."

Myrry—"And your husband took exception to did he?" Diverse Applicant—"Sure and he did. He tuk irrvything wat' wor in the house."

Herbert—"If she loves him, why don't she marry him in spite of her father's objection?" Stella—"Mercy! Isn't it a good deal easier to give him up than to admit she is of age?"

Snowballing is a jolly old sport. On which many men agree; Or the hapless snowballer. Mrs. Blue—"Don't you think that Edgar Allen Poe had the most brilliant imagination you know of?" Mrs. Green—"Oh, no! I'm sure he couldn't compare with my husband when he comes home late."

"If it wasn't for the envy which the noise of opening a bottle raises in the bosoms of the poor fellows who can't afford to buy champagne, couldn't be much fun in drinking champagne." "What do you mean sir," asked the irate bishop of the newly ordained Boston minister "by ending your prayers eternally gyrated, amen?" "But, my dear bishop," expostulated the minister, "don't you think it sounds better than whirled with-out-out?"

Mrs. Pinks (to tramp who has just beaten some carpets for her)—"You have done them very well, indeed. You must have beaten carpets frequently to be such an expert." Moldy Mike—"Never beaten a carpet before in my life, lady, but I've been a school teacher."

Friend of the Family—"But I thought John had a situation. You told me only a day or two ago that he was driving a coal wagon." John's Wife—"Yes; but they have discharged him. He didn't weigh enough. They have a man now who is as good as 300 pounds of coal every time he drives on the scales."

Words in the Telephone.

Long-distance telephoning has become a little science on its own account, and has called to existence a class of operators who are valuable by reason of the clearness and sharpness with which they can pronounce words while speaking rapidly.

It has also developed the fact that the French language is better adapted to the purposes of the telephone than the English. The ordinary business of the long-distance telephone between Paris and London is carried on in the French language. It is stated that the considerable proportion of syllables or hissing syllables in English renders it a less easy and accurate means of communication.

Certain English words are especially difficult of transmission by telephone. The word "soldier" is cited as one of these. Proper names frequently occur, in the midst of an otherwise perfectly audible and intelligible conversation, which the ear cannot possibly catch. These must be spelled out, involving delay.

Expert telephone operators in the Reuter press service between Paris and London have succeeded in transmitting messages in the French language at the rate of one hundred and ninety words a minute. This is at a much swifter rate than ordinary speech.

The speed at which these messages can be transmitted is limited, however, by the proficiency of the stenographers, who must take them down from the receiver's mouth; and the stenographers acting in concert have limited the number of words which may be taken in three minutes to four hundred. The three-minute period is the one fixed upon in this case, as the telephone company makes a charge of ten francs, or two dollars, for the use of the wire for three minutes or a less time.

scores of designs, and countless monograms, with the oxidized silver clasps with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and even pearls. I have seen half a dozen pairs of garters to favorite dancers and other actresses, the clasps and setting ranging from £30 to £100 a pair. Then a great many of these women get the hands to match the colors of their different suits of underwear. Some are primrose, pink, turquoise blue, robin egg blue, golden brown, seal brown, and on to ochre. All expensive garters are made of silk elastic, having on satin flowers or other ornamentations, applique or raised work. Moreover, the "fashion" in garters is as variable as in anything else. Some are named after the different college colors, and worn by actresses and boarding-school misses alike, according to their preferences for this or that college or this or that cricket club.

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**TRICKS OF THE MEMORY.**

Speakers and Writers Sometimes Confronted With Embarrassing Difficulties.

One of the queerest things with which writers have to contend is an occasional puzzle-headedness over a perfectly well-known point of orthography or grammar. A word that one has probably spelled correctly all one's life suddenly swerves into the doubtful orthography column. Is it "ingulf," "engulf" or "engulph"? one queries, with pen poised. Is it "appal" or "apall"? "Fantasy" or "phantasy"? and so on indefinitely. To be sure, there is the dictionary, but, asks the Boston Commonwealth, who wants to learn his A B C's over again or look up the spelling of everyday words? It is a curious fact that, left to themselves, the fingers will generally spell a word correctly. It is in the hesitation that certainty is lost. There can be no doubt that the fingers of a writer acquire a sort of automatic education. Even when a doubt as to the right spelling of a word has crossed the mind the hand will usually bring the letters into form if given its course. It is as if it consciously reasoned, "I have always driven the pen so and so, having begun so!" But once hampered by the spirit of investigation, the irresolute hand inclines toward the unbridged.

The matter is worse where parts of speech entangle themselves. Rules and regulations flatten themselves out and only a helpless floundering among pronouns, antecedents and correlatives seems for the time possible. In one of Wilkie Collins' published letters he writes: "For the last week, while I was finishing the story, I galloped along without feeling it, like the old post horses. Do you remember how the forelegs of those post horses quivered and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end? That's me, my dear, that's me. Good God! Is 'me' grammar? Ought it to be 'I'? My poor father paid \$80 a year for my education, and I give you my sacred word of honor I am not sure whether it is 'me' or 'I'." Probably Wilkie Collins could have made a pretty straight guess on this point, but those little aberrations come upon us sometimes when we should be slow to stake anything upon our correctness; though another person, blundering in the same way, would be instantly arraigned before the bar of our correct and scandalized judgment just as we serve merited condemnation upon the few mortals who display the identical faults of which we are ourselves guilty.

Voluble speakers and voluminous writers probably experience little of this trouble. The spouting geyser of words never fails them, and for this they are to be congratulated; yet it is a consolation to those of less oratorical ability to know that great writers and speakers learn to curb their flowing speech rather than give vent to it. Prof. Shedd states that in the last half of Webster's public life he learned to reject the vague words that come thick and thronging when the mind is aroused. He grew more select and precise, and presently, as one said, "every word weighed a pound." This style of speaking or writing cannot be driven through with the velocity enjoyed when one is more careless of results. The word fitly chosen is the word to be striven for, and such is the perversity of inanimate things, it is precisely the word that sometimes fails to come at call.

**How Noted People Have Died.**

King David died of old age, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat; Louis XVI. died on the scaffold; Richard III. was killed in battle; Abraham Lincoln was assassinated; James A. Garfield was assassinated; Charles I. of England was beheaded; Louis V. was poisoned by his queen; Mustapha II. was strangled in prison; Darius Codomanus was killed in battle; Attila the Hun died in a drunken spree; Millard Fillmore died of paralysis at 74; Andrew Johnson died of paralysis at 67; Achmet III. was strangled by his guards; Chester A. Arthur died of apoplexy at 56; Louis I. died of a fever during a campaign; James II. died in exile of gluttonous habits; Nerva was supposed to have been poisoned; General Grant died of cancer of the throat at 63; Emperor William of Germany died of old age; Tiberius was smothered by one of his favorites; Louis V. was poisoned by his mother and his wife; Solyman I. was dethroned and murdered in prison; Henry VI. of England was murdered in prison; Mustapha I. was deposed and strangled in prison; Charles III., Le Fou, was deposed and died in prison; George IV. died from a complication of disorders; Feodor II. of Russia was assassinated in church; John Adams passed away at 91 from senile debility; Queen Anne died of dropsy, brought on by brandy; Gregory V. was driven from Rome and died in exile; Louis Napoleon died in exile at Chislehurst, England; Adolphus of Germany fell at the battle of Gethelm; John Tyler died at 73 from a mysterious disorder; Richard II. is supposed to have been starved to death; Jehoabaz, king of Juda, died in captivity in Egypt; Lothaire of France, was poisoned by female relatives; George I. died from apoplexy, induced by drinking; Pope Lando was supposed to have been poisoned; Feodor I. of Russia was deposed and died in prison; Gustavus Adolphus was killed in the battle of Lutzen; Sultan Aussa-eheli was deposed and strangled; Pope Donus II. died suddenly, presumably by poison; Pope John X. died in prison, it is believed by poison; Solomon died of weariness at the vanity of human life, and Josiah, king of Judah, was killed in battle at Mejidjo by an arrow.

**Political Proverbs.**

Purifyin' politticks is uphill work.  
Sivil servis reform gethers no moss.  
Some statesmen air small pertaters few in hill.  
The main qualifikashun of a candidate is, can he get thar?  
It's a purty hard job to tell polittical onesty when you see it.  
A patriot may die for his country, but ez a rule, he'd rather not.  
When the offis wates for the man in this Dominian somethin' ain't rite.  
Winmen that air well treated at home mostly ain't hankerin' for votes.  
The candidate that got 'em ain't goin' to worry about how settin' votes wuz got, of nobody else don't.

**Oldest Manuscript of the World.**

The oldest East Indian manuscript in the world, and one of the oldest existing manuscripts of any kind, has recently been dug up just outside of a subterranean city near Kuchan. It is written on birch bark, and contains two medical sections, two collections of proverbial sayings and one invaluable charm against snake-bite given by the Lord Buddha himself to Ananda.

**HOW HE FELT WHEN DROWNING.**

A Resuscitated Man Gives An Interesting Account of His Experience.

More remarkable testimony as to how it feels to die is added to the little fund of positive knowledge we have on that deeply interesting subject by a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. This particular experience is entirely corroborative of all other testimony we possess on the matter—namely, that it is not death the foe, the grisly terror, but death the gentle, kindly friend, and that he takes us into the unknown not with a cruel grip through ways of horror, but with a gentle clasp along a road both painless and pleasant. The New York Sun recently told the experiences of a man who was twice hanged into insensibility and practical death by lynchers in California, who described his sensations of death as being momentarily enjoyable, followed by painless passing into nothingness. It related also the sensations experienced by one who sickened into the insensibility of death by fever, and of others who fell from lofty places and were picked up as though dead. In all these cases the testimony was unanimous that the actual passing from life to death is not only painless but, in fact, physically pleasurable.

The correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette relates that he was skating on a broad lake, when, without warning, he fell into an air hole. His impetus carried him a considerable distance under the thick ice, and the first thing he knew of the accident was when he found himself struggling for life in the cold water. He came up with his head against the solid ice. He thus describes his sensations as he leaped into unconsciousness: "I gasped and swallowed a great deal of water. I felt my lungs filling. A moment of suspense, during which I knew perfectly well I was drowning, intervened, and then—I died. I was drowned and dead. Just before I died, however, I noticed—deliberately noticed, for I am physiological by nature—that my whole past life did not come up, as I had been given to understand it would, in a single flash before me.

The accident had been seen by other skaters, and in a comparatively short time the man was brought from under the ice. But, he says, he was to all seeming stone dead. Heart and lungs had ceased to act, and there was nothing more to happen to me to make me any deader." Extreme remedies were applied, and he was at last resuscitated. In describing his sensations during the few moments that intervened between his plunge into the water and his lapsing into the insensibility of death he says there was nothing horrible or terrifying. There was the first quick shock of the cold water and a realization of the disaster, a momentary struggle for breath, and then came a dreamy state, of which he only remembers that it was a sweet relief from the struggle and a pleasurable drifting into Nirvana.

The knowledge that I had thus once experienced in my own person exactly what death is and tried it fully, has had a great deal to do, I think, with my utter physical indifference to it. I know how it feels, and though it is momentarily uncomfortable, it isn't half as bad as breaking your arm or having a tooth drawn. In fact, the actual dying itself, as dying, is quite painless; as painless as falling asleep.

**A Savage Dog and the Baby.**

While travelling in the North of Sweden I bought a beautiful dog, says a writer in Baby. When first I became his master he was most savage, and the difficulties I had in bringing him home would fill a volume. After being domiciled some time in my country place his temper became more civilized, but he was still very take liberties with him. He had the range of the house and his favorite place was in my wife's boudoir. My last child was then hardly out of babyhood—in the semi-crawling, toddling stage. She was always brought down to the boudoir every evening at 5. One evening the dog was as usual on the rug in front of the fire, the child being seated in another part of the room. A sudden cry from my wife made me look up and I saw to my horror the child had crawled close up to the dog. One glance showed me there was no time to interfere, as by doing so the dog might bite. By the time the baby had got up to the dog he was pulling his ears and had one of his little arms right in his mouth. All the dog did was to lick the little one's face and permit it to tug away at its pleasure. Almost the first word that child learned was the name of the dog, which was Flink.

From that day the dog was a daily visitor to the nursery, and never let the children go out without his escort, and it is needless to say that no stranger was permitted to come near them. Though Flink liked the other children, he was always devoted especially to the baby.

**Taxing Vanity for Charity.**

Dom Pedro, the late Emperor of Brazil desired to erect a hospital in Rio de Janeiro, but the means for its construction were wanting. He tried to raise the necessary sum by subscription from the rich people in the city and country, but had very little success. Then the idea struck him to grant titles for money. For the title of "count" or "baron" certain high taxes were to be paid. But as hereditary nobility had been abolished in Brazil, such titles were only personal. If the sons of the ennobled wanted to retain the title they had to pay over again for the privilege. Dom Pedro knew well the weakness of men. As soon as nobility was granted to one rich family, the majority of the rest followed suit, and in this way the Emperor collected a large sum sufficient to erect and equip a splendid hospital, on the entrance of which there is the inscription in golden letters: "Vanitas humana miseriae humanae" (human vanity to human misery).

**Stub Ends of Thought.**

To-morrow is a mystery.  
Family jars are undesirable pottery.  
Bachelors are the stones in a growing field.  
Lovers who quarrel should never marry.  
Help somebody else if you would help yourself.  
The sun always shines after a good breakfast.  
It spoils the doing and cheapens the gift to offer heaven as a reward for good deeds.  
Some are born to matrimony, some achieve matrimony and some have matrimony thrust upon them.  
The nursery is the house's heart, the library its brains, the kitchen its stomach and the parlor its good clothes.

1892 **Fall and Winter.** 1893

AGAIN Grim Winter is upon us; again we must bestir ourselves to withstand his attacks.

MEMORIES of past winters and by-gone experiences have taught us what is needed, and we have secured the best things in

STAPLE and fancy Dry Goods, Fine Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Rubbers & Overshoes, etc., that the market affords, and at prices that keen competition and stern necessity always offer to the cash buyer.

DO YOU KNOW that the word "CASH" has a wonderful influence in the world of commerce!

Often and often goods are secured at far less than the cost of production. This is a lesson we learned long ago, and have constantly used our best energies and cash to secure the bargains offered from time to time; and we still adhere to the rule of sharing the advantages we receive with our customers.

**We lead the Van in the MILLINERY BUSINESS in this section of the country.**

Our Customers come from far and near. Our Stock is fully assorted for Winter, and MISS KINSEY will undertake to satisfy the most fastidious in this line.

**We keep constantly on hand a well-assorted stock of CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.**

Our specialty is TEA. We say without fear of successful contradiction that our 25c. and 35c. Tea cannot be beat.

Do not forget the place, and don't be afraid to ask to see any line, whether you want to purchase or not, as we consider it no trouble to show goods.

REMEMBER—One Price to all; and right down to the limit below which honest goods cannot be sold.

**W. S. BEAN.**

Montreal House, Gorrie.

**B. S. COOK,**  
Real Estate & Loan

AGENT.  
**FORDWICH, ONT.**

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

GOOD NOTS 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.	\$1 90 to \$2 00
BRAN.....per ton.	10 00
SHORTS.....per ton.	18 00

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

**Highest Price Paid for Grain.**

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

PATONAGE SOLICITED.  
**WILSON BROS.**



**Special Announcement.**

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

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.

**J. R. WILLIAMS,**

**East Huron Gazette.**

GORRIE.  
Home News,  
District News,  
Miscellany.  
The Best Advertising Medium in this section.

**Have You Renewed Your Subscription for 1893?**

The \$ will be welcome!

OUR **Jobbing Department**

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

**THE KING OF TRAMPDOM**

IS OUR OLD FRIEND GEORGE JOHNSON, THE PRINTER.

Finest and Fascinating as Ever, He Gives Evidence of Being Well Up in English Classics—His Experience as a War Correspondent Related by Himself.

About midnight a short time since, one of the editorial rooms in the Free Press building was suddenly invaded by about as emphatic an example of wrecked manhood as could be found in a day's walk. His face was bleary, his hair was tangled and long, fairly growing down into the ragged but thrifty bush of whiskers which enveloped the jaw and throat. His clothes, and, in fact, his entire makeup, betokened the force of the Americanism, tramp.

"Wish you Merry Christmas! Christmas gift on you!" was his salutation as he shuffled into the room with one hand outstretched and the other resting in a greasy handkerchief whose original red had been swamped for a brownish-black, and was doing duty, possibly genuine, as a sling.

"What's wanted?" was the question propounded and the apparition, with frankness badly rattled by a whiskey voice, continued: "I'm hard up and I want the price of a bed."

"Go to the Association of Charities. I can't help you."

"Yes, you can, and what's more, you will. I ain't goin' to shoot, cut or club, but I just want to show you my arm," said the tramp, as he began undoing the rage wrapped about the arm which rested in the sling.

"I don't want to see your arm. I've got no time."

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn"—Pope," quoted the tramp, as he went on undoing the sling-up arm.

"I'll call the police if you don't get out!" seemed to have no effect on the persistent visitor, for he went on with his manipulations about his arm and soon exposed an arm which, ending in a hand of full size and very grimy and rough, was withered so that it was merely a skeletal representation over which the skin fitted tightly.

"See that. Now, I'm a printer and I lost that arm while workin' at the case—an explosion and a terrible burn. As a printer I want help and you're goin' to give it."

"You seem confident as well as very impudent."

"Why not? You can't on this anniversary, when everybody rejoices and all that is good in mankind is ready to be brought out, you cannot refuse such a man as I am a Christmas trifle."

"Well, here's 10 cents. That will get you a bed, go get one."

"No, I won't take so small a sum because if that's all you've got you need it worse than I do. Keep the 10 cents; I'll make you a Christmas present," said the tramp as he began laboriously and with seeming pain, to again wrap up the withered arm.

"You're a dandy in your line. How long have you been a tramp?"

"Nearly 30 years."

"And you like it?"

"Of course I do."

"And you have no conscientious scruples, no pride, no shame?"

"Not a bit. When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat. Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit."—Dryden," said the tramp.

"Who are you and what's your history?"

"Anything but history, for history must be false.—Walpole. But I'll tell you a little about myself. My name is George Johnson and I'm a Canadian. I have a collegiate education backed by some 15 years' service as compositor, editor, reporter and war correspondent in the newspaper business. I'm a journalist—as we love to call ourselves—and in hard luck."

"Where did you ever work?"

"I've worked on the Toronto Globe, The Buffalo Express, the Chicago Times, the Tribune, the St. Louis Republic—that's where I got the burn—and on various New York papers."

"When did you do war correspondence?"

"In our own Civil War and in Cuba during the last big rebellion there. I was once in Moro Castle under sentence of death for smuggling American papers into Havana, and I got my freedom by claiming to be a British subject and through the interposition of the British Consul."

"Do you know, I think you're one of the most accomplished liars I ever saw."

"Very likely. I expect you to have such an opinion—over 25 years of experience with the world has taught me that only about one in a thousand people we meet will believe a tramp's story. But come; ain't you goin' to make this Christmas gift a little more liberal?—10 cents'll only get a cheap two drinks."

"Doesn't it strike you that you are too brazen to succeed well in your business?"

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility, but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger: stifle the sinews, summon up the blood.—Shakespeare."

"With whom are you at war?"

"With society in general. I've no home and want none. I've no business and am not looking for any. I've got to eat, I must cover my nakedness, and I must have a place to sleep."

"And you have to travel?"

"Yes; but that doesn't cost anything, except the trouble of providing ourselves with these," said the tramp, as he took a bundle of railway time tables from his inside pocket. "We get these through schedules of the trunk lines and by watching for the fast trains we get along tolerably well."

"Suppose you are put off a train in the country?"

"That's the beauty of taking fast trains. By getting on the last car and keeping an eye peeled for the brakeman we can get to the next town before the conductor gets on to us."

"How do you slip the brakeman?"

"See these things," said the tramp as he exhibited a couple of small grappling hooks, to which were fastened six or eight feet of rope. "We hook one of these on the platform and the other to a window on the other side, and when we see the brakeman coming, we hang on to this end and swing ourselves around to the side of the car with one toe resting on the lower step of the platform and close to the body of the car."

"Supposing you should hit a bridge support, a switch board, a pile of wood or something of the kind while in that position?"

"We'd probably get knocked off,

which would necessitate our waiting there for the next train. But we don't have to fight woodpiles and other inanimate objects half as much as we do members of the human race."

"How much per day can you make by begging?"

"If I'd keep straight and let liquor alone, I might make more than you do, as it is, I guess I average as much as \$3 per day."

"How do you happen to be broke?"

"It's Christmas and I've been celebrating, besides, I've had to take care of two sick members of the craft for nearly a week. We came up from Cleveland last night."

"Where are your partners?"

"They're down to the—Hotel mend-in-up and their board is paid—you see they had no baggage—up to next Monday. By that time they will be well and then we'll do the town together."

"Please write your name on this card," was responded to by the tramp who made a labored effort with his right hand and when he was requested to write his name with his right hand he responded, but with poor results, and apologized for the irregularity of the letters, adding: "Before I hurt my hand I wrote a beautiful figure—the 'comps' said I sent up the prettiest copy in the business. Say, you just write me your name on a card. I kinder like you and would like to remember your name."

The desired name was written on the back of a card on the other side of which was the name of a gentleman connected with one of the hotels in this city. This was not noticed by the writer, however, and he had nearly forgotten the fact, when several days after the above-detailed interview the hotel gentleman appeared at the Free Press office, and presenting the card, said: "I received your card and gave your friend a meal as you requested."

"My friend! a meal! What do you mean?"

The hotel man then detailed how the tramp had appeared at the hotel, and, presenting the card, said that he was hard up and had a friend on the Free Press, and that the friend had directed him to visit the hotel for a meal. Then the hotel man and the newspaper man agreed that George Johnson was, as he claimed, the Mikado of Trampdom.—Detroit Free Press.

On a Marble Foundation.

In the search for a substantial foundation for the piers for the new Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway bridge which will span the Grand River at Brantford, the contractors made an accidental discovery of much importance.

The extreme hardness of the rock through which the contractors were obliged to drill attracted the attention of those most deeply interested in the operation, and Contractor Hopkins, being convinced that the rock was not of the formation usually met with in that locality, submitted a specimen of it to a leading sculptor, who at once pronounced it to be marble of splendid quality.

The marble vein runs down for about 200 feet and is of considerable breadth. Its course has been traced on the south bank of the river away back for 1,000 feet, and the quality all the way is admittedly good. It also runs under the river, where the piers are being built, and upon the north bank of the river undermines the property of Mr. J. E. Waterous. Long ago Mr. Waterous had his attention drawn to the peculiar stone, and though he found much difficulty in working and boring a little of it, he did not give the matter serious thought.

The discovery is undoubtedly a very valuable one and if subsequent inquiry by those specially versed in these matters confirm the impressions gathered from the specimens experimented with, it should add vastly to the value of the property.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A Disastrous Attempt at an Improper Sermon.

Two ministers were once conversing on extemporaneous preaching.

"Well," said the elder of the two, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching, and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon, you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but all in vain, to convince his brother that the written sermon expressed his thoughts and feelings, and if called upon he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said he, "suppose you try me next Sunday morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and we will then see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the elder preacher, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath on mounting the pulpit, the senior brother handed the younger minister a slip on which was written: "And the ass opened his mouth and spake," from which the young divine preached a gloriously good sermon, claiming the attention of his delighted hearers and charming his old friend with his eloquence. For the afternoon the younger minister handed a slip to the elder. After rising and opening the Bible the old man glanced at the slip and then in a doleful voice he read aloud: "Am I not thine ass?"

Pausing a few moments he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose in a nervous jerking way, and read again, "Am I not thine ass?" Another pause, during which deadly silence reigned, and again the old divine read in solid tones, "Am I not thine ass?" Then, glancing at his friend, who sat directly behind him, he said, in a sad voice, "I think I am, brother."—The Million.

Traits of the Newspaper Boy.

The newspaper boy is fond of work—that is to say, he loves to sit and see it accumulate. He loves to contemplate work in the abstract. Its details are less interesting to him. The sound of the call bell is music to his ears. It never annoys him in the least. There are several authenticated instances on record where he has been known to answer the bell. His forte is the running of errands—those not connected with the business of the office—for himself and friends. He likes to assist the elevator man and make himself generally useful outside of his usual duties. The dull routine of office work is too limited a sphere of action for his versatility. In fact, the newspaper office boy is something per se.—New York Herald.

If You want to Save Money for

**THE WORLD'S FAIR**

BUY YOUR

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes Etc.,

AT

**The Glasgow House.**

We have made our money on all Winter Goods.

The balance on hand must be cleared out to make room for Spring Goods.

We will make the prices sell them.

All heavy Tweeds, Dress Goods, Furs and Overcoats, Overshoes Etc., now on hand will be sold at, and sometimes under cost price.

See Our All Wool Tweeds, 40c. Former Price 60c.			
" " " 50c.	"	"	75c.
" Dress Goods 11c.	"	"	14c.
" " 12c.	"	"	15c.
" " 8c.	"	"	10c.
Double width Cloakings 60c.	"	"	90c. Suitable for Spring
" " 50c.	"	"	75c.
" All Wool Undershirts 50c.	"	"	65c.
" " 58c.	"	"	75c.
" " 75c.	"	"	\$100.
Overcoats at \$3.75	"	"	\$5.00.
" " 4.50	"	"	6.50.
" " 6.00	"	"	8.00.

Space will not permit us to mention all the Bargains, but the goods are here and must be sold and we are here to sold them, and prices won't hinder us. So when you come to town, come in and see what we are offering and come expecting to see some extra good value and we won't disappoint you.

Don't Forget to Examine the Range of Prints at 5c. per yard (colors guaranteed.)

P. S. Toad-Skins and all other kinds of Marketable Produce taken.

**McLAUGHLIN & CO.**

**Write Us**

—FOR—  
**Club Terms**  
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AND VALUABLE PRIZE LIST.

**IT WILL PAY YOU**

The Finest List of Premiums ever offered by a Canadian Paper.

DAILY GLOBE, Morning Ed. \$6.00  
" " " Second " 4.00  
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WEEKLY GLOBE  
From now to end 1903, Only One Dollar.

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

**THE GLOBE, Toronto.**

**D**o you want anything in the line of BIBLES HYMN BOOKS and Prayer Books; if so we have a large range to choose from at all prices.

**R**IGHT now is a good time to call and inspect the balance of my stock of WALL PAPER and if you see anything on like you can get it at AWAY DOWN PRICES.

**U**NLESS you attend to that hacking cough of yours it may end in Consumption. Try a bottle of CHEBROKES COUGH BALSAM, only 25 cents a bottle and a splendid medicine.

**S**ET your Subscription renewed for the MAIL, GLOBE, EMPIRE, or ANY OTHER PAPER PRINTED. We will get them for you and save you the postage.

Last but not least. We issue Marriage Licenses.

N. McLAUGHLIN,  
Druggist & Stationer,  
Gorrie, Ont.

I stick my head out of a car window and they say to me

"LOOK OUT!"

when all the time they mean:

Go to J. H. TAMAN'S Tailorshop for a nob-by Spring Suit and Overcoat.

**Gorrie Tin Store.**

**STOVES**

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

PRICES DOWN TO BED-ROCK.

See Me about Getting a Furnace.

Lamp Goods, Cutlery,

Tinware, etc.,  
In endless abundance and Variety.

Repairing  
Done to Order and in First-Class Style

JAMES SUTHERLAND,  
Tinsmith, Gorrie,  
\* Sheep Skins Wanted. \*

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

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

Lvely things in Fancy Lamps and Shades At SUTHERLAND'S

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

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

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

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



IN THE TIME OF CABOT

ristol, His Native City, as it was Four Hundred Years Ago.

Ships still come up to Bristol Bridge, and to the Stone Bridge over the Frome, just as they did 400 years ago, although splendid new docks have been built at the mouth of the Avon to accommodate the larger traffic with the West Indies and other parts of America, with France and Spain, and other countries of the Old World.

Let us stand at this corner, in the heart of the ancient city, where four ways meet, and the High Cross stood. The arrangement irresistibly reminds us of Chester and other Roman cities, and although history is silent as to Bristol having been a Roman town, it is possible that the similarity is more than an accidental coincidence.

who were further restricted from staying in the city for more than forty days, and from selling anything except through a Bristol broker.

At one period it was the seat of a mint, a distinction only conferred on important places. The freedom of Coventry was purchased, according to the beautiful legend, by the splendid devotion of Godiva; but Bristol could claim from time immemorial to be toll-free, and subject to no lord but the king.

As a rule, the Spanish-American merchantmen were formidable floating castles. They might carry 150 of a crew, with a company or two of disciplined soldiers. They mounted many guns of heavy metal. The "musketeers" were freely furnished with those bell-mouthed trabucos which belched out bullets by the quarter bushel, and were excessively disagreeable at close quarters; and they were clothed in cuirasses or breastplates of iron.

Where they excelled was in seamanship and dexterous maneuvering. In certain light winds they had it all their own way. If their luck was good, the enemy's gunners would fire wide of the small and shifting mark. Their very audacity often saved them disaster, for at the closest quarters it was impossible to depress the guns so as to do the most serious damage.

The Council of the Shipping Federation in England has just issued a pamphlet explaining the working of their registry and benefit systems, which were instituted to defeat the tyranny of the unions. The formation of registry offices for seamen was one of the earliest acts of the federation, and after a stubborn resistance on the part of the union leaders, the object in view was fully achieved.

The street leading southward from the High Cross formerly passed under a gate beneath the rannel of St. Nicholas Church, and then crossed the Old Bridge, a structure of singular interest and remarkable construction. Like London Bridge, it had houses on each side and a chapel in the centre, but in this case the chapel spanned the roadway, and even projected beyond the line of houses, a separate pier being built for it on the eastern or up-river side of the bridge proper.

rose to a total height of 108 feet. The houses over the shops on each side of the road were four and five stories in height, and were occupied by some of the wealthiest tradesmen in the city. The fronts of the houses rested on the main structure of the bridge, and the backs rested on a sort of subsidiary bridge, or rather a wall supported on arches, on each side of the main bridge, while the partition walls and flooring were carried on beams laid across the intervening space.

Crossing the bridge and turning to the left, we are in the street in which was carried on the manufacture to which the wealth of Bristol was primarily due. Tucker Street was the special street of the "tuckers," or clothworkers, and the great merchant family of Canynges, of whom we shall have to speak later, had their origin in this street.

from Iceland to the Levant. This may be taken as an example of the manner in which many other merchants amassed the wealth that enabled them to do much for the adornment of their native parishes and to

found extensive charities for the poor. In the fourteenth century Thomas Blankett was a manufacturer and introducer, if not the inventor, of the useful article that bears his name. The cloth trade was divided into many branches, each having its own guild, but the chief and representative of these was that of the merchant tailors, which survived until the present century, and its hall, with a handsomely carved doorway, still remains. As Bristol was one of the Staple Towns, where English goods could be sold to foreigners, and the duties thereon paid to the crown, the Mayor of Bristol being also Mayor of the Staple, and responsible for the collection of this tax, it was enacted in the reign of Edward III. that the Mayor should first have served as one of the four aldermen elected by the wardens to supervise their craft. This shows the close connection between the guild of weavers and the government of the city, as well as the importance of the office of Mayor, and the care taken to have none but a fully qualified person elected to that office. The annual swearing-in of the Mayor was a most interesting and imposing formality, and there is

illustrating the ceremony on an old MS. book in the possession of the corporation, known as the Mayor's Calendar. It represents the Guildhall hung with black cloth, and blazoned on the windows are the arms of the city, of England in the reign of Henry VI; and the cross of St. George. The old Mayor hands the Bible to his successor, while the town clerk, below, reads him the oath. The sword-bearer is there, with the mayor's state sword and cap of office; the aldermen and other officers stand round the table on which are inkstand and pen-case, a bag of money and a leather case for the Bible. The various gowns are gorgeous with color and trimmed with rich fur. The duties of the Mayor were very numerous, including the supervision of the various crafts, the auditing of the accounts of the charities, and attending the various churches in state on the days of their respective saints. He had to regulate the prices of ale and fuel, and all this in addition to holding a daily court of justice.

THE BOLD BUCCANEERS. A Description of the Old-time Spanish American Merchantmen.

As a rule, the Spanish-American merchantmen were formidable floating castles. They might carry 150 of a crew, with a company or two of disciplined soldiers. They mounted many guns of heavy metal. The "musketeers" were freely furnished with those bell-mouthed trabucos which belched out bullets by the quarter bushel, and were excessively disagreeable at close quarters; and they were clothed in cuirasses or breastplates of iron.

Where they excelled was in seamanship and dexterous maneuvering. In certain light winds they had it all their own way. If their luck was good, the enemy's gunners would fire wide of the small and shifting mark. Their very audacity often saved them disaster, for at the closest quarters it was impossible to depress the guns so as to do the most serious damage.

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Beautiful Snow.

Beautiful, blowy, snow along, Why stoolest thou now along the gate? Art thou a ghost of the driving rain Or a speirc of the hail?

Art thou a sister to the air, Or to the raging blizzard, That scooteth forty miles an hour And frezeth one's very gizzard?

The poet singeth: with shivering pen, He glorieth in thy bridal wreath; With while he doeth the best he can, To wit: With frozen ink and chattering teeth?

Ah, why not come in summer time, When people's throats are dry as chips, Bearing a cool, refreshing bill, Of snow to well-parched lips?

Thou spreadest thyself, as a bridal veil, Some foot or two on the level; Oh, beautiful snow! I go to find My longest handled shovel.

Either and thither, to right, to left, I'll scatter thy purity's cloak, Tut, oh! thou chaste, thou beauteous snow, With! With labor my back is broke.

She Had Her Revenge.

"Angeline," said Edwin, "there is a little question that I have long been wishing to ask you."

"Yes," she said, opening her eyes very wide and pretending complete ignorance, although confident that she was fully aware of its purport.

"I wanted to ask you whether I ought to let my moustache grow or not?" Gulping down her disappointment she said:

"I would let it grow, if it will grow, but I'm afraid it is like you—undecided what to do."

A Great Feature.

The Chicago Exhibition is going to be notable chiefly for its "features." These features are characteristic of the people whose celebration it is, a people noted for its inventive genius, and for its singular mixture of iconoclasm with veneration for things sacred and historic.

No one cares so much for the relics of the past as does the American, but his interest generally takes the form of whitening or planishing them. No one sets so much store by rank and title, and yet shows these so little respect. There is no historic shrine that has not been thought of for a feature. The Columbus ship, Shakespeare's house, John Brown's fort, the Libby prison, even the Coliseum, declared by the oracle to be the tallest monument to the past, where it is depends the continuance of the Eternal City, have all been selected as features, and some of them are to be there. In fact, the United States will have to do up her American shrine worship this year, as henceforth some of her centres of pilgrimage will be no more.

She will still be Bunker Hill, however, at least we have not yet heard of any adequate scheme for carrying that to the city where it would have no other historic hills to float it. But antiquaries are not only Old World notions which Brother Jonathan has been trying to make features of. He has invited the Pope and all his religions. The Pope was pleased and will presumably be represented because he loves the United States. He is wise. We have not learned whether the Grand Lama will be represented or not. There are also invited the Czar and all effete tyrants, and Mr. Gladstone and all respectable men. Among the representatives of monarchy a very urgent invitation has been given to the Prince of Wales. Here is a representative of a sovereign house, who has no definite occupation and whose profession, if he has one, is attending exhibitions.

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Your's would be the first case of scrofula or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good. Most lives, though their stream is load ed with sand, and turbid waters alluvial waste, carry also some grains of gold for the enrichment of the future.

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this: "My boy had Scarlet Fever when he was four years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cancer. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABRIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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DO YOU IMAGINE That people would have been regularly using our Toilet Soaps since 1845 (forty-seven long years) if they had not been GOOD! The public are so cool and do not continue to buy goods unless they are satisfactory.

HEARLE'S CONSUMPTION

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address, T. A. HEARLE, M. C. 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

MINERALS OF ONTARIO.

The Ontario Exhibit Now Ready for the World's Fair—It Will be a Highly Creditable one.

The splendid collection of specimens of the minerals of Ontario which are to be exhibited at the World's fair is now practically complete, and yesterday Mr. Nicholas Awey, M.P.P., World's fair commissioner, and his assistant, Mr. David Boyle, invited the representatives of the city newspapers to visit the old parliament buildings, where the specimens are stored, and inspect the exhibit before the collection is shipped to Chicago. The great mineral wealth of Ontario is of course well known, but how extraordinary it really is cannot fully be realized until samples of all its rich ores are seen together, as they will be at Chicago nor can the labor of making such a collection be fully appreciated until the whole immense collection is seen under one roof. Space forbids an itemized description of the whole exhibit, but some of the more noteworthy demand special notice. Copper and nickel from the Cleveland Copper Mine company at Sudbury, refined nickel weighing over 4,000 lbs., will be shown, together with twenty-two tons of copper and nickel ore, and twelve cones, each weighing 600 lbs., of nickel matte. Smaller specimens will be shown in polished nickel cases.

Another important exhibit is that of the Imperial Oil company of Petrolia, who will show all kinds of illuminating oil—all in its crude state, lubricating oils of all kinds, vaseline, paraffine and numerous by-products. Specimens of the precious metals from the north shore will be shown, including gold, and silver and lead from Cross Lake, Nipissing, together with cases of native silver from the Wylie Bros' mines, west of Port Arthur. Amongst the splendid samples of mica there is a unique specimen of green mica, which was discovered in the township of Lavant. Some of the sheets of mica measure over three feet in diameter, while that shown in block weighs over 400 lbs.

The exhibit of marble is particularly fine, specimens in slabs and cut in various designs being shown, embracing many beautiful colors—milk white, grey, brown, drab, black and an exquisite shade of pink. Many of the smaller specimens are shown in cases, among the most remarkable of which are the crystals, one of them containing iron pyrites, garnets, amethysts and topaz. Many samples of paints are shown, made from oxide, lime in mass, modelling clays and clay marl, sink ore and platinum, polished gneiss, asbestos, iron ore, zinc, copper, lead, antimony, sulphate of barite, celestine, molybdenite, graphite and a large number of specimens illustrating the crystallography of the province.

In all there are over 1,300 entries, which have taken over nine months to collect, and which will require no less than four cars to transport to Chicago.

The exhibit contains an immense number of specimens impossible to describe in detail, but which are undoubtedly the finest collection of our mineral wealth ever put together. A couple of hours were pleasantly spent in viewing the specimens, which were described by Mr. David Boyle, and the visitors left deeply impressed with the intelligence and care which has been exercised in the collection of this magnificent exhibit.

It was Mr. Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system, like the clock runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study, discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-waiting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the million of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive guarantee of its doing good in all cases.

Perhaps it's the medicine for you. Your's would be the first case of scrofula or salt-rheum, skin disease, or lung disease, it has cured when nothing else would. The trial's worth making, and costs nothing. Money refunded if it don't do you good. Most lives, though their stream is load ed with sand, and turbid waters alluvial waste, carry also some grains of gold for the enrichment of the future.

Eyesight Saved

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The process of canning fruit by heating, steaming and sealing air tight was in use by the inhabitants of the old city of Pompeii, as made evident by the discovery of several jars of figs in that buried city, evidently prepared according to our present process.

Hungary is the country where railway travelling is cheapest. It is said to be possible to journey from Buda Pesh to Kronstadt, a distance of 500 miles, for \$1.70, being at the rate of six miles for two cents. Low as this fare is, it is liable to a reduction of one-half in the case of labourers journeying in parties of not fewer than ten.

Dr. Harrey's Southern Red Pine for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

Dogs are slaughtered for culinary purposes in considerable numbers at Munich. The friend of man comes to table not only disguised as sausages, but dressed in various forms, and with divers sauces, without any attempt to resort to incognito. This departure in gastronomy is said to have been introduced by the numerous Italian laborers who have settled in the Bavarian capital.

Remember that, as the receiver is as bad as the thief, so the hearer of scandal is as sharer in the guilt of it. A.P. 644.

SHILOH'S CURE. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR ALL THE BRONCHITIS, COUGH, CROUP, SORE THROAT, SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS ON A GUARANTEE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Back or Chest Pain, St. Albans' Nervous Plaster will give great satisfaction. 25c each.

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

GAIN ONE POUND A Day. A GAIN OF A FOUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAP PAPER. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM!

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

ASK FOR THE J. D. KING & CO., LTD., perfect fitting goods, and be happy. DR. TAIT'S ASTHMA CURE. SO THAT YOU NEED NOT SLEEP ALL NIGHT GASPING FOR BREATH FOR FEAR OF SUFFOCATION. ONCE CURED OF NAME AND P.O. ADDRESS WILL MAIL TRIAL BOTTLE OF TAIT'S ASTHMA CURE. DR. TAIT'S MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y. Canadian Office, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

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How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccupping or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. For Circular Address J. DOAN & SON, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto CANADA PERMANENT LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY INCORPORATED A.D. 1855. Subscribed Capital \$5,000,000 Paid up Capital 2,000,000 Reserve Fund 1,500,000 Total Assets 12,000,000 Office, Toronto St. Toronto. SAVINGS BANK BRANCH Sums of \$1 and upward; received at Current Rates of Interest, paid or compounded half yearly. DEBENTURES Money received for a fixed term of years for which Debentures are issued, with half yearly interest Coupons attached. Executors and Trustees are authorized by law to invest in the Debentures of this Company. The capital and assets of the Company being pledged for money thus received. Debenture holders are at all times assured of perfect safety. J. HERBERT WASON, Managing Director.

WEALEY, ROYCE & CO., 58 YONGE STREET TORONTO, ON. Most Remarkable in the World. Comparing the analysis with others, St. Leon is the most remarkable in the world. The testimony of those I know cured of diseases, my own experience in its use, I am forced to the conclusion that St. Leon is the most remarkable combination of minerals in a water in the world. James Graham, Analytical Chemist, Brooklyn. St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Branch Office, 149 Yonge Street.

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PILES. CURE GUARANTEED. Why be troubled with PILES, external or internal, fissures, ulceration, itching or bleeding of the PROTRUSION OF ANUS when DR. CLARK'S PILE CURE gives immediate relief. In the hands of THOUSANDS it has proved perfectly invaluable. It never fails, even in cases of long standing. Price \$1.00 at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

GET ONLY CHAS. CLUTHE'S TRUSS IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN OF RUPTURE SEND FOR QUESTION SHEET. ON RECEIPT OF ANSWER, LET ME SELECT WHAT IS REQUIRED. WILL SEND YOU PRICE. GOODS ARE SENT BY MAIL, REGISTERED, CORRECT AND CHEAP. Send Stamp for Illustrated Book. CHAS. CLUTHE'S SURGICAL MACHINIST, 134 KING STREET W., TORONTO John Bull Steel Plate Range.

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**THE LIMEKILN CLUB.**

**KURNEL JOHNSON WAS ONLY AN AVERAGE MAN AFTER ALL.**

Brother Gardner has a few words to say about Enologies, and He Shows That It is Not Always Wise to Praise the Dead.

"At a late meetin' of dis club," said Brother Gardner as he arose with solemn countenance. "we disposed of some resolutions on the death of Kurnel Cabiff. It now becomes my duty to announce dat we hev met up wid another loss. Another kurnel has been called away, reducin our list of kurnels to about fo'teen. As most of yo' am aware, Kurnel Kyann Johnson departed dis life las Tuesday arter my agin chickens only scattered itself through two short weeks. I know it am usual in sich cases fur somebody to observe dat de late deceased was a great an good man, possessin of about all de varchews of mankind, but I cannot consistently foller de rule. In de first place, as yo' all am aware, I doan believe in enologies, and in de next, it neber did help a dead man any fur de libin to stand up and lie about him.

"Kurnel Johnson was jes' an average man—no mo' nor less. My fust meetin' wid him was under rather em-barrassin circumstances. One night at midnight I heard my agin chickens wakin a great fuss, and I bet up and went out to de coop to investigate. De kurnel was in de coop an had already lifted two fat pullets off de roost. I lit onto him and hammered him fur half an hour, an he den explained dat he was walkin in his sleep. I could stan up yere and say dat de kurnel was an honest man, but I shan't do it. He was as honest as de average, an dat's praise nuf.

"It am usual to observe in sich cases as dis dat de departed was possessin of qualities which endeared him to a large circle of frien'. I cannot say dat fur de kurnel. He had some de meaneast streaks in him of any man I ever met up wid, an on as many as fo' different occasions I hev had to take him by de neck and temporarily improve his manners. If I was called upon to swar' to it I should say he had twenty faults to one varchew. His circle of frien' wasn't much bigger'n de head of a bar'l, an it was growin smaller all de time. I has actually knowed de kurnel to take out a plug of tobacco in de presence of twenty-two men, bite off a large hunk an calmly replace it in his pocket widout skippin a cog!

"I reckon some of yo' expect to har me say dat de kurnel was a kind father an a lovin husband, but I shan't do it. He was about de average. He'd lose three dollars shootin craps when his wife was shoelless, and he'd put up two dollars on a hoss race when his chillen hung over for fatters. It was hisself fust an family next. I hev happened into his cabin when he 'peared to be a lovin husband, an I has happened in when he was lickin his ole woman wid a strap. Sometimes he would surprise de chillen wid popoc'n candy an sometimes wid such a spankin dat de police would git arter him.

"I haven't said dat de world was better for de kurnel hev in lived in it fur forty-eight years, seben months and fourteen days, nor shall I. It wasn't. If he had bin bo'n a rabbit or a mowl, or if he hadn't bin bo'n at all, it wouldn't hev made a cent's worth of difference to de world. Like de average man, he arrove, he loshed round an he went hever an nobody on de next block consarned demselves about his livin or dyin. Our loss am not eben his gain—not as any one knows of. About de only phrase I can wring in on him is dat we shall miss him. We shall miss him becase he was allus trying to borrow money; allus behind in his dues; allus kickin an complainin and gittin up disputes about Dan'l in de lion's den. He died owin de grocer, butcher, landiord an about every member of dis club, an de family didn't hev a shillin in de house. It am perhaps needless to add dat his wife selected a ninety dollar casket an had twenty-five backs in de funeral purcheshun, an she looks to dis club to put up a hundred dollar monument.

"We shall display de usual emblems of mournin fur de kurnel. We shall set aside a page to his memory. We shall remember every good deed an ever dun an try our level best to forget dat he had a single fault. We owe dat to de dead, and it's mighty seldom we owe any mo'. When it comes my turn to go I only ask of dis club dat it puts de words on my tombstone, 'He was average.' De world will understand de rest."

**THE ARIZONA KICKER.**

Look Out for the Bad Man From Boston. A PLEASANT SURPRISE.—During the past year the Kicker has had no less than six different editors of the "Horse Talk" department. As near as we can remember one was lynched by Colonel Taylor for referring to his thoroughbred as a burro, and the other four thrived on the "sit" without notice and traveled farther west to get a change of climate. Last week a dundish young man, wearing eyeglasses, patent leather shoes and a white shirt, came along and applied for the place, and we took him on in the full expectation of having to foot his funeral expenses within a week. He went over to Lone Tree last Tuesday to witness the horse race, and he hadn't cleared the town before we had given an order to Dan Powers, the undertaker, to trim up one of his popular twenty eight dollar coffins and engage three hacks for a funeral procession. We confess to be ing powerfully surprised and considerably chagrined when our horse editor walked into the office Thursday morning in the best of health. He had not only escaped without a scratch, but during his sojourn at Lone Tree had split Major Jackson's left eye with a bullet, bluffed Jim Williams to a standstill and stood off a gang of sixteen cowboys who objected to his decision in one of the races. We at once jumped his salary to seven dollars per week, and the first time he has to drop a man in self-defense we shall make it eight dollars. We feel it our duty to warn the public to look out for him. He hails from Boston, and the oldest pioneer in town would take him for a tenderfoot of the greenest type. He draws his speech, looks as harmless as a rabbit, and most any man would figure that he could be scared out of his shoes with one whoop. He is deceptive, however. He shoots with both hands, moves like a flash of lightning and is a dangerous man to fool with.

ABOUT GOLDEN CITY.—We understand that the east is being flooded with circulars descriptive of Golden City, which is represented as a new town fourteen miles east of this. It is an effort on the part of certain speculators to perpetrate

a gigantic swindle. The circulars tell of 1,000 inhabitants, pure air, excellent water, three railroads, good schools, plenty of churches and other attractive things, and offer city lots, 50 by 150 feet in size, for the low price of thirty dollars each. We rode over to Golden City last week to look into the matter. The site is a mountain. The "schools, factories and churches" consist of one "shack" occupied by an old Indian so mean that his tribe kicked him out. He also constitutes the 1,000 inhabitants. The air may be all right, but we couldn't find the water, the railroads, the agriculture nor the rush. Every city lot stands on end, with its hind legs in the air, and is liable to have a rush of blood to the head. We have been warned not to pitch into this "boom," but we unhesitatingly pronounce it a swindle of the most contemptible sort. The mountain is government land to begin with, and would be a dear bargain at fifteen cents unless one wanted to become a hermit among rattlesnakes and buzzards. In that case one might get a quarter. We don't know the swindlers engaged in the scheme, but if they will call upon us—singly or collectively—we won't require any formality nor keep them waiting over a minute on the front steps.

**SUCCESS TO HIM.**—The Hon. Thomas G. Kane arrived in town from Colorado O., on Monday in search of his brother James, who is supposed to have met his death in this vicinity last fall. After looking over the records of the coroners in our private graveyard Mr. Kane was satisfied that his brother was not among them. Neither did any of the descriptions on the coroner's books fit him. We remember, however, that a man was hanged near Turkey Bend in September for riding off on one of Major Green's mustangs, and we gave Mr. Kane a letter of introduction and full directions. The mayor is always willing to put himself out under such circumstances, and we haven't much doubt that the gentleman from Ohio will discover that the stranger was his missing brother. He needn't feel the least bit embarrassed if it turns out that way, as we never make a family matter of such things. We simply hang the man, bury him if the ground isn't baked too hard, and the affair stops right there.—M. Quad in Kingston News.

**MARRIED THE OTHER FELLOW.**

A Matrimonial Advertisement Which Did Not Result as Intended. An advertisement appeared in the London Advertiser a short time ago from a man residing at Temby Bay, named Ibbotson, in which he spoke of his desire to secure a christian woman as a wife. Among those who responded to the advertisement was a widow residing at Perth, mother of two children, who answered to the gentleman wrote a reply, in which he described his house and worldly goods and explained that he desired some one to take charge of his household. The widow, after some correspondence, purchased a ticket to go to her prospective husband. She did not find things quite as she expected. The household consisted of the father and nine children, the youngest of whom was years of age. The children's mother had died insane, and the charming widow was loath to complete the transaction which she had begun so bravely. She was stopping at Hilton, and the widower went thither to interview her, but the lady would not be seen at all.

This would be a sad ending were it not that another chapter yet remains to be told. A young man of Temby Bay heard of the lady being there and that she had two little children, 5 and 8 years old. He had a nice little talk with her Sunday, proposed marriage with her Monday, was accepted and the wedding took place Tuesday. The widow says she has not made a mistake even if it was a hasty action, for the young man in question is sober, respected and industrious. At last accounts Mr. Ibbotson was on his way to Bruce mines to meet another lady who had taken preliminary steps toward matrimony in response to the advertisement.

**She Had Nothing.** One of the women who always make the acquaintance of children on the train and otherwise show their broad spirit was coming in Wednesday morning. So was a rosy-cheeked boy, rejoicing in the name by which the father of his country was known; also the lady whose position in life is mother to the lad. He and the other woman soon became acquainted, and she asked the usual set of questions in regard to his name, age and tastes. Suddenly he retallated, "Have you got a mother?" he asked, glancing towards his own maternal relative.

"No," said the lady. "Hm—um," said George, meditatively. Then he inquired hopefully: "Have you got any little boys?" and again the lady answered no. The pause was longer this time, but George finally bethought himself of another relationship. "Have you got a husband?" And once more the answer was in the negative. George pondered silently awhile. "Well," said he finally, "will you tell me what you have got?" And the lady meekly murmured: "Nothing."

**The Four Stages of Jags.** Mike Ryan was on the boat belonging to the Knickerbocker Ice Company on which the Patrick Carroll was killed several months ago. Ryan was a witness in Common Pleas yesterday in an action brought by Carroll's administratrix, Mrs. Mary Buckley, to recover damages from the company. Ryan was asked whether he was drunk when Carroll was killed.

"No, but I had from a quarter to half a jag on," he said. Judge Giegerich elevated his eyebrows and asked the witness to define his meaning. "Well, sir," said Ryan, "a quarter of a jag is when you can hardly walk straight; half a jag is when you can't talk straight; three-quarters of a jag is when you can't walk straight, and four quarters is when you are drunk in the gutter."—New York World.

**Reflected Glory.** "Who is that little man talking to all those people crowding about him? He's been attracting no end of attention tonight." "Why, haven't you heard of Jinkins, the great explorer, just returned from his expedition into the very heart of Bungeaboo, where he had the most thrilling experiences?" "Certainly, and you don't tell me that's Jinkins!" "Oh, no! Jinkins isn't here. That's Filkins, who claims he used to go to the same school with Jinkins."

**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 8:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.

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

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

**METHODIST.**—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edmunds pastor.

**J. N. O. 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. Hina Insurance Co. Give John A Call.

**Auction Sale OF VALUABLE Freehold Property.**

Situate in the Township of Howick in the County of Huron.

THERE will be offered for sale by Public Auction by the undersigned At the *Adlon Hotel, in the Village of Fordwich, in the county of Huron,*

ON TUESDAY, THE 21ST day of MARCH, 1893,

at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, all that valuable property commonly known as the "McLean property," containing about 34 acres, more or less, and which may be more particularly described as follows: All and singular those certain parcels or tracts of land and premises, situate, lying and being Park Lots Numbers Ten and Eleven, also Seven, Twelve, Twenty-five, Twenty-six, Thirty-one and Thirty-two, together with lots Numbers Thirteen and Fourteen, on the south side of Louise Street, all in the town of Fordwich, in the county of Huron, save and except such portions as have been sold to the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway Company and half an acre sold to one Hutchison, containing thirty-four and a half acres, more or less.

The said property is laid out in town lots and is also suitable for farming and gardening purposes. The property will be sold subject to a reserve bid.

TERMS OF SALE.—Twenty per cent. on the day of sale, and the balance within twenty days, without interest. Further terms and conditions of sale will be made known at the time of sale, or in the meantime upon application to

WM. H. NEWTON, Auctioneer. Fordwich, P. O.

One sleighload dumped a consignment of over \$1,000 worth of New Spring Dry Goods in front of

**Dulmage's**

Store, Lakelet, the other day, and lots more coming forward.

"What are you going to do with all the goods?" everybody asks. But when prices are quoted they say "His head is level; they'll go quick enough!"

The New PRINTS are exquisite. In DRESS GOODS we have a greater variety than usual, with trimmings to match.

Two job lines of BLACK SUKRIAR Dress Silk at \$1.15 and \$1.25, regular price \$1.50.

Real IRISH POPLINS in beautiful colorings.

STAPLES at closest figures.

Store full in all departments.

We lead them all in TEA. Try our 15¢.

Dried Apples and Tallow wanted.

**Lakelet.**

**Woolen Mill Store.**

HAVING bought the woolen mill stock from J. W. Waterhouse and moved it into my

**Furniture Warerooms,**

I will sell the same very cheap for cash to make room for Spring stock, some of which has already been put in, and more coming, and I am prepared to furnish good woolen mill goods such as

- Yarns,
- Tweeds,
- Flannels,
- Druggits,
- Blankets,
- Shirtings,
- Sheetings,
- Underwear,
- Fulled Cloth,
- Dress Goods,
- Etc., Etc., Etc.,

which we will sell cheap for cash; or we will sell goods on account of next season's wool to good men at cash prices.

Our motto is "Good Goods and Fair Dealing with Everybody."

**J. R. WILLIAMS,**

P. S.—My Spring Stock of window shades and window poles is now on Exhibition. Come and see them.

**Fred Donaghy**

**Regent House, Fordwich**

Is Showing a Grand Stock of General Merchandize for the Christmas trade.

And in Order to Catch the Crowd, Prices have been Marked down to cost, for the next Thirty days.

A Specially Fine Line of Glassware in stock. Dry Goods in every style, the Choicest Lines and the Lowest prices.

Boot and Shoes to suit this season. Full Lines of Rubber goods. Ladies' and gents' Furnishings in Large Varieties, splendid furs.

Complete stock of Seasonable and fresh groceries always on Hand.

**Bargains Every Day**

Come and Get them.

**Hunter & Henry's**

Hardware \* Store. Fordwich \*

**A. B. Allison,**

DEALER IN

- Groceries,
- Confections,
- Canned Goods.
- Pastry.
- Toys,
- Notions,

Oysters, Biscuits, Notions, Etc.