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Pine and Spruce Building Lumber, Flooring, Clapboards, Laths, Shingles, Fence Pickets, &c., &c.  
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We will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion or Constipation we cannot cure with WEST'S LIVER PILLS, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes, containing 60 Pills, 25 Cents; 5 Boxes \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

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DEALER IN  
MADE  
SHOES.

# THE FARMERSVILLE REPORTER & COUNTY OF LEEDS ADVERTISER.

VOL. III. NO. 7. Farmersville, Wednesday, February 9th, 1887. Guaranteed Circulation, 600.

**THE EAGLE WRINGER.**  
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Best Washing Machine in the Market.  
These machines will be left on trial for a reasonable period, and no sale unless a fair trial proves them to be satisfactory to the customer. Read our circulars carefully.  
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Agent, Farmersville.

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**Well Screened.**  
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WATER ST., BROCKVILLE.

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FRED. CLOW'S, FARMERSVILLE.

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**A. M. CHASSELS**  
MAIN ST.,  
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Suits made up in the latest styles at short notice.  
London, ENGLAND.

**CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
**Methodist.**  
Farmersville Circuit. Rev. G. Rogers, pastor.  
FARMERSVILLE.—Sabbath services in the South Church at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Public prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7.30. in the North Church, and Young People's meeting Saturday evening at 7.30.  
Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Duncan Fisher, Superintendent.  
LAKE LORANA at 1.30 p. m., and SHELTON'S at 3.15 p. m. Sunday, June 13th, and every alternate Sabbath thereafter.  
ELBE at 1.30 p. m. and TOWNSHIP at 3.15 p. m. Sunday, June 6th, and every alternate Sabbath thereafter.  
WASHBURN'S and HARD ISLAND alternately Friday evenings at 7.30.  
**Church of England.**  
CHRIST'S CHURCH.—Rev. R. N. Jones, incumbent. Service every Sunday at 7.00 p. m., excepting the second Sunday in the month, when service will be held at 10.30 a. m. Holy Communion after morning prayer. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m. Service every Thursday at 7.30 p. m. Seats all free.  
**Baptist.**  
Sunday services at 10.30 (Jan. 23d, Feb. 20th, March 20th and April 17th omitted). Prayer and praise meeting every Wednesday evening at 7. Welcome. Rev. S. Sheldon, pastor.  
**Presbyterian.**  
Service in the Baptist Church every Sabbath Evening at 7. Rev. Mr. Roberts, Pastor.

**Poetry.**  
**WINTER.**  
To my loving mother the merits of this little poem are ascribed. I say merits because I hope there are some contained therein. Some of your readers have censured me with plagiarism; while on the other hand, my occasional verses have been appreciated by a few good friends, and kindly welcomed by yourself and able staff, to whom I feel indebted. Of the little poems I have offered you from time to time, I can say to all, no one can point to their frailties as well as I myself; though they serve to amuse me, and cost me some labor at least.  
C. C. S.  
Now, sweeping over landscape bleak, and bare,  
And through each rustic bowyer of leafless trees,  
Old Boreas stings the balmy autumn air,  
And sways the drooping elm in the breeze.  
At yonder bush is hushed the feathered choir,  
Each woodland vine is sleeping 'neath the snow,  
No charms are there fond lovers to inspire,  
No sound save this, the sturdy woodman's blow.  
The winding brook that babbles 'neath the hill,  
Its music hushed, its murmurs sad and low;  
And like some weary reaper, too, the mill is resting from its labors, draped with snow.  
The village streets are covered o'er with snow,  
The school ground hushed, the merry-makers still,  
The "chimes from the eves now reaching low,"  
The merry sleigh bells chime, "tis winter chill."  
The Charleston hills seem bleak and far away—  
They look like objects outlined on the sky;  
Their snow-clad tops with scattered pine look grey,  
Against their sides the driven snow piles high.  
The merry masons from the eaves have flown,  
The oriole and robins taken wing,  
But soon will genial nature claim her own,  
Again they'll swell the anthem of the spring.  
The snow in heaps lies 'round each cottor's door,  
While he within makes merry by the fire,  
Laughs at his hopeful wee one, on the floor,  
In vain attempt to imitate the sire.  
He now with love hails his good wife's return,  
Among the neighbors

**FARMERSVILLE.**  
ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.  
[CONCLUDED.]  
In looking into the future of our town we think that everything betokens a prosperous era before our citizens. Although the building operations last season were larger than ever before, the outlook points to next season as likely to far surpass any previous year in the number of new buildings likely to be erected. A prominent contractor informs us that over twenty-five new buildings are already projected for next season, and that already a large amount of material is on the ground ready for operations as soon as the weather permits. Let us glance briefly at a few already underway. A Parish & Son have a large quantity of stone, brick and sand on the ground for their new store and postoffice. This building will be 40 x 100 feet, two stories and a basement. Jas. Ross and J. P. Lamb have the plans drawn and some of the material on the ground for a large brick block, to be erected on the present site of the drug store and Thompson's grocery. There is a possibility of D. Mansell, putting up a block to connect Beach's store with the building to be erected by Ross and Lamb. The Great Bargain House is to be enlarged and renovated during next season. John Hauss has commenced preparations for building a large brick dwelling on Wiltsie street. D. Wiltsie is making preparations for building on Henry street. Mrs. Stone will probably erect a house on her lot next to the residence of Rich. Arnold. Judson & Son propose erecting a large show and work room on Victoria street. N. Withers has already commenced getting material on the ground for a dwelling on Church street. Phil. Wiltsie proposes putting in a new plate glass front to his store early in the spring. Wm. Layng has got material on the ground for a large carriage shop and dwelling house on West main street.  
We might go on and enumerate dozens of other buildings that are either under way or which will be commenced as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring; but we prefer devoting the remainder of this article to showing to those of our readers who have any inclination to come here to settle that few towns possess the advantages that Farmersville does as a place where those seeking a good healthy and thriving place for a permanent residence can come and find all the essentials that go to make its inhabitants prosperous and happy. With the completion of the Brockville, Westport & Sault Ste. Marie Railway, we will be placed in direct communication with all the great thoroughfares to the east, west, north and south. There are no sluggish streams or ponds in the immediate vicinity and consequently all kinds of malarial diseases are unknown here. The proximity to Charleston Lake greatly enhances the value of a prolonged sojourn in this inland village; for sport at once profitable, healthgiving and exciting can be had during the summer season at trifling cost, on this most beautiful of inland waters. The fishing facilities in these waters are unsurpassed by any in the province and are perhaps almost equal to any on the continent. The minor

hook and ladder company in a state of efficiency would be small, and would be more than met by the consequent decrease in insurance rates.  
Another thing which needs improvement is the state of our sidewalks. Those we have, with the exception of a few pieces put down by private enterprise, are in a dilapidated condition, while some streets which are lined with residences on both sides, are almost entirely without walks of any kind. This winter there are whole streets which have not yet seen a snow shovel, and it is no infrequent sight to see ladies wading ankle deep in slush. And we know of several large property holders on the principal streets, in front of whose premises the snow is allowed to remain from the first fall until the sun melts it off in the spring. What the town needs is a strictly enforced snow-by-law. We have pointed out Farmersville's advantages which would attract strangers to it as a place of residence; and if improvements are effected on the lines suggested by us, the repellent disadvantages will have been removed.  
The future of Farmersville will, to a great extent, be moulded by its citizens. The natural advantages are great, and to these have been added, by the enterprise of the residents, a system of educational institutions which should go far towards making our town famous, and which, in fact, do contribute largely to our progress and advancement. Let the past and present commendable public spirit and private enterprise of our citizens be developed into aggressive life and activity, and let no opportunity of adding to our resources be lost. Then, with the impetus which the opening of the railway will give, our population, our mercantile and manufacturing interests, and our educational advantages, should be doubled during the next two or three years.

**FACTS ABOUT THE PUBLIC DEBT.**  
The Globe.  
The gross debt is \$371,000,000. This is over \$1,000,000 for every constituency.  
\$2,000,000 for the average Ontario county.  
\$300 for every family.  
\$50 for every man, woman and child.  
If piled up in silver 35 trains of 20 cars each would be needed to carry it away.  
It has increased \$75 a minute under Tory rule.  
It would pave a highway for 105 miles with dollar bills.  
It would take seven years' wheat crops of all Canada to pay it.  
If used to purchase wheat at \$1 a bushel 24,500 trains of 20 cars each would be required to haul away the wheat.  
If the wheat were loaded in wagons placed in line on a road the line would encircle the earth at the equator and lap over.  
The annual interest is \$21 a minute.

**THE ROSS BIBLE.**  
Rideau Record: In various school sections throughout the Province of Ontario where Conservatives are in the majority on the School Board that much abused (and we fear too little used) book, known as the "Ross Bible," has been ed an unholy "tear"  
We turn it out and put in the other one."  
"Moved, seconded and carried that we Don't want no Homemade Scriptures in this country, and resolved that we will have the Bible, the Holy Bible and nothing but the Holy Bible. Carried."  
"Carried that we put it Out."  
**ORATORIO OF ESTHER.**  
An Excellent Performance by Delta Amateurs.  
Last Thursday and Friday evenings the commodious town hall at Delta was filled by intelligent audiences, assembled to hear the charming dramatic oratorio of Esther, presented by Delta amateurs, under the direction of Professor C. M. Lewis. Following is the cast of characters:  
JEWES.  
Mordecai..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Queen Esther..... Miss Addie Soper  
Maid of Honor..... Mrs. W. H. Denaut,  
Prophetess..... Miss J. E. Denaut,  
High Priest..... Mr. F. H. Denaut,  
Queen's Attendants..... Misses Soper,  
Queen's Pages..... Misses Soper,  
King..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Haman..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Scribe..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Herod..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Zeresh..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Guards..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Master of the Ceremonies..... Mr. R. M. Percival  
Miss Soper, as Queen Esther, very natural and unaffected in her rendition of the character. Her fascinatingly sweet and pure, and rendering of the several solos allowed to the part won the admiration of all who were present. Mrs. H. E. Eyro did exceedingly well in the character of Zeresh, which called for the display of considerable histrionic ability, to which she proved herself equal. Mrs. Denaut, as Maid of Honor, and Miss J. E. Denaut, as Prophetess, acquitted themselves well. Unfortunately, the latter caught a severe cold, and, being unable to sing, her part was taken by a substitute the second night. The Queen's Attendants, Miss E. Barlow and Miss S. Denaut, and the young ladies who waited upon Zeresh (Miss Toda Denaut and Miss M. Barlow) deserve favorable mention. The King found a representative in Mr. W. W. Foster, Smiths Falls, who did fairly well. Mr. E. Tanny, of Woodstock, gave a good representation of the character of Haman, looking and acting the part in a manner worthy of praise. Mr. R. M. Percival, as Mordecai, "kept up his own end" remarkably well, and it can be truly said that, appearing as he did with the two semi-professionals last mentioned, he suffered nothing by the comparison. His acting was especially commendable. The support given by the minor characters was excellent. The chorus was composed of nearly sixty voices, and the manner in which the several choruses were taken up and sustained throughout was creditable alike to Prof. Lewis and to the artists under his direction. The experience of the amateurs was most instructive and profitable.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

**A Legend of Good St. Valentine.**

St. Valentine at Peter's gate  
Did knock with might and main,  
"Let me out for once, ere 'tis too late;  
My time has come again."

Then Peter slowly turned the key,  
And let the good saint go.  
It was the fourteenth of February,  
And the ground was white with snow.

His teeth gleamed clear and pearly,  
For he actually hadn't been out in broad day  
Since in the third century—early.

"But love," thought he, "and life and youth  
Are surely the same as of yore,  
I'll just go around and discover the truth,  
And make things as nice, if not more."

He really expected to be amused  
When he paid his first morning call;  
But the ladies "begged to be excused,"  
They'd been all night at a ball.

So the saint in wonder turned away,  
And bravely tried once more;  
But here they all had visits to pay,  
And the footman shoved him the door.

But he still kept on, and tried all kinds—  
The good, the grave, the busy;  
He saw all sorts of brains and minds,  
Till they fairly turned him dizzy.

For one was practising Mendelssohn  
Alone in her maiden bower;  
Another was carving an old dry bone,  
While a third read Schopenhauer.

A fourth in water and oils could paint  
All things beneath and above;  
A fifth in good works was a perfect saint;  
But they'd no time to love.

Sadly St. Valentine floated back  
To the gate of good St. Peter,  
"Alas!" cried he, "of girls there's no lack,  
And I must say I seldom saw sweeter."

"They're good and pretty, gay and wise;  
They're nothing if not pedantic;  
They know what they like and what they despise,  
But they don't seem to be romantic."

Then St. Peter changed the brazen gate,  
And let in the dear saint again,  
Who'd been up early and stayed out late,  
And probably wanted his dinner.

**MORAL.**

I pray, sweet maids and youths, beware,  
And mind what you're about;  
For now the saint's around, take care,  
Don't let him "find you out."

**The Ae Geyden Link.**

(By John Abercrombie, Bridgeport, Conn.)

I'm wae, wae, wae to see ye, my bonnie wee boy,  
The pride o' my heart and yer fond mither's joy;  
I'm wae, wae, wae to see ye, my bonnie wee girl,  
The pride o' my heart and yer fond mither's joy.

He saw all sorts of brains and minds,  
Till they fairly turned him dizzy.

**CHOICE OF THREE.**

A NOVEL.

Such an "Alice in Wonderland" sort of performance on the part of a tree could not but excite the curiosity of an intelligent youth. Accordingly, Roger pushed forward, and getting round an intervening tree, this was what he saw. In a little glade about ten paces from him, flapping its ears, stood an enormous elephant with great white tusks, looking as large as a house, and as cool as a cucumber. Nobody to look at the brute, would have believed that he had given them a twenty miles' trot under a burning sun. He was now refreshing himself by pulling up mimosa-trees as easily as though they were radishes, and eating the sweet fibrous roots.

Roger saw this and his heart burned with ambition to kill that elephant, the mighty great beast about a hundred times as big as himself, who could pull up a large tree and make his dinner of the roots. He was a plucky boy, was Roger, and in his sportsmanlike zeal he quite forgot that a repeating carbine is not exactly the weapon one would choose to shoot elephants with. Indeed, without giving the matter another thought, he lifted the little rifle, aimed it at the great beast's head and fired. He hit it somewhere, that was very clear, for next moment the air resounded with the most terrific scream of fury that it had ever been his lot to hear. That scream was too much for him; he turned and fled swiftly. Elephants were evidently difficult things to kill.

Fortunately for Roger, the elephant could not for some seconds make out where his tiny assailant was. Presently, however, he wended him, and came crashing after him, screaming shrilly, with its trunk and tail well up. On hearing the shot and the scream of the elephant, Ernest, who was standing some way out in the open, in anticipation of a driving shot at the Guinea-fowl, had run toward the spot where the elephant entered the bush, and had been standing there, waiting, when he came round the tree, and saw the elephant's head instead of the Guinea-fowl.

ing. The probability of Jeremy's stopping the beast at that distance—they were quite sixty yards off—was infinitesimal.

There was a second's pause. The snapping tip touched the retreating trousers, but did not get hold of them, and the contact sent a magnetic thrill up Ernest's back.

"Boom—thud—crash!" and the elephant was down dead as a doornail. Jeremy had made no mistake; the bullet went straight through the great brute's heart, and broke the shoulder on the other side. He was one of those men who not only rarely miss, but always seem to hit their game in the right place.

Ernest sank exhausted on the ground and Mr. Alston and Jeremy rushed up, rejoicing.

"Near go that, Ernest," said the former. Ernest nodded his head in reply, he could not speak.

"By Jove! where is Roger?" he went on, turning pale as he missed his son for the first time.

But at this moment the young gentleman hove in sight, and, recovering from his fright when he saw that the great animal was stone-dead, rushed up with yells of exultation, and, climbing on to the upper tusks, began to point out where he had hit him.

Meanwhile Mr. Alston had extracted the story of the adventure from Ernest.

"You young rascal," he said to his son, "come off that tusk. Do you know that it had not been for Mr. Kershaw here, who courted almost certain death to save you from the results of your own folly, you would be as dead as that elephant and as flat as a biscuit? Come down, sir, and offer up your thanks to Providence and Mr. Kershaw that you have a sound square inch of flesh left on your worthless young body!"

Roger descended accordingly, considerably crestfallen.

"Never you mind, Roger, that was a most rattling good shot of yours at his knee," said Ernest, who had now got his breath again. "You would not do it again if you fired at elephants for a week."

And so the matter passed off, but afterward Mr. Alston thanked Ernest with tears in his eyes for saving his son's life.

This was the first elephant they killed, and also the largest. It measured ten feet eleven inches at the shoulder, and the tusks weighed, when dried out, about sixty pounds each. They remained in the elephant country for nearly four months when the approach of the unhealthy season forced them to leave it—not, however, before they had killed a great quantity of large game of all sorts.

It was on the occasion of their return to Pretoria that Ernest made the acquaintance of a curious character in a curious way.

As soon as they got to the boundaries of the Transvaal Ernest bought a horse from a Boer, on which he used to ride after the herds of buck that swarmed upon the high veldt. They had none with them, because in the country which they had been shooting no horse would live. One day, as they were travelling slowly along a little before midday a company of bull vildbeests galloped across the wagon-track about two hundred yards in front of the oxen. The vortlooper stopped the oxen in order to give Ernest, who was sitting on the wagon-box with a rifle by his side, a steady shot.

Ernest fired at the last of the two galloping bulls. The line was good, but he did not make sufficient allowance for the pace at which the bull was travelling, with the result that instead of striking it forward and killing it, the bullet shattered its flank and did not stop its career.

"Dash it!" said Ernest, when he saw what he had done. "I can't leave the poor beast like that. Bring me my horse; I will go after him and finish him."

The horse, which was tied already saddled behind the wagon, was quickly brought, and Ernest mounting told them not to keep the wagons for him, as he would strike across country and meet them at the outspan place about a mile or so on. Then he started after his wounded bull, which could be plainly discerned standing with one leg up on the crest of a rise about a thousand yards away. But if ever a vildbeeste was possessed by a fixed determination not to be finished off, it was that particular vildbeeste. The pace at which a vildbeeste can travel on three legs when he is not too fat is perfectly astonishing, and Ernest had traversed a couple of miles of great rolling plain before he even got within a fair galloping distance of him. He had a good horse, however, and at last he got within fifty yards, and then away they went at a merry pace, Ernest's object being to ride alongside and put a bullet through him. Their gallop lasted a good two miles or more. On the level Ernest gained on the vildbeeste, but whenever they came to a patch of ant-bear holes or ridge of stones, the vildbeeste had the pull and drew away again. At last they came to a dry pan or lake about half a mile broad, crowded with hundreds of buck of all sorts, which scampered away as they came tearing along. Here Ernest at length drew up level with his quarry, and, grasping the rifle with his right hand, tried to get it so that he could put a bullet through the beast and drop him. But it was no easy matter, as any one who has ever tried to shoot a vildbeeste will know, and while he was still making up his mind, the vildbeeste slipped round and was now in front of him. Had his horse had his inside ripped out by the crooked horns, but he was an old hunter and equal to the occasion. To turn was impossible, the speed was too great, but he gained on the vildbeeste, and instead of the

had been living, through and through. He wandered on aimlessly, till suddenly his tired horse put his foot in a hole and fell heavily, throwing him to his head and shoulder. For a few minutes his senses left him, but he recovered, and, mounting his worn-out horse, wandered on again. Luckily he had broken no bones. Had he done so, he would probably have perished miserably in that lonely place.

The sun was sinking now, and he was faint for want of food, for he had eaten nothing that day but a biscuit. He had not even a pipe of tobacco with him. Just as the sun vanished he hit a little path, or what might once have been a path. He followed it till the pitch darkness set in; then he got off his horse and took off the saddle, which he put down on the bare, black veldt, for a fire had recently swept off the dry grass, and wrapping the saddle-cloth round his feet, laid his aching head upon the saddle. The reins of his horse he hitched round his arm, lest the animal should stray away from him to look for food. The wind was bitterly cold, and he was wet through; the hyenas came and howled round him. He cut off a piece of the raw meat and chewed it, but it turned his stomach and he spat it out. Then he shivered and sank into a torpor from which there was a poor chance of his awakening.

How long he lay so he did not know, it seemed a few minutes, it was really an hour, when he was suddenly awakened by the hand of somebody shaking him by the shoulder.

"What is it?" he said, wearily.

"Wat is it? ach Himmel! wat is it? dat is just wat I want to know. What do you here? You shall die so."

The voice was the voice of a German, and Ernest knew German well.

"I have lost my way," he said in that language; "I cannot find the wagons."

"Ah, you can speak the tongue of the Vaterland," said his visitor still addressing him in English. "I will embrace you," and he did so.

Ernest sighed. It is a bore to be embraced in the dark by an unknown male being, and you feel that you are not far off dissolution.

"You are hungered?" said the German. Ernest signified that he was.

"And thirsted?"

Again he signified assent.

"And perhaps you have no 'gui' (tobacco)?"

"No, none."

"No, none," said the German, "my little wife, my Wilhelmina, shall find you all these things."

"What the mischief," thought Ernest to himself, "can a German be doing with his little wife in this place?"

By this time the stars had come out and gave a little light.

"Come, rise yourself, and come and see my little wife. Oh, the pferd!" (horse)—"we will tie him to my wife. Ah, she is beautiful, though her leg shakes. Oh, yes, you will love her."

"The deuce I shall!" ejaculated Ernest; and then, mindful of the good things the lady in question was to provide him with, he added solemnly, "Lead on, Macduff."

"Schuffer! my name is not so; my name is Hans; all ze great South Africa know me very well, and all South Africa love my wife."

"Really?" said Ernest.

Although he was so miserable, he began to feel that the situation was interesting. A lady to whom his horse was to be tied, and whom a South African was enamored of, could hardly fail to be interesting. His belief advanced a step or two with his friend, who he could now see was a large, burly man with white hair, apparently about 60 years of age. Presently they came to something that in the dim light reminded him of the hand hearse in Kesterwick church, only it had two wheels instead of four, and no springs.

"Behold my beautiful wife," said the German. "Soon I will show you how her leg shakes; it shakes, oh, horrid."

"Is—the lady inside?" asked Ernest. It occurred to him that his friend might be carting about a corpse.

"Inside! no, she is outside, she is all dressed and stepping back the German put his head on one side in a most comical fashion, and, regarding the unofficial hearse with the deepest affection, said in a low voice, "Ah, liebe vrouw, ah, Wilhelmina, is you tired, my dear? and how is your poor leg?" and he caught hold of a groggy wheel and shook it.

"Had Ernest been a little less wretched, and one degree further off starvation, it is probable that he would have exploded with laughter, for he had a keen sense of the ludicrous; but he had not got a laugh left in him, and, besides, he was afraid of offending the German. So he merely murmured, "Poor, poor leg!" sympathetically, and then alluded to the question of cables.

"Ah, yes, of course. Let us see what Wilhelmina shall give us," and he trotted round to the back end of the cart, which, in keeping with its hearse-like character, opened by means of two little folding doors, and pulled out, first, two blankets, one of which he gave to Ernest to put round his shoulders; second, a large piece of blitting, or sun-dried game-flesh, and some biscuits; and, third, a bottle of peach-brandy. On these viands they fell to, and though they were not in themselves of an appetizing nature, Ernest never enjoyed anything more in his life. Their meal did not take long, and after it his friend Hans produced some excellent Boer tobacco, and over their pipes he told him how he had lost his way. Hans asked him which road he had been travelling on.

"The Rustenburg road."

"Then, my friend, you are not more than one thousand paces off it. My wife and I will travel along him all day, till just now

City of Rest, and my wife and I, we must journey on, on, on, till we find it."

"Where do you come from now?" asked Ernest.

"From Utrecht, from out of the east, where the sun rises so red every morning over Zululand, the land of bloodshed. Oh, the land will run with blood there. I know it; Wilhelmina told me as we came along; but I don't know when. But you are tired. Good! you shall sleep with Wilhelmina; I will sleep beneath her. No, you shall, or she will be—what you call him—offended."

Ernest crept into the cavity, and at once fell asleep, and dreamed that he had been buried alive. At dawn he emerged, bade his friend farewell, and gaining the road rejoined the wagon in safety.

**CHAPTER XXXII.**

**ERNEST ACCEPTS A COMMISSION.**

A young man of that ardent, impetuous, intelligent mind which makes him charming and a thing to love, contrasted with the young man of the sober, cautious, money-making mind (infinitely the most useful article), which makes him a "comfort" to his relatives and a thing to respect, avoid, and marry your daughter to, has two great safeguards standing between him and the ruin which dogs the heels of the ardent, the impetuous, and the intelligent. These are, his religion and his belief in women. It is probable that he will start on his erratic career with a full store of both. He has never questioned the former; the latter, so far as his own class in life is concerned, are to him all sweet and good, and perhaps there is one particular class who only shines for him, and is the sweetest and best of them all. But one fine day the sweetest and best of all throws him over, being a younger son and marries his eldest brother, or a paralytic cotton-spinner of enormous wealth and uncertain temper, and then a sudden change comes over the spirit of the ardent, intelligent, and impetuous one. Not being of a well-balanced mind, he rushes to the other extreme, and believes in his sore heart that all women would throw over as he and marry eldest brothers or superannuated cotton-spinners. He may be right or he may be wrong. The materials for ascertaining the fact are wanting, for all women engaged to impetuous young gentlemen do not get the chance. But, right or wrong, the result upon the sufferer is the same—his faith in women is shaken, if not destroyed. Nor does the mischief stop there; his religion often follows his belief in the other sex, for in some mysterious way the two things are interwoven. A young man of the nobler class of mind in love, is generally a religious man; his noble order of affection lifts him more or less above the things of earth, and floats him on its radiant wings a day's journey nearer Heaven.

The same thing applies conversely. If a man's religious belief is emasculated, he becomes suspicious of the "sweetest and best," he grows cynical, and no longer puts faith in superlatives. From atheism there is but a short step to a noble order of disbelief in humanity which embraces a profounder constituent disbelief in its feminine section, and in turn, as already said, the misogynist walks daily along the edge of atheism. Of course there is a way out of these discouraging results. If the mind that suffers and falls through its suffering he is of the noble order, it may in time come to see that this world is a world not of superlatives, but of the most arid positives, with here and there a little comparative oasis to break the monotony of its general outline. Its owner may learn that the fault lay with him, for believing too much, for trusting too far, for setting up an ideal as a model, or for being a self, only several degrees lower than a proof; and at last may come to see that though "sweetests and bests" are chimerical, there are women in the world who may fairly be called "sweet and good." Or, to return to the converse side of the picture, it may occur to our young gentleman that although Providence starts us in the world with a full inheritance of indoctrinated belief in a given religion, that is not what Providence understands by faith. Faith, perfect faith, is only to be won by struggle, and in most cultivated minds by the passage through the dim, mirage-clad land of disbelief. The true belief is he who has trodden down disbelief, not he who has run away from it. When we have descended from the height of our childhood, when we have entertained Apollony, and, having considered what he has to say, given him battle and routed him in the plain, then, and not till then, can we say with guileless hearts, "Lord, I believe," and feel no need to add the sadly qualifying words, "help Thou my unbelief."

(To be continued.)

**Various Odd Trees.**

A "Kentucky coffee-tree" bears a broad, flat pod, something like the tamarind pod, and is said to make a fair sort of coffee.

The Cornelian cherry, from Italy, has a flat seedling about as large as an old-fashioned ox heart cherry.

Gerris oaks, from Turkey, keep their green leaves late. These outlast some of the green English oaks, and have even now only reached the falling stage that most of our indigenous trees reached more than a month ago. This Turkish oak bears a huge acorn, its long, and grows on a long stem like a cherry, and is said to be the liquid amber tree and the Siberian pea grow in this country. The pea is in a little pod not bigger than the pod of the sweet pea, but its yellow bloom in spring, on a tree near the lake, makes one of the charming sights of the park in May. Bad boys break off its branches in winter for use as "shiny" sticks in their games on the ice, and thus mar the symmetry of the tree.

**JOTTINGS FOR THE LADIES.**

**Latest Fashion Notes.**

The latest fancy from Paris is a little pompon of crisp tulle, from which rises a heron's plumes, to be worn in the hair with dancing toilettes.

The newest cloaks for little girls have waists reaching only to the arm-pits, mere like a deep yoke than a waist, and skirts falling to the ankles.

Pleated fronts to basques are worn by persons who have very slender figures, even in the heaviest velvet materials. They have two pleats at the top of the shoulders next the collar, and then drawn to the middle, becoming plain as 'em waist line.

The new overcoats for young girls turned out by Redfern have the high, military collar, fastened with a little irregular shaped strap, that is loose and buttons to a large button on either side of the collar.

For wear in wet weather are shown silk rubber cloth long wraps, with sling sleeves. These are in indefinite plaids, with the prevailing color shades of dark blue, red, green, brown and tan.

Nearly all the newest wraps have the fashionable "sling" sleeve, and those wraps made of the same material as the suit show white double so that the buttons of soft, striped sarah; this same lining employed for the little fancy muff also matching the suit.

The tendencies in draperies is to make them long and full and quite dissimilar to anything hitherto fashioned. These draperies have heavy, pointed fan folds and very little looping. The effect is obtained by the varying length of the points in which the drapery hangs rather than by loops. These modes are seen with plain skirts and large tounure.

Instead of folds or frills in the neck and sleeves, modistes now send home each dress waist finished off with ribbons, which may be white or in direct contrast with the dress material, such as rose-pink in moss-green dresses, or red, or orange in those of dark blue. The gauze ribbons, with looped or picot edges, are used. They are folded over not quite double so that the boters fancy edges will show just above the collar of the dress.

All the French waists show an effort to make the shoulders as high and square and the waist as long and slim as possible. This effect is gained by a shirring across the chest and on the shoulder seams, and the fulness drawn down as far as possible to the waist and there shirred more closely again. This gives the slim effect seen in French fashion plates, and while giving an improved slenderness and grace to the angular figures, hides all the pretty curves of good ones.

The tailor gowns of dark copper red, trimmed with the same shade of plush, are worn to afternoon teas by young women with small red velvet turbans without a brim, and adorned with gray or brown wings and breasts of birds. The heads are not used. With these are worn with lovely effect breast knots of pink roses. For carriage wear red becomes more and more popular. Several dark red suits are shown with trimmings of black mink, and bonnets of red velvet and jet.

For wear to the theatres by those ladies who are prepared to adopt the English fashion of appearing without bonnets, are shown little Marie Stanzas, cuffs of silk and plush, the face being surrounded by pearl beads matching the hue of the coiff. Attached to it is a long scarf of surah that is drawn around the throat. These can be worn without disarranging the hair and thrown off and on more easily than a lace scarf, while thoroughly protecting the head and throat from the night air.

Shoes for balls are still very open on top, the ends are pointed and they are worked with small beads. They are trimmed with a small bow or "strass" buckle. These shoes are of satin to match the dress. Black satin and velvet shoes for dinner wear are worked with gold beads or tinsel. Those used by young girls under light wool or gaudy dresses are of cream, blue or bronze kid. They either match the dress or trimmings in color. It is not necessary that the stockings should match the dress. The favorite colors are rose color and black.

**Some Recipes.**

**Lemon Cake.**—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, juice and grate the rind of one lemon, one-half teaspoonful of soda; bake in small square tins and ice on sides and top.

**Lemon Cakes.**—Rub together in a dry state three-quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, then add three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon and two eggs; mix well together with half a wineglassful of brandy, and make into small cakes; bake in tins (previously buttered) for about 20 minutes.

**Ginger Cakes.**—Beat to a cream half a pound of butter with four eggs, add half a pound of flour, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, two ounces powdered ginger; mix these in by degrees; roll out, and to the thickness of about a quarter of an inch cut into biscuits with a tin cutter; bake in a rather cool oven for twenty minutes.

**Lemon Turnovers.**—Three dessertspoonfuls of flour, one of powdered sugar, rind of one lemon, two ounces of butter, two eggs and a little milk. Mix the flour, sugar and the grated rind of lemon with the milk to the consistency of butter, then add the eggs well beaten and the butter melted. Bake them in

**TAKING COLD.**

**An Old Soldier Relates His Experience During the War.**

Writing to the *Scientific American* from Cincinnati, Andrew Van Bibber says: Reading in a recent issue of your paper an article of Dr. Brown Seaward on "Taking Cold," it occurred to me that colds are peculiar to civilized life and to our comfortable, warm rooms. I have had colds as frequently perhaps as any one, but during one period of my life I was entirely free from them, with one exception. I served through the war in the Fifth Ohio cavalry, beginning at Shiloh and ending my service with the march to the sea. We were an active regiment, always at the front and therefore always remarkably unnumbered with tents or comforts. We were exposed to all weathers and all seasons. Many a time we were rained on for a week or more. When the sun came out the next week or the week after, it dried us. Many a time, long after dark, after a march in rain and mud all day, we have been filed into miry woods, where we slept in the rain with the running water washing between us and our blankets. I have seen men wake in the morning with their hair frozen in the mud. But none of us caught cold. We swam the Tennessee river after midnight, when the mercury was at zero and among floating ice and came out on our clothes to our armpits frozen like sheet iron and then marched till morning. In the cold winter of 1863-64, we were in the mountainous country of East Tennessee, where it is as cold as Ohio. We were there from November until March, without any tents or shelter of any kind, moving every day and sleeping in a different place every night, with the temperature frequently below zero. I have, with my comrades, ridden upon the skirmish line when I could not lift a cartridge out of my box, nor even pick up a carbine cap. I have been on night pickets, mounted, when the pickets had to be relieved every fifteen minutes, because if left longer the men could not load and fire. But we never caught the slightest cold, nor did I ever in times of cold and exposure to wet see a soldier with a cold. But I did catch one cold in the army, and I never had excessive comfort, or what seemed comfort to us. We were at Camp Davis, Miss., the southern outpost of the great fortress of Corinth. Having been there some months, we began to build neat log cabins, with openings for doors and windows—no glass or doors, of course. One of our mess being a young bricklayer, we thought to surprise our neighbors in style and comfort, and we set for brick, and had built us a large chimney and fireplace, and we built a good fire. That settled us. Four of us had to go to the hospital with tremendous colds on our chests and in our heads. We never had such heavy colds in our lives. This was about the middle of our three years of service, and before and after that I never saw an exposed soldier with a cold. Of course a few days after our cabins were finished we got marching orders. I believe all old soldiers will bear me out that in active campaigns, where there was great exposure to the weather, no one had a cold. And, come to think of it, in my experiences in Colorado and Utah, in recent years, I never saw an Indian with a cold, though they stand more exposure than our cattle do. It is our hot rooms that give us our colds. If a person would camp out from fall till spring, exposed to the weather of a severe winter, he would never take either a cold, pleurisy or pneumonia, and would be absolutely free from them. But when you are in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and take warm rooms and colds.

**A KING IN HIS CRADLE.**

**The Little Pink-Toed Twenty-Pounder at Madrid.**

The baby king of Spain is a fine, handsome child who enjoys robust health, and does credit to the immense amount of care with which he is surrounded. Though court etiquette requires that the six-month-old Alfonso XIII. should be treated with the most rigid ceremony, his mother will never call him "the king" unless on very strict State occasions, but uses the simple term of "my child." His Majesty has his own vast suite of apartments next to those of the Queen Regent; and a special guard keeps his bed room door at night. His foster mother, the sturdy peasant Raymunda, feeds and amuses the baby; but he is washed and dressed according to traditional ceremony by a bevy of ladies of honor, under the direction of his "governess," who held that same office towards his father. Doctors visit the baby twice daily, and every day he drives out with his governess, and Raymunda—sometimes with the Queen. In court ceremonies Raymunda must not carry the king; that is the duty of the Mistress of the Robes or of his aunt, the Infanta Isabella. Queen Christina is a most devoted mother, spending all her time with her boy, and the Infanta Isabella is equally attached to her nephew.—*London Graphic.*

**The Greatest Men.**

A prize was recently offered by the editor of *Cassell's Saturday Living* men, the greatest living men.

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.**

**A Boy, a Man, a Dog and the Consequence.**

No matter how strong may be very link in a chain of circumstantial evidence there is always a doubt, a lacuna, a certainty, that should weaken it and cause us to distrust it. I remember a story my grandfather used to tell of a case in which an innocent life was sacrificed for a guilty person. A boy on a farm, for some misdemeanor, was sentenced by his father, a stern man with an eye for an eye, to a hard price ticket, and then he went at his corn rows with a determination to make a short crop, if it could be worked without detection. But he grew hungry after awhile and went into the low's and investigated the pantry. There were seven pies—it was an American household—seven blackberry pies baked for Sunday. The boy, who was feeling very well himself, soon placed his person anterior to six of the pies. Let me pause thoughtfully, and with keenest attention midway on the seventh. One-half of the pie, he then caught the family cat, thrust her nose and feet into the remains of the pie, and dropped her on the floor, white sanded floor of the pantry that she might track around on it. Then he went back to his corn rows. Evening brought the family home. The boy saw them joyously out of the big wagon. He had how the overripe apples fell from the trees when his sister jumped over the side of the lighted flat-footed on the ground. He saw his father let himself down over the double-trees and get him if he kicked twice by the roan colt. He saw his mother waiting patiently until somebody had time and inclination to take the baby. He saw his grandmother perch herself on the hub of the hind wheel on a foot, while she made vague, circumstantial, wandering excursions for the wide world with the other. He saw his brothers let themselves down over the tailgate and sneak away to avoid doing any work. He saw the wagon was empty, and there were visible signs of excitement about the house. "The raid is discovered," said the boy, cutting the roots of a healthy stalk of corn and carefully hilling up a vigorous log weed. Presently he saw his father come out of the house with the gun over his shoulder and the under his arm. The culprit is arrested," only remarked the young robber, as he leaned thoughtfully upon his hoe, and watched his father disappear behind the barn. The sharp report of a gun rang out upon the quiet of the sunset hour. "There," said the boy, with the confident expression of one who knows what he is talking about, "there goes another victim to circumstantial evidence."

**Death of a Man Rescued by Grace Darling.**

On Tuesday, in the little village cemetery of Whitburn, the grave closed over the remains of James Nicolson, who was perhaps the only remaining survivor of the crew of the steamer Forfarshire, who were so gallantly rescued by the English heroine, Grace Darling, in 1838. Nicolson was then a young man of 22, and acted as deck-boy on board the steamer, when she was wrecked on the Farnes Islands. He was not inclined to be very communicative on the subject of the disaster, and never recalled the subject without being deeply affected by the recollection of the sufferings he and his fellows endured on that terrible night. It was gathered from him that for three hours he hung on to a rope, using his teeth and nails as a death-grip. He afterwards got a footing on the rock, and on exploring it in the darkness was gladdened by finding a sea-fowl's nest containing the remains of eggs which had been hatched. This gave the unhappy man a ray of hope that they had gained a detection on the sea-washed island where the devouring element would not reach them. He also related the first impression of the unfortunate men on seeing a boat with a woman in it approaching them through the morning mist, and over the foaming billows. They thought it was an angel, and this sufficiently indicates the severity strain their minds had endured through the long, dark hours of night. After the occurrence Nicolson gave up the sea. He was twice married, and is survived by a grown-up family.

**A Mayor Honored.**

One of the penalties of greatness is the obligation of sharing one's name with a new invention or fashion. Brouha gave his name to a vehicle, Wellington, to Louis, and the late Premier to a bag; but all this is nothing to the fate of the Mayor of Bolton. A lioness in a menagerie recently gave birth to three cubs at Bolton, and is often the case with the human race, a difficulty arose as to naming the newcomers. Eventually, while one was called Stella (probably at the instance of the proprietor) and another Comma (at the instance, let us say, of the manager), who dropped in his name, the name of the last cub was called the Mayor.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

SAVED FROM THE SEA.

Thrilling shipwreck and suffering. A despatch says: The schooner C. G. ... as wrecked last Monday night in a gale off Dover West, and her crew of sixteen were believed to have perished. This evening, however, three of the crew reached Halifax and reported that two more of their number were at Dover being cared for till they recover from the injuries and exhaustion consequent upon their fierce struggle with the elements. The survivors state that the schooner struck about 10 o'clock at night, and the foremast fell against the cliff, resting on a ledge about thirty feet above the deck. Five of the men clambered up the mast and reached the narrow ledge on which it rested. The sixth and missing man was the captain. He was last seen to enter the cabin, and it is thought that after leaving it he fell through the deck and hurt himself so badly as to be unable to move. The five on the ledge had barely reached their place of refuge when the schooner parted and was washed out of sight. From the ledge the men clambered to the top of the rock, where they remained until Wednesday morning, half clothed and without shelter, food or water. The storm continued throughout all this time and the heavy sea running made it impossible for the people on the shore who knew of the wreck to make a search. On Wednesday morning, the sea having calmed down, boat crews put off from the land. The men on the rock attracted their attention, and lines being thrown to them they were dragged through the water to the boats. All were fearfully exhausted from their exposure to the elements, and had they not been compelled to remain in their terrible position a few hours longer all would have perished. The mate, James Watt, was so overcome that his life was despaired of, but he is now rallying and will recover in time. He is being taken to the hospital in Dover, where another of his comrades also remains until he is able to proceed to Halifax.

A VICTIM OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

Discovery of an Almost Naked Man Wandering Amid Mountain Snows. A Wolf Creek (Tenn.) despatch says: George Caldwell, while bear-hunting a few days ago on Balsam Mountain, one of the highest mountains in North Carolina, discovered a man almost naked, and lying aimlessly around in the snow, which was nearly two feet deep, and eight miles from the nearest habitation. On seeing Caldwell he started to run, but was easily overtaken and captured. His clothing was found to consist of a flannel undershirt, which was torn into shreds, and one shoe. His feet were frostbitten and legs fearfully scratched by briars. He is a veritable living skeleton. By securing his hands Caldwell succeeded in taking him to his house. All efforts to get him to tell his name or to get from him any intelligent account of himself have so far failed. When spoken to he becomes violent, tries to get away, and talks deliriously about being a fireman on an engine in Charleston when the big earthquake struck. His mind seems entirely gone, and he will only sleep when completely exhausted by his ravings. It is with difficulty he can be made to take nourishment. It is supposed he was crazed by the earthquake shock of August 31st, and wandered to the mountains, but how he has lived this long is a mystery. Caldwell is taking care of him and will take steps to restore him to his friends.

STABBED TO DEATH.

Cowardly Murder of a Man in a Saloon—A Dagger Plunged into His Heart. A Chicago despatch says: Early yesterday morning John Watts, a well-known character about the docks, entered Wilson's liquor store, corner of South Water and Clark streets, accompanied by a male companion and two women. The quartette entered a wine-room in the rear. Shortly afterwards three men entered the saloon, one of whom had a badly bruised face and eyes. This one listened at the door of the wine-room, and then, turning to his companions, said: "Now I'm going to do him up." With that he drew a long dirk and stepped to the wine-room door. Pushing it open, he saw John Watts sitting with his back to him, and, without a word of warning, the murderer bent over the unsuspecting man's shoulder and plunged the dagger up to the hilt into his heart. Jerking his weapon out, he ran through the door, followed by his chums, and escaped. Watts rolled from his chair, with a wine-glass clutched between his fingers, and died. His friend immediately left the saloon, but the women were locked in a cell at the army, where they are playing drunk and feigning ignorance of the whole transaction.

A BURKE AND HARE CASE.

Old People Killed and Their Bodies Sold to the Doctors. A Baltimore despatch says: The trial of Anderson Perry, colored, for the murder of Emily Brown was continued in the Criminal Court yesterday. The evidence disclosed a depth of crime unparalleled in the history of the city or State. Perry was employed in the home of Maryland ... testimony.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

An Entire Family Sold by a Pennsylvania for \$90—The Wife Satisfied. A Wilkesbarre, Pa., despatch says: The village of Nanticoke is in a fever of excitement over a startling affair which has just taken place. John Wayrick came to the United States from Germany twenty years ago, and found employment in one of the Pennsylvania coal mines. By industry and frugality he managed to accumulate money. He married a buxom lass from his own native land and six children blessed the union. About three years ago Wayrick took to drinking, lost his lucrative position in the mines, his property was sold by the sheriff to pay his debts, and the wife was compelled to keep boarders in order to feed the children. Through the influence of friends, Wayrick was persuaded to relinquish his bad habits. On the first of the new year he swore off drinking and was given a job in the mines. All the neighborhood congratulated themselves on the wonderful reform worked in the heretofore hard-hearted husband. Wayrick is now on his road west, however. Having fallen again he bought a ticket for Chicago on Saturday. On Friday he sold his whole family to one of his boarders, Philip Mauer, for the sum of \$90, \$50 for the wife, and \$20 for the two boys, aged 14 and 12. Mauer refused to accept the four younger children, as he said they would be a burden on his hands. The original contract was that Mauer was to give his three younger children to his sister for safe keeping, and Mauer pay him \$150 for the wife and other children, who were old enough to work, but in consideration of Mauer taking the whole family, a reduction of \$50 was allowed. Mrs. Wayrick says she is satisfied with the bargain, as Mauer is a sober man and will be good to them. Wayrick was once a member of the Town Council and an influential man.

MOLTKE AND WELLINGTON.

Herr Richter Puts Civil Liberties Before Military Glory. A Berlin cable says: The new German Liberals of the second Berlin district met yesterday for the purpose of deciding on their action in the coming election for the member of the Reichstag. Three thousand electors attended. It was resolved to support Prof. Virchow against Gen. von Moltke's candidature. Herr Richter, in his speech advocating this policy, admitted the personal merits of Gen. von Moltke as Superintendent; but, he contended, it was not the duty of the electors to provide that the military interests of the Empire should be strongly represented in the Reichstag, but rather to elect to that body those who could and would defend the civil interests of the people, to the end that there might be a proper equalization of the civil and military claims put forth. The views of eminent civilians should be recognized in opposition to a one-sided military view. When the Duke of Wellington, continued Herr Richter, utilized his military glory and his personal merits to override the constitution of England, Englishmen defiantly declared that though he had been victorious in Spain and at Waterloo he should not be victorious against the people of England. In like manner Gen. von Moltke, though he had been victorious over Austria and over France, should not be permitted to be victorious against the citizens of Berlin.

CRUEL CHICAGO EVICTIONS.

An American Railroad Company Worse Than Irish Landlords. A Chicago despatch says: The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has kept men busy tearing down some of the finest houses on North Green street, near its right of way, in order to make room for a proposed new freight-house. It is said that yesterday morning, without warning, workmen commenced to demolish a three-story frame structure occupied at the time by three families—the Cummings family, with two children, occupying the top floor; and the Gillespie family, the middle floor; and the Gillespie family, the bottom floor. They had seven children, the oldest not more than 11 years of age. Suddenly the steps were cut down, and the Walsh and Cummings families begged that they be left until they had removed their furniture. The workmen, however, did not even put up a ladder to aid them in getting out. The men succeeded in cutting the foundations so that the building was seen to rock, and then came down with a crash, completely demolishing the under story. Mrs. Cummings, who had climbed out, dragged Mary, Maggie and Annie Gillespie from the debris of the first floor. All these sustained bruises and bruises.

ANOTHER "MAXWELL" CASE.

A Headless Trunk Discovered in a Trunk. A Baltimore despatch says: A large trunk shipped by express from New York and directed to "J. N. Wilson," this city, arrived on Sunday. There was no call for it, and yesterday afternoon such an odor was emitted from the trunk that the police of the Central district were notified. The trunk, when opened, revealed the body of a man with the feet and legs and left arm cut off.

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Speeches by All the Big Parliamentary Guns.

TEXT OF THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Further Repressive Measures for Ireland Promised.

A London cablegram of last Thursday says: Parliament was opened to-day. The following is the Queen's Speech: My Lords and Gentlemen: My relations with all foreign Powers are friendly. Affairs in southeastern Europe are still unsettled, but I do not apprehend that any disturbance of European peace will result from the unadjusted controversies which have arisen in that region. While exploring the events which compelled Prince Alexander to retire from the Bulgarian throne, I have not judged it expedient to interfere in the proceedings for the election of his successor until they reach the stage at which my assent is required by the Berlin Treaty. The task undertaken by my Government in Egypt has not yet been accomplished, but substantial advance has been made towards the assurance of external and internal tranquility. Operations in Burma have been conducted with bravery and skill for the purpose of extirpating brigandage, which has grown during recent years of misgovernment. The bands of marauders by whom Upper Burma has long been infested have been dispersed. Many of the leaders have laid down their arms, and I entertain a confident hope that the general pacification of the country will be effected during the present season. Commercial treaties have been concluded with Greece and Roumania. Gentlemen of the House of Commons: The estimates will be submitted to you with careful regard to the economy and efficiency of the public service. My Lords and Gentlemen: The condition of Ireland still requires your anxious attention. Grave crimes in that country have happily been rarer in the last few months than during a similar period of the preceding year; but the relations between the owners and occupiers of the land which, in the early autumn, exhibited signs of improvement, have since been seriously disturbed in some districts by organized attempts to incite the latter class to combine against the fulfilment of their legal obligations. The efforts of the Government to cope with this evil have been seriously impeded by the difficulties incident to the method at present prescribed by statute for dealing with such offences. Your early attention will be called to proposals for a reform of legal procedure which seem necessary to secure the prompt and efficient administration of the criminal law. Since I last addressed you the Commission directed to inquire into certain subjects of great importance to the national welfare of Ireland have been actively prosecuting their labors. The report of the commission on the operation of recent Acts to acquire into the State lands which have land will shortly be laid before you, and will doubtless receive from you that early and careful attention which the serious importance of the subject demands. Bills for the improvement of Local Government in England and Scotland will be laid before you. Should the circumstances render it possible they will be followed by a measure dealing with the same subject in Ireland. A Bill for improving and cheapening the process of Private Bill legislation for England, Scotland and Ireland will be submitted to you. You will be asked to consider measures having for their object the removal of hindrances which exist to cheap and rapid transfer of land, to facilitate the provision of allotments for small householders, and to provide for a readier sale of Glebe lands. The Commission which I issued in 1885 to inquire into the lamentable depression under which trade and agriculture have been suffering for many years have presented a valuable report, which, with the important evidence collected, will be laid before you. A Bill for altering the mode of levying rates in England and Wales will be submitted to you. With regard to Scotland, you will be asked to consider measures for the reform of the Universities, for completing recent legislation as to powers of the Secretary for Scotland and for amending the procedure of Criminal Courts. Measures dealing with the regulation of railway rates and preventing fraudulent use of merchandise marks will be brought under your consideration. In the performance of these and all other momentous duties, I earnestly pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend your labors.

THE SCENE AT THE OPENING.

As early as 8 o'clock this morning members began to arrive in the House of Commons so as to secure good seats. The first to appear was Mr. Selwyn, Conservative member for Cambridge. The scenes at the opening of Parliament were duller than usual. The crowds about the buildings showed little if any enthusiasm, and the members were evidently weary in regards the future. Lord Salisbury, when he first entered the Chamber, was greeted by the coveted seats.

TOO GREAT FOR A TIME OF PEACE.

It has been said that I resigned in haste. The fact is that there were differences between myself and my colleagues in the Cabinet almost from the beginning of the present Government. (Cheers and laughter.) As I did not desire to remain wrangling in the Cabinet, I asked to be allowed to retire, unless the Government expenses were reduced within absolute limits. The Marquis of Salisbury wrote in response to my request, defending the estimates in the face of possible war, as he said. There was no course left open for me but to write my resignation, stating that I declined to be a party in the game for the high and desperate stakes other nations were playing for, and I have seen no reason since to regret the step I took. (Cheers.) In conclusion, Lord Randolph, whose speech lasted forty minutes, quoted from his last letter to Lord Salisbury the statement that he left the Cabinet with regret, but without misgiving or hesitation. Mr. W. H. Smith said the Cabinet tried to retain Lord Randolph, whose action it was thought might have been modified if time had been allowed to discuss the differences, which were susceptible of accommodation. The subject was then dropped. Mr. Gladstone rose and delivered an eulogy on the Earl of Iddlesleigh, whom he said he had the honor to introduce into public life. Mr. Gladstone said the sentiments of sorrow for the Earl's death were universal, and were based on the sterling merits of the man. Viscount Weymouth (Conservative) then moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. Mr. Gladstone applauded what he called Lord Randolph Churchill's sacrifices in the behalf of sound economic policy and the judicious mode in which he proposed to apply the principles he advocated. He (Gladstone) found no fault with the Government's foreign policy, but he thought Salisbury's Mansion House speech was calculated to raise apprehension and the country was entitled to be reassured. He objected to the severance of the Treasury portfolio from the Premiership, the former being practically a sinecure. He also objected to a combination of the offices of Premier and Foreign Secretary, but he deemed a man responsible for the dictation of momentous foreign despatches. It was most important that this dual action should be maintained as a security alike for the Sovereign, the Cabinet and the country—that is, that the foreign policy be conducted jointly by the Premier and the Foreign Secretary. Referring to the Canadian fisheries matter, he said he trusted the papers on the subject would speedily be presented to the House. He said he thought England and Scotland would justly complain of the Irish monopoly of the time of Parliament, but he regretted there was small likelihood of a remedy being found. He was not, however, to one that the Local Government question would not be settled this session. The Government, he said, also proposed to deal with the criminal law in Ireland, although they tried to make it deal better by using the term "summary" instead of "summary" procedure, to hear that crime was more in Ireland, but in regard to the allusion to the inciting of tenants against landlords, he greatly lamented the fact that the Queen had not expressed regret at the recent lamentable evictions in Kerry. The dealing with the tenantry were unable to pay their rents, and the attempts made in last session to relieve such cases had been frustrated by the Government. Although Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had been "exercising pressure" upon landlords with the view of modifying proceedings in cases of evictions, yet despite this evictions have continued, and nobody can tell how many more are in store. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone said he hoped the sanguine expectations of the Royal Speech would be fulfilled.

ALIVE IN HER COFFIN.

A Baby's Timely Notice to Her Parents That She Was Not Ready to be Buried. A Louisville despatch says: Two months ago William Sperinogel, a stone mason, came to this city with his wife and their two children, and moved into a little cottage on Fetter street. On Wednesday night their younger child, a little girl nearly a year old, was taken sick with convulsions, and on Thursday night all appearances she died. A neighbor assisted the mother in preparing the body for burial while Sperinogel went to the nearest undertaker's and bought a cheap coffin. Yesterday they started in a hack for the St. Louis Cemetery, and when they had nearly reached it a peculiar noise, which was at first thought to be the creaking of the carriage wheels, was noticed. A moment later it was discovered that the coffin was tearing off the lid, found the baby alive. She was carried back to their home in her father's arms, and now lies seemingly dead with the exception of an occasional moan. Several physicians visited the house last night, but made no effort to explain the condition of the child while it was being prepared for burial. None believe that it will live, but all unite in saying that the case is a very peculiar one.

PRETTY WOMEN IN LONDON.

Lady Colin Campbell a Target for Many Curious Glances. (Cousin Madge in London Truth.) Lady Colin Campbell was conspicuous among the celebrities of the Grosvenor Gallery private view. It was quite amusing to see how the people came up in twos and threes to stare at her as she stood talking to Mr. Whistler, till at last they accumulated and became quite a dense crowd. Lady Colin looks as though all the staring of the world could not for a single instant disturb her self-possession. Her fine figure was well displayed in a beautifully-made dress of dark red-brown velvet and plush. Her bonnet was one of those very fashionable but very ugly ones which ascend in a steep slope from the back. Her earrings were the envy of every diamond-lover in the room. They were large single stones of the first water, and they shone and glittered temptingly in the brilliant light. Lady Colin was with her father, Mr. Bloembergen, Lady Randolph Churchill, in subdued tones of brown and beaver, shone star-like among the crowd of gazers. She was with an elderly lady who must once have been almost as pretty as she herself.

THE DAY AFTER.

What May Happen to a Young Man Who Indulges Too Freely. It was the day after New Year's, says the San Francisco Chronicle. He came up full of affected enthusiasm and affection, for his head was big enough for a No. 25, but she must not know it. She entered the room and greeted him coldly. "My darling," he said, "is this how you greet me on the New Year? What's the matter?" "Mr. Simpson," she said, "all is over between us."

COLONEL MACKENZIE, FORTROSE, HAS LEFT

Colonel Mackenzie, Fortrose, has left £200 to the Northern Infirmary, and £2,000 to the University of Aberdeen for two bursaries for boys of the name of Mackenzie. On the 12th inst., Dr. Robert Beveridge, Aberdeen, died very suddenly. He called at a friend's house, when he was seized with illness and expired almost immediately. The Queen's Remembrancer had decided to retain as "Treasure Trove" the 12,000 silver coins of the 13th century recently found in the premises of Mr. Thomson, Aberdeen, but is to allow him the value of 600 ounces of silver. A portrait of Professor Edward Caird was, on the 8th inst., presented to the Senate of the Glasgow University by former students and other friends. Sir W. Thomson presided and Mr. James A. Campbell, M.P., made the presentation. Glasgow is called the second city of the Empire. In 1881 when the census was taken it was found that there were 705,109 people in Glasgow and suburbs, and 681,934 in Liverpool and suburbs; the population of Glasgow is now fully 770,000. Agnes Gilchrist, widow of Rev. Arch. Craig, Mount Carmel, Ind., who died there recently, was a native of Kilmarnock, and her husband was one of the most prominent of the old Radicals of Kilmarnock, and his name is one of those inscribed on the Reformers' Monument in Kay Park. Dollar has lost a well-known resident by the death of Mr. James Wardlaw, ironmonger. Deceased was never married, and belonged to the Pitreavie family, being cousin to Sir Henry Wardlaw, Bart., of Tillicoultry. He was a quaint humorist, and was fond of relating reminiscences of Canada, in which country he for several years resided. The late Sir James Dalrymple-Hornelphinstone was in his day a well-known and familiar figure at Westminster. He had the appearance of a flourishing farmer, but he had been a sailor in his youth and twice represented Portsmouth in Parliament. He was reputed to be a great authority on all naval matters and spoke frequently and freely about everything directly and indirectly concerning the sea. The death was announced on the 8th inst. of Rev. James Beattie, of Cupar Fife, in his 91st year. He was born in Inverkeilour, Forfarshire, in April, 1796. Mr. Beattie was the author of "The History of the Church of Scotland during the Communion of the Church." He is survived by two sons and two daughters. The sons are both ministers of the Free Church—namely, Rev. James Beattie, Australia, and Rev. W. D. Beattie, Monimail, Fifeshire.

FEEDING PRECIOUS GEMS TO A DOG AND THEN KILLING THE DOG—OTHER TRICKS.

Although there is a considerable and clever detective staff on the diamond fields, they are not infrequently outwitted by the outwitting police, at any rate for a time, so it happens that such a number of stones are annually stolen as to prove a factor in disturbing the market price, says "Chambers' Journal." The chances of detection are no doubt great; but the hope of securing a few hundred pounds a little pecuniary gain, or the prospect of always hundreds of men at the game. Some of the thieves—that is, the men who steal the stones they are paid for unearthing—display great ingenuity in carrying away the gems. The business of diamond-digging is a natural of a rough-and-ready kind, and presents opportunities for fraud which are not available in other industries. When diamond stealing first became a business, those interested, suspecting no evil, were easily cheated. Stones were then carried away concealed about the person of the laborers. But as the thefts increased, great precautions were taken to insure the detection of the thieves. Some of the "dodges" which have been resorted to in order to carry diamonds from the diggings have been not a little remarkable. We have only room, however, for a sample or two. Upon one occasion it was stated that an ingenious laborer wrapped the stones in a strip of soft bread, the morsel being greedily snapped by a dog. The dog was carefully looked after till the mine was left behind, when it was ruthlessly killed to obtain the hidden diamonds in its stomach. Domestic fowls have been trained to swallow the smaller stones, which have afterward been cut out of their crops. A parcel of stolen gems has been known to have been got out of a well-watched digging by having been ingeniously fastened to the hair of a horse's tail.

THE BELFAST POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN INCREASED TO EIGHT HUNDRED MEN.

Mr. Michael Egan, of Derrinakeane, parish of Oakfield, county Clare, died on Jan. 3rd, aged 105 years. The marble statue of the late Lord O'Hagan by Thomas Farrell, R. H. A., is finished, and ready to be placed in the hall of the Four Courts, Dublin. On Jan. 6th Ald. McCorkell died at his residence, Richmond. Mr. McCorkell was head of the well-known shipping firm bearing the name. He was several times Mayor of Derry. The Lord-Lieutenant has declined to grant his County Down tenants any abatement, but has expressed his willingness to sell at a reasonable rate. The tenants have offered a fifteen years' purchase. The Primate of All Ireland has issued a letter calling for the raising of a memorial fund to commemorate the Queen's jubilee year in accordance with a recent resolution of the Archbishops and Bishops. He advises that a general synod should decide the shape of the memorial. It is proposed to organize a national pilgrimage from Ireland to Rome on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Pope next year. A similar pilgrimage has not taken place since 1698. A deputation of priests and laymen will probably wait on Archbishop Walsh in Dublin shortly to obtain his sanction.

A MODERN JENNY GEDDIE.

A news item of the most even of the Greenock Telegraph met with a modern Jenny Geddies.

POOR BIRDIE!

The vanishing bird-cage trick, which was done some years ago, required great strength on the part of the magician, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Contrary to the general impression, which was that the cage was made entirely of rubber, it was composed of strong steel bars, at the joints of which were powerful springs. The cage was held in the magician's hands, with the live bird twittering between its wires, unconscious of the cruel fate that awaited it. Often the magician went down into the audience and gave people a close inspection of the cage, which he always held between the palms of his hands, using all the strength of his arms to keep the steel bars in place. Returning to the stage, he faced the audience, telling them to keep their eyes on the cage. This they did, but to no avail. With a light muscular movement of the arms, and the usual "one, two, three," the magician's hands moved with the cage, and the latter, with its crushed and tangled little victim, was gone—no one knew where. It went up the magician's coat-sleeve, often at the cost of lacerations and bruises to his arm, and as he bowed and smiled it was back under his

TENDER CORNS.

Soft corns, corns of all kinds removed without pain or sore spots by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Thousands testify that it is certain, painless and prompt. Do not be imposed upon by substitutes offered for the genuine "Putnam's" Extractor. Sure, safe, harmless.

JUST WHAT FRANCE WANTS TO GO TO WAR FOR IS NOT VERY CLEAR.

From the 1st of January to the end of June, 1886, there were only four more births than deaths in Paris. In four more cities than deaths in Paris. In four more cities than deaths in Paris. In four more cities than deaths in Paris.

I WAS SO BAD WITH LUMBAGO AND NEURALGIA

three years ago that I could scarcely rise from a chair or walk, other than by the aid of my arms. I was so bad with lumbago and neuralgia that I could scarcely rise from a chair or walk, other than by the aid of my arms. I was so bad with lumbago and neuralgia that I could scarcely rise from a chair or walk, other than by the aid of my arms.

THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

THE REPORTER  
WEDNESDAY MORNING  
AT THE OFFICE,  
STORIA STREET, FARMERSVILLE.

**TERMS.**  
Strictly in advance, \$1.00 per annum, or \$1.50 if not paid within six months. No papers discontinued until all arrears are paid.  
**ADVERTISING.**  
Editorial notices in local column, five cents per line for first insertion and three cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Transient advertisements, 8 cents per line for first insertion; each subsequent insertion, 2 cents per line. Contract advertisements inserted at reduced rates. Advertisements unaccompanied by written instructions will be inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly.  
**JOB WORK.**  
The Reporter job room is fully equipped with the latest styles of type and presses, and possesses every facility for turning out first-class job work.  
BETHUEL LOVERIN,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

THE REPORTER.  
FARMERSVILLE, FEB. 9, 1887.  
FARMERSVILLE AND VICINITY.

Our Reporter's Note Book Turned Inside Out for the Benefit of the Public.

**Municipal Council.**  
The municipal council meets for the dispatch of township business on Saturday next at 10 a.m.

For coughs, colds and all throat and lung diseases use West's Cough Syrup. All druggists.

**Revival Services.**  
The "Savage Band" of evangelists are conducting a series of meetings in Methodist Church. The services held every evening until further notice.

Robinson, con-  
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**NOTES AND NEWS.**

There was a panic in European stock markets last week, caused by war rumors.

The British army estimates this year will include the new repeating rifle, the defence of home ports and the equipment of submarine mining corps for the Clyde, Mersey, Tyne, Tay and Severn rivers and Belfast bay. The War and Navy Departments will thus be enabled to make a concerted defence in the emergency of a sudden attack on any of the above ports.

Miss Van Zandt and Anarchist Spies have been married by proxy, the groom being represented at the ceremony by his brother.

The project of building a railway from the Ottawa to Georgian Bay via Kenfrew, Eganville, etc., seems to have taken definite shape.

The Italian and Abyssinian forces have been defeated by the Arabs in the Soudan, and Italy is greatly excited over the news of the reverse.

The Anticosti Land Company fraud has been fully exposed by the *Canada Gazette* in London.

The Queen attended a dramatic performance last Wednesday for the first time since Prince Albert died.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says that the tension between France and Germany is extreme.

B. Lawrence, wholesale optician, Montreal, has assigned; liabilities \$100,000, assets not known. Canadian creditors only hold \$8,000 of the claims. The failure is caused by the suspension of a large English firm.

**CURRENT PRICES.**

GRAIN.—Oats, peas and buckwheat are called for. Oats, 30c.; peas, 50 to 55c.; buckwheat, 35 to 40c.

CHEESE.—A few wanted at 12c.

BUTTER.—In demand, and sells from 18c. for fair to 20c. for prime.

Eggs are scarce and bring 18 to 20c.

LARD.—There is demand for a quantity at from 10 to 12c.

HIDES fetch \$4.25 to \$5.25; pelts, 50 to 80c.

Wool sells from \$8 to \$9.

MEAT.—Beef, \$4 to \$5; fresh pork in good demand at \$5.50 to \$6 for medium size. Pork retails at 8 to 10c.

POULTRY.—Chickens are in demand at from 30 to 35c. per pair; ducks, 6 to 7c. per pound. Turkeys are wanted at from 8 to 10c.

APPLES.—Cooking, in demand at from 30 to 50 cts. per bushel; Eating Apples wanted at from 75 to 80 cts.

POTATOES.—These tubers are in demand at from 35 to 40c.

RUTA BAGAS.—A few bags would find quick sale at 35c.

BEANS range from \$1 to \$1.10.

WOOD.—Dry hard wood, \$3; dry soft wood, \$2 to \$2.25.

ONIONS wanted at 80c to \$1.

**Elbe Mills.**

Mrs. James W. Brown is recovering from a serious illness.

Mr. Geo. M. Bates is at present in Elizabeth city N. Carolina, and writes that darkeys seem to be the principal product of the State.

Mr. James Easton was here two days last week and cheered the hearts of his creditors with a promise to pay his debts.

The recent thaw flooded the flats and the toboggan slide is now in first class condition. W. Hollister and T. Gibson are managers this season, and charge a small fee for use of the slide.

Mr. H. R. Gordon, of Farmersville, has leased the mills from Mr. Harper, and is putting in a new flouring bolt, repairing the engine and other machinery, to be ready for the spring sawing and grinding. Mr. Anthony Tripp stays with him as miller.

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS.**

Notices under this head inserted free of cost.

**Deaths.**  
Jenn.—At Morton, on the 1st inst., Amos G. Judd, aged 64 years.

Mr. J. C. Judd was one of the oldest residents of South Crosby, in which township he was born and in which he had a home all his life. The deceased leaves but one son, Mr. J. C. Judd, of Brockville. He was an

**ELBE MILLS.**

THE subscriber has leased the mills at this place, and begs to announce to the public that he has thoroughly refitted and repaired the mill and put in

**NEW MACHINERY,**  
and that he is prepared to give those who favor him with their patronage

**Satisfactory Work at Moderate Charges.**  
*Lumber and Shingle Sawing, Custom Grinding, &c., done in the Best Possible Manner.*

**CHEESE BOXES MANUFACTURED.**  
*Flour, Feed, Bran, &c., kept in Stock Constantly.*

3-10 H. R. GORDON.

FARMERSVILLE & MALLORYTOWN  
MAIL

**Stage Line**

SAM'L L. HUBBARD, PROP'R.  
LEAVES the post office, Farmersville, at 11.30 a.m., arriving in Mallorytown in time to connect with G. T. R. express east and west. Returning, leaves Mallorytown on arrival of train from west, reaching Farmersville about 7 p. m.  
Will wait arrival of Westport stage for passengers, if notified in time by mail or telegraph.

**NOTICE.**

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, as general grocers, in the village of Farmersville, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the late firm must be paid to D. Wiltse at once.  
Dated the 24th of January, 1887.  
JAS. ROSS,  
D. WILTSE.

THANKING the public for the patronage accorded the late firm I beg to announce that until further notice I will carry on business in the old stand, where I will keep a first-class stock of new groceries and provisions. The stock of boots and shoes, fancy goods, glassware, jewellery and nick-nacks, will be sold at cost until all are cleared out, as I intend giving up these branches. I solicit a share of public patronage.

3-7 JAS. ROSS.

**FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING**

MRS. G. A. McCLARY respectfully informs the Ladies of Farmersville and vicinity, that she will be pleased to execute for any who may favor her with their patronage, any work in the Dressmaking Line, in the Latest and Most Fashionable Styles.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed, at reasonable Prices.  
Residence, Main st., Farmersville, over A. C. Barnett's shoe store.

**FARMERSVILLE INSURANCE AND LOAN AGENCY.**

Royal Insurance Company.  
ASSETS \$27,000,000. Rates as low as the lowest. For liberal settlement and prompt payment of losses the Royal has no equal.

**Brockville Loan & Savings Co.**

CAPITAL \$200,000-00. Persons wishing to borrow will find it to their advantage to deal with this Company, as they charge no heavy fees, like outside companies, and being a local institution correspondence is in a great measure avoided.

For further particulars as to loans and insurance, apply to  
A. JAMES,  
Farmersville.

**TO MY OLD PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY:**

I BEG to inform you that I have opened out my harness shop in the OLD PREMISES. But with far better facilities than before. During the past few weeks the shop has been thoroughly overhauled and enlarged, and I now have

Finest Rooms for Boarding and Lodging, and was a

**THE BROCKVILLE T STORE**

IS THE RIGHT PLACE TO BUY YOUR TEA.  
**JUSTICE WAX DOLL Given away with One Pound of Tea.**

ALL KINDS OF **Crockery, China and Glassware** SOLD VERY CHEAP.

Sign of the Big—T—Bigg's New block.  
T. W. DENNIS, BROCKVILLE.

**FARMERSVILLE CARRIAGE WORKS.**

Establish'd 1860.  
I am now manufacturing for the winter trade a First Class lot of Latest Style Cutters and Sleighs.

Call and inspect before buying elsewhere. I am better prepared than I have been for any of the past years to give every satisfaction.

Special attention paid to Horse Shoeing & Jobbing  
Farmersville, Nov. 1886.  
D. FISHER.

**TAKE THIS IN!**

We are determined not to be second in our business, but mean to be the first. Our goods are the best in quality and quantity, and will be sold at

**Low Prices, for Cash, Approved Credit or Farm Produce.**

OUR SPECIALTIES: Family Flour, Pastry Flour, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Rolled Oats, Granulated Oatsmeal. Our Sugars are the Cheapest. Self-praise is no praise; but a trial of our TEAS will do away with any need of our praise. In Coffees we defy competition. Half a dozen different kinds to select from, including a line imported from Botanic Gardens, warranted pure.

When you want any and every thing in our line for a small sum of money, the place to get it is at

**J. THOMPSON'S GROCERY.**

**THE GREAT BARGAIN HOUSE**

MAIN ST., FARMERSVILLE.  
will for the next 90 days offer Great Inducements to purchasers of

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES**

**RUBBERS, and FANCY GOODS.**

We wish to reduce our stock before spring preparatory to enlarging our premises. Look for Bargains. We have a few more pairs of those

**4-BUTTON KID GLOVES AT 55 CTS**  
Secure winter goods while our stock is complete, at low prices.  
**BROWN & CO.**



**Farmers' Institute.**

A public meeting in connection with the Farmers' Institute for the Brockville District, will be held in the

**OLD C. M. CHURCH, FARMERSVILLE,**

ON **MONDAY, 14th FEB**

**Electric Light PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY**

OPPOSITE NEW POST OFFICE, BROCKVILLE, ONTARIO.

Photographs taken by Daylight or Electric Light. Bromides a Specialty.

Parties wanting photographs enlarged should send them direct to the gallery, as all kinds of work is guaranteed first-class, at lowest Prices. None but first-class material used, and first-class artists employed in each department. Those wanting photos, or enlargements should call and inspect our work, as we Advertise Nothing but what we Can do.

R. H. GAMBLE, - - Photographer, SUCCESSOR TO A. C. McINTYRE. 3-29

**FARMERSVILLE STOVE DEPOT.**

Look out for Special Announcement In this Space

**NEXT WEEK.**

B. W. M. for H. P. at P. W.

**PHIL. WILTSE, GENERAL MERCHANT,**

MAIN STREET, FARMERSVILLE.  
B. W. M. for H. P. at P. W.

**Balance of Winter Millinery for Half Price**

AT P. WILTSE'S.  
B. W. M. for H. P. at P. W.

**THE PEOPLE'S STORE,**

FARMERSVILLE.

CASH! CASH! CASH!  
— WE ARE —

**OFFERING GREATER INDUCEMENTS!**

To-day than have ever been offered in Farmersville before, and our store has been

**CROWDED WITH PEOPLE**

From morning until night securing