

The East Huron Gazette.

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, APRIL 28th, 1892.

No. 22.

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

JAMES ARMSTRONG,
Veterinary Surgeon

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

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

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

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

ENNELL'S
PHOTOGRAPHS
OR
FORTUNATE
COLLS.

S. T. FENNELL,
Tonsorial Artist.

Capillary Abridger.
Hirstute Vegetator.
No Threshing Machines, Lawn Mowers or Mower-Axes used!
Come in and sit down;
You're Next!

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

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

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

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

METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m., and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Torrance, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. J. R. Williams, Superintendent.

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

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

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

Dr. Sinclair,
M. D., M. A., L. C. P. S. O.,
M. C. P. S. M.,
SPECIALIST
TORONTO

Specialist for the treatment of all Chronic Diseases, Private Diseases, Diseases of the Brain and Nerve, Diseases of the Heart and Lungs, And Diseases of Women positively. Treated successfully.
Jonathan Buschart, Listowel, says:—"After spending all my money and property to no purpose on medical men, for what they termed a hopeless case of consumption, Dr. Sinclair cured me."
Mrs. Mary Furlong, Woodhouse, says:—"When all others failed, Dr. Sinclair cured me of fits."
W. McDonald, Lakefield, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of Catarrh."
Geo. Rowed, Blythe, says:—"Dr. Sinclair cured me of heart disease and dropsy, when all others failed."
Diseases of private nature brought on by folly Dr. Sinclair certainly cures.
CONSULTATION FREE.

DR. SINCLAIR will be at the
Albion Hotel, Gorrie,
—ON—
Monday, May 9th, 1892

Seeds.
Seeds.

Seeds.
Seeds.

SEEDS!
SEEDS!

Timothy, Common Red, Mammoth and Alsike, Clover Seeds, a full supply constantly kept on hand.

Any farmer wanting any new seed WHEAT or OATS of any kind can save postage and freight by ordering the same through me,

—AT—
McLaughlin's
Drug Store.
GORRIE.

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

Bull for Service.
THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARNTON BOY" will serve cows at LOT 18, 50N, B HOWICK. He is three years old, and weighs 2,550 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.
TERMS—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.
HENRY WILLIAMS.

The Lion Store



Just Lovely!
Never saw prettier! was the unanimous verdict of all the Ladies who visited our Show Rooms during our Millinery Opening. Our stock is still complete in all lines as we have given large repeat orders.
Full line of summer Fingee Silks, from 25c. per yard up.
Our Prints and Dress Goods are exceptional in style, quality and price.
Stock in all departments replete with the Latest in everything.
Our Lace Curtains at 50c. pair are grand value. And our 40c. Soft Crush Felt Hats are dainties.
28 lbs. of Raisins for \$1; or 20 lbs. of prunes for \$1.
Good fruit.
This column every week we intend to devote to facts and figures. They are what tell. So keep your eyes on it. Something new every time.
Produce wanted at highest market price.
No trouble to show goods at the

Lion Store,
WROXETER,
J. W. SANDESON.
Wanted—a large quantity of Maple Syrup.

Eggs for Hatching.
PURE IMPORTED LIGHT BRAHMA.
Eggs for sale at 25 cents per setting of 13 eggs.
J. R. WILLIAMS,
Gorrie.

Seed Potatoes.
I HAVE on hand a supply of JACKSON Potatoes, which I will sell at 4¢ per bushel.
These potatoes are of a hardy, Southern variety, have proven to be heavy, prolific yielders in this climate, and were almost entirely free from rot last season.
The quantity is limited so come early.
J. R. WILLIAMS,
Gorrie.

DENTISTRY.
J. S. JEROME, L. D. S., Wingham, will visit Gorrie, the 1st and 23rd Monday of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. All work warranted.

Local Affairs.
Try the Glasgow House for boots and shoes. The quality and prices all right.

Mrs. Fleming, of Mt. Forest, is visiting her daughter Mrs. (Rev.) Carter.
Mr. Watson brought two car-loads of horses to Gorrie yesterday, which are to be shipped to Scotland at once.

The annual meeting of the subscribers of the Mechanics' Institute, Gorrie, will be held in the town hall on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Wright, of Woodstock, mother of Mrs. Nelson McLaughlin, is here on a few weeks visit.

A pleasing feature of the services in the Methodist church on Sabbath evening was the finely rendered duet "Hope Beyond," by Mr. and Miss Greer.

The telegraph Co., had a man here this week removing the wires to permit the old church building to pass Main St. He did his work so well that there was scarcely a moment's obstruction of the wires.

Rev. Mr. Wright's lecture to men and boys only, last Wednesday night, drew out a large and interested audience. The rev. gentleman is doing much good by his plain and earnest talk, to the male sex.

The C. P. R. Co., is increasing the freight room at the Gorrie station and a projecting window, for the accommodation of the operator, is also being added.

The Union base ball club has not organized yet. They have the material for as good a team as ever but if they delay practicing they will go into their earlier matches much weakened on this account.

The old Methodist church building has been removed to its new quarters and the work of fitting it up for lively stable purposes will be commenced in a day or two. The timbers of the building are staunch and sound and are evidently good for another thirty years of service.

Vanstone Bros. the famous marble cutters of Kincardine, have bought from Mr. Thos Watson, the Wingham Marble Works. Messrs Vanstone and Watson were in Gorrie on Monday and the new firm contracted for an advertisement in the GAZETTE which can be seen in this issue.

WANTED—A good driving horse. Apply to Dr. Armstrong, Gorrie.

Mr. Torrance, of Listowel, twin-brother of Rev. Mr. Torrance, of this village, was in Gorrie on Friday last. These brothers are the exact image of each other, and the GAZETTE editor is not the only person who was deceived by their close resemblance. We admit, however, to having been completely "taken in."

While returning from a prayer-meeting, held at a farm house a few miles south of Gorrie one evening last week, an elderly couple, who lived just across the road, got lost in the orchard, the night being very dark, and were not able to extricate themselves until their son "Tam" for whom they called lustily for a long time, came with a lantern and guided them safely home. Their neighbors are now enjoying a good-natured joke at their expense.

On Sunday last the Methodist services were held in the town hall. Mr. C. C. Kaine preached in the morning and Mr. Willoughby in the evening. Rev. Mr. Torrance was able to take part in both services. Quarterly services will be held on Sunday next. There will be no Sunday school in the afternoon, but the evening services will be devoted to the children.

Mr. Taman, who was burned out on Tuesday night, started the next morning for Blyth, where his relatives live, to get instruments in connection with his business to replace the ones destroyed. He intends to commence work immediately on his return, to-day, so that those whose orders he has will scarcely be delayed by his misfortune.

A meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the English church was held in the church on Monday last. They have undertaken to raise money to purchase a new organ for the church and have already quite an amount on hand for that purpose. At the above meeting it was agreed to hold a garden party on the 24th of May, at Mr. Jas. Perkins' to aid in their undertaking. Their object is a worthy one and deserves the support of every member of the congregation.

Here is a nut for the Patrons of Industry and Grangers to crack. We have a large number of them on our subscription list and we will gladly give space to the reply of any who wish to make it: We are credibly informed that the recent "combine" of the manufacturers of farm machines has resulted in giving implements to the farmers at lower prices than before; and that many of the implements—more especially the binders—are better machines than the old ones.

There is a standing reward of \$500, made a few years ago by the council, for the arrest of parties proven guilty of arson in the township. This ought to be sufficient to induce a good detective to attempt to ascertain whether or not there is any foundation for the suspicion held by many of our residents, that the fire the other evening was the work of an incendiary.

Word was received here this week of the death of Mr. Alex. Wiggins, which occurred at Los Angeles, California, on Friday last, of diphtheria. Deceased was a son of Mr. Henry Wiggins, of this village, and was a well known and well liked Howick boy. He was married about two years ago, almost immediately after which he removed to Los Angeles.

Our merchants are now buying and selling eggs by the pound. The new rule works quite satisfactorily and the wonder is that it was not adopted years ago. The next radical change which should come is the payment of the statute-labor tax in cash instead of the present unprofitable-to-all system of working it out on the roads. It is bound to come some time.

The Gorrie Brass Band has been reorganized with Messrs. W. H. Clegg as President; W. Doig, Vice-Pres., N. McLaughlin, sec. Treas and J. W. Green, leader. The instruments will be given out on Friday evening when the Band expects to start practice with about 16 performers. Half a dozen or so of the old players will join the Band so the boys should be able to play in public in a few weeks.

McLaughlin & Co. will sell you 8 lbs Japan Tea for \$1. It's not worth 50 cents a pound, but its a good one just the same. Try it.

Have you tried McLaughlin & Co.'s 4lbs tea for \$1? It's a T Sir. (Teaser.)

We extend our congratulations to Bro. Whately, of the Clinton News-Record on his recent appointment to the position of Collector of Customs in that town. As a reward for party services he is justly entitled to the position for he had done able service for a long time, and there is no more genial member of the Fourth Estate in the county. By the way, Bro. Whately has had some startling experiences lately. First he was shot—through his tall hat; next he "swore off" drinking—and that means a good deal to an editor; and now he's actually been placed in a position to handle a little money occasionally.

Division court was held here yesterday. One of the interesting cases which came up was Ferguson vs. Bell, and quite a number were present to listen to it. The trouble arose out of the sale of some cattle to Mr. Ferguson by Mr. Bell, with the understanding that they were to be delivered at Lakelet on a day named by the former gentleman, which was to be about the middle of the next week. On the day in question Mr. F. came and wished his stock delivered that same day. Mr. Bell was not at home, but his daughter went for him and the cattle were duly taken to Lakelet and weighed. Mr. Ferguson, however, did not expect that Miss Bell would overtake her father, (who had started for Wingham) so he proceeded to Clifford, and consequently was not on hand to receive the cattle and Mr. Bell consequently drove them home again. The next day Mr. Ferguson came for the stock but Mr. Bell now refused to deliver them, and tendered Mr. F. the advance money which he had paid on the animals. Hence the suit. Verdict was given in favor of Mr. Bell. Robinson, of Walkerton, for Plaintiff; Irwin, of Gorrie, for defendant.

Taman's tailorshop was burned to the ground on Tuesday night. The fire was first noticed by Miss Perkins, who observed it from her grocery store and gave as prompt an alarm as she could. The hostler at the Albion also heard the crackling about the same time and his lusty cries brought enough people to the scene, to carry the greater portion of Mr. Taman's clothing, machines, tools, etc., out before the interior became too hot. The building belonged to Mr. W. S. Bean, and workmen had been engaged for some time in the work of veneering it. Sharpin's brick tailorshop, a few feet distant on the south, was saved with difficulty, dozens of men working hard with buckets for about three quarters of an hour, while the wind fortunately favored their efforts, carrying the flames and smoke slightly away from this structure. The Albion hotel, across the road, was constantly in great danger, the roof having caught several times from flying masses of burning sparks. But here, too, the workers showed themselves equal to the occasion and water was copiously applied on the roof. How the building caught fire is not known, but it was either a case of incendiarism or the very improbable one of accidental firing from the outside, as the outer wall, next to Sharpin's shop, was a mass of fire flaming over the roof when the alarm was given and the fire was just taking hold inside as those arriving first reached the scene. There was no insurance on the building as it was just being bricked up, and Mr. Bean who has now for the third time been the victim of apparent incendiarism, does not feel strongly disposed to invest his money for the amusement of fire-bugs. We hope the matter will be thoroughly investigated, for with the inferior fire protection in the village, property owners cannot afford to risk the presence in town of that most detestable of all persons, the incendiary.

Redgrave.
Misses Lulo and Gertie McLeellan, of Toronto, spent their holidays with the family of Mr. Richard Morrell.
The builders have commenced on the barn of Mr. Geo. Johnston, which when finished will be one of the finest in the township. Mr. Stephen Brown is also having a fine barn built.
Mr. John L. Veal who has been spending his Easter holidays with his uncle, Mr. L. A. Mason, has returned to Toronto to resume his studies.
Mr. Wilcox, formerly of Toronto, but

now of this place, gave the old people a grand party. They spent a very pleasant evening, and it made them feel as young as forty years ago.

Seeding is very nearly done in this neighborhood. A few more fine days and the seeding will be finished.
The cold frosty nights has injured the fall wheat in this locality.

Fordwich.
Farmers in this section are in the throes of seeding. The land is in excellent condition for working, but a warm rain would be welcome.

Our grist mill is hustling these days. They have a large amount of flour, etc., in their store rooms waiting for shipment.

The Fordwich Brass Band is improving every week and we are looking for some choice music this summer.

Mr. John Clegg was in Gorrie on a business trip this week.
Mr. Cook is making a great improvement on the tenement house just south of his residence.

That Baptist Question.
[Intended for last week.]

Editor Gazette.—In view of the recent utterances of Rev. Mr. Osborne, and the debate between him and "Second Limer," I thought the following, clipped from the columns of the Christian Guardian of last week, and penned by a representative Baptist minister, might at this juncture be interesting to your readers:

"LETTER FROM A BAPTIST MINISTER.—Permit me, through the medium of the Guardian to inform your readers of the fact that I have this week resigned my position as pastor of Port Elgin and North Bruce (Baptist) churches and shall apply to the Guelph or some other conference, for admission into the Methodist ministry. The above is the outcome of a long and thorough study of the ordinance of Baptism. In so far as I have had opportunity, both in Woodstock College and McMaster Hall, as well as in my pastoral work, I have carried out a resolution which I made when I was immersed, namely that I would study every book on Baptism that I could find, and there is no work known to me that I have not studied. I would prefer being at work for the Master during the time between now and Conference, hence I have taken this plan of acquiescing the Methodists with my desire."
I might say that I was pastor of Nisour Circuit Methodist Church when Rev. W. J. Waddell, the author of the above epistle, was inducted into the pastorate of the Baptist Church of that place. A great stir was made among our people there by the strong statements of the preacher on the Baptist question, going so far as to call the affusion practise "squirrel-gun baptism." I met him several times and he seemed to think himself called to the work of converting Affusionists to the immersion theory, for he was constantly talking on the subject and seeking to convince us of the error of our ways. In the parsonage at Wellburn to which he had come on some matter of business, we had quite a little tussle over the question. He seemed then quite conversant with his side of the question, being able to quote profusely from the standard authorities. I did not dream that one so strongly entrenched in his position could ever be drawn or driven from it. But to my great surprise he has changed his position entirely. Why? Is it because he has carefully studied both sides of the question? He says so, and we will not contradict him. I might say I have read nearly all the arguments that are advanced on both sides and if I once was just a little doubtful I am now fully convinced that our position is impregnable and the arguments on this side simply unanswerable. It may be asked as to Mr. Waddell's education and ability? His letter shows him to have attended Woodstock College, and then McMaster Hall and he was regarded when I first knew him as a man of no small mental calibre. He is a man of strong personality, resolute will power and almost striking originality of expression. I refer to this to show that he is not a man to move without a reason. He must be convinced before he will yield and then he will yield reluctantly. I trust the Methodist church may see her way clear to receive him into her ministry, for we want men, who when they come from other churches, do so, not because they might possibly benefit their financial condition, but because upon thorough investigation they know they have reached the truth.
Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for trespassing on your space. I will not touch the controversy, but simply give my experience as above.

Yours for Light,
J. W. PRING,
Fordwich, April 18th '92.

DARING NIAGARA WRATH.

One of the Remarkable Escapes at the Great Waterfall. There were daring men before Capt. Webb...

Another lady stooped to pick a flower on the brink of the Table Rock. She was taken up dead from the rocks below.

In 1875 an accident equally sad and foolish occurred. An engaged couple went behind the falls into the Cave of the Winds without a guide.

Of escapes there are one or two narrow ones almost beyond belief, and which involve stories of skill and bravery worth telling.

How long would his muscles endure the strain? And who would rescue him, and how? The crowd was helpless until a guide appeared with a coil of rope.

In another case a boatman was crossing the river; above the falls when a fog suddenly came on. He lost his bearings and knew he was drifting to death.

For the moment it held. How soon would it part? He shrank from feeling along the strand. He was afraid not to, lest he should read his fate in the twine, tense and twanging under the current.

In another case the danger to life, though considerable, was not imminent. A tug was towing three scows, when one went adrift. With admirable promptness and address, the captain of the tug cut loose the rest of his tow and seemed ahead of the drifting barge.

An escape of another sort was that of a murderer. The sheriff was behind him, the river in front, and only the wires of the old bridge at Lewiston to help him across.

A Remarkable Oloek. Japan possesses a remarkable time-piece. It is contained in a frame three feet wide and five feet long.

Some—a fashionable shop. Enter a society lady, addressing a shop assistant: "I wish to exchange something I bought yesterday."

Which It was. Some—a fashionable shop. Enter a society lady, addressing a shop assistant: "I wish to exchange something I bought yesterday."

BARTH'S AWFUL GUNS.

They Hurl Rock Precipitates of 100 Cubic Yards 16 Miles High. In 1783 Cotopaxi ejected its blazing rocks more than 3,000 feet above its crater.

The molten stream from Vesuvius, which passed through Torre del Greco in 1737, contained 33,000,000 cubic yards of solid matter. The year 1793 witnessed the destruction of Torre del Greco the second time from the eruptive action of Vesuvius.

Vesuvius in A. D. 79 vomited forth an amount of matter whose bulk far exceeded that of the mountain itself. In 1790, Etna disgorged more than 20 times its own mass.

During the terrible earthquake of 1883, not less than 20 large and small Javanese volcanoes were vomiting at the same time. Fifty square miles of land and two villages entirely disappeared.

The Hawaiian group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean is wholly volcanic. They appear where the ocean breaks, and are 18,000 feet deep, have bases that are conical, and have diameters ranging from 10 to 60 miles.

The primary cause of volcanic outpourings is the pressure of the cooled shell of the earth on the gaseous and molten interior. As these interior substances come forth the shell generally settles, and as it has to accommodate itself to a slowly decreasing interior, a wrinkle, or a number of wrinkles on the shell, is the inevitable consequence.

But whence comes this incandescent interior? This is still a primeval mystery, a fiery, glowing condition which is the incipient stage of nearly all bodies in space.

Just as God Leads. "Just as God leads me I would go. I do not ask to choose my way; Content with what He doth bestow. I know He will not let me stray."

Mothers-in-Law Are Awful Tough. A feeble-looking Harlem lady called on Dr. Perkins Sonover. "How are you coming on, Mrs. Fuller?"

Sir John Lubbock kept a queen bee for fifteen years. At the end of that time a test proved that her eggs were just as fertile as those of a queen two years old.

THE POET'S CORNER.

A Song of England. Mr. W. H. Hoag contributes the following poem to the National Review, of which we omit the third verse:—

What have I done for you, England, my England? What is there I would not do, England, my own? With your glorious eyes austered, As the Lord were waiting near.

Mother of ships whose might, England, my England, With a sword or no sword, England, my own? Chos a daughter of the Lord, Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword, There's the menace of the Word In the Song on your bugles blown, England!

The Bravest of Battles. The bravest of battles that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you'll find it not Was fought by the mothers of men.

The Fatted Calf. Father and me are gettin' old; We ain't used to the way. Of hearin' the organ 'stead Of preachin' Sabbath day.

Music and Life. (After Byron.) There is a music in our least affairs, There is a music in the hammer's beat. The chiming of a clock, the hum of a wheel, The soldier's march, the plowman's tread.

At Easter Time. Ring happy bells of Easter time! The burdened world awaits your chime! Across the fields of fleeting snow, The vernal zephyrs gently blow.

A Resemblance. Alderman McBoodle is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours the other day. "Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him once."

Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; those who receive it without, are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked, are to be admired.

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PEARLS OF TRUTH.

It requires a definite aim to make a hit in life. The society of good people is always good society. It takes a thinker to make another thinker think.

Our best successes are built upon a foundation of failure. There is nowhere any apology for despondency. As an appliance for the improvement of one's friends a habit of scolding possesses no appreciable virtue.

Domestic rule is founded on truth and love. If it has not both of these it is nothing better than a despotism. The temper of reformers is enthusiastic and hence they almost inevitably exaggerate the evils they seek to correct.

Without earnestness no man is ever great, or really does great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular, but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not its depth of shadow.

Leap Year Ode. And this is leap year, so it is, Just once in every four, It adds but one day to this month; Just this and nothin' more.

For should some girl propose to you, And you by chance accept, Let me picture your position, If not in fact, effect.

When you see this trouble coming, The symptoms you may trace, At these premonitions always, Of a crisis in the cast.

She will in choicest language then Consent to be your wife, To make it more emphatic, say, "I will, you bet your life."

What Then. Parson Baxter—"I'm mighty sorry to hear that you and your wife might on a fightin' like cats and dogs."

A Matter of Wages. "I tolsever, James," said the employer, "that you say 'eether' and 'neether.' Are you not aware that such is not our pronunciation of those words?"

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THE WOLF CHILDREN.

Raised by Wolves, They Partake of the Animals' Nature. The Rev. Dr. Jewell—H. Seelye writes as follows in the Congregationalist:—

After keeping him a while the magistrate brought him to an orphanage at Secunda, under the care of the church missionary society, where he was kindly received and cared for and where he has since been an object of unceasing wonder to the many who have seen him there.

How far he has ever become conscious of moral or religious truth it is impossible to say. The nearest approach he has shown to something like an apprehension of an unseen world was in connection with the death of one who had cared for him and of whom he was very fond.

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Lucindy.

When Lucindy's eye do shine like a ripe muscadine...

A Reasonable Request.

The American sporting papers are much interested in the success of the petition to the Dominion government to protect our salmon streams.

A MONTREAL MIRACLE.

After Seven Years of Helplessness, Health is Restored.

Statement of the Remarkable Case of Miss Ramsay as Investigated by a Reporter of Le Monde.

During the past year newspapers in various parts of the country have chronicled accounts of marvellous cures from the use of a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Seeing the King.

It was either in the time of George III. or IV. or maybe, William IV.—the old journal I take it from doesn't say which...

To See a Bullet's Flight.

A late scientific authority states that by saturating a bullet with vaseline its flight may be easily followed with the eye from the time it leaves the muzzle of the rifle until it strikes the target.

Have You Thought of It?

For four thousand years or more the world groaned, suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive relief—no certain and painless cure until Dr. Scott's Putnam gave to the world his great Corn Extractor.

Nature's Creative Powers Surpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St. Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life.

Adversity has this effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—[Horace.]

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it.

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The Coldness of Lake Superior.

Lake Superior is a capricious monster, demanding skilled seamanship and the use of powerful and staunch boats, the majority of which are comparable with the vessels in our Atlantic coasting trade.

The bodies of the drowned are said not to rise to the surface. They are refrigerated, and the decomposition which causes the ascent of human bodies in other waters does not take place.

A Marvellous Criminal.

Linking the various disclosures in the career of Deeming, the man under arrest in Australia for murdering his wife and children, the police reports disclose the most marvellous criminal career ever known.

Rightly Bearded.

"I've quite concluded, dear, to wear some form of beard," said he; "What style of whiskers do you think would most becoming be?"

He Wasn't in It.

"She's awful ain't she?" "Dreadful." "She fits with everybody, except Mr. Meka."

Paltry affection and strained allusions are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; but they are but badges of ignorance or stupidity when it would endeavor to please.—[Goldsmith.]

Documents found on some of the dynamiters arrested in Madrid show that a terrible contest out. Amongst the buildings to have been blown up were the Chamber of Deputies and the chapel of the Royal Palace.

The Shah's Treasury.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff obtained permission for Mrs. Bishop, the authoress, to view the Shah's "Museum," or treasure house. She says of it:

"The proportions of the room are perfect. The floor is of fine tiles of exquisite coloring, arranged as mosaic. A table is overlaid with beaten gold, and chairs in rows are treated in the same fashion. Glass cases round the room and on costly tables contain the fabulous treasures of the Shah and many of the crown jewels.

"Possibly the accumulated splendors of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, basins and vessels of solid gold, ancient armor flashing with precious stones, shields studded with diamonds and rubies, scabbards and sword hilts incrustated with gems, helmets red with rubies golden trays and vessels thick with diamonds, crowns, jewels, chains, ornaments (masses of gold) of every description, jeweled coats of mail dating back to the reign of Shah Ismael, exquisite enamels of great antiquity, all in a profusion not to be described, have no counterpart on earth. They are a dream of splendor not to be forgotten.

"Among the extraordinary lavish uses of gold and gems is a golden globe, twenty inches in diameter, turning on a frame of solid gold set with rubies. The equator and elliptic are of large diamonds. The countries are chiefly out lined in rubies but Persia is in diamonds. The ocean is represented by emeralds. As if all this were not enough, huge coins, each worth thirty-three sovereigns, are heaped round its base."—[Galligan's Messenger.]

True Service.

The whole sum of this title of life is service. Service to others and not to self. Self is a narrow space. I wish to speak to the young men who have just opened the door of life and to the old men who are just before the door that opens to a life beyond.

"To make life as successful as you can, you should not go away by yourself and say that you will lead a good life, and then do nothing else. To cherish self is not the way to do service. You must lose self. Make yourself so strongly a part of the whole world that you influence all the other parts and the more strongly cement them together into you. You do not surrender to pope, priest or church, but still have your own independence. You simply surrender to God.

Taking Him Down a Peg.

Brown is a fellow who loves to push himself forward on all occasions. Not long ago he engaged a stranger in conversation in a hotel lobby, and after a few minutes he remarked:

A Frigid Reminder.

"The weather this morning reminds me of a certain South American republic," said the Snake Editor, as he came in, rubbing his hands.

"Half of this bottle of wine is gone. It seems to me that you should be able to stand the temptation," said Pennybuncker to his colored servant.

"Dat ar an easier said den done, boss." "At any rate, you should come out like a man and say that you stole the wine." "Dat ar an easier done den said, boss."

The Subury Mines.

A powerful French syndicate has been organized for the purpose of acquiring nickel lands in Algoma and carrying on mining, smelting and refining operations. A member of the syndicate, who occupies the high position of admiral, was last fall sent to make the preliminary investigations, and he has made a highly satisfactory report.

The iron will be obtained from the iron ranges in the Port Arthur District. Facilities will be provided for treating the other ores produced by Ontario. This syndicate has been formed to compete with the Societe du Nickel, which is the only one of the kind in the world.

The facts are also vouched for by neighbors, including the family of Mr. J. S. Randolph the well known Grand Trunk conductor who also says that the pills have been of inestimable value in his own family.

The remarkable and gratifying results from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Miss Ramsay, show that they are a scientific preparation designed to enrich and build up the blood and restore shattered nerves, and are a specific for all diseases arising from either of these causes that they are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females and all forms of weakness. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow they speedily enrich the blood, and bring the bright, rosy glow of health to the cheeks. In fact there appears to be no disease dependent upon vitiated condition of the nervous system that will not speedily yield to treatment with these pills.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.; Brockville, Ont., and Morrilton, N. Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

Prince George is likely to choose as his wife one of the two women, Princess Victoria, daughter of Prince Christian, or Princess Victoria of Hesse, the youngest daughter of Princess May. Both are charming and popular girls.

Some Children Growing Too Fast

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

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF Lime and Soda. Palatable as MILK. AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Genuine made by Scott & Bown, Belleville, Ontario. Sold by all Druggists, 50c, and \$1.00.

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DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. send in stamps for postage and we will mail you a free trial package. Clark Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.

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SOOTHING, CLEANSING, NEVER FAILS. CURES GOLDEN HEAD AND CATARRH. TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO. make the best goods. Try them and see.

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ASTHMACURED FREE. DR. TAIT'S ASTHMA CURE. never fails; send your address, and we will send you a free trial bottle. DR. TAIT BROS., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC. P. Harold Hayes, M.D., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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GRIP PULLEYS AND COUPLINGS AND WATERHOUS

MADE IN BRANTFORD CANADA. NOW LEAD.

OAT MEAL

Containing a large percentage of the flour of Oatmeal. It makes and keeps Lady's hands soft and smooth. It cures eczema and all diseases of the skin.

SKIN SOAP

Be Sure You Get the Genuine. Made by The Albert Toilet Soap Company.

BIG TIMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

The Mayor of Truro Sent to Jail by Provincial Legislature.

No event in connection with Nova Scotia politics since the explosion from the Legislature of D. B. Woodworth 15 years ago has excited the interest manifested over the jailing of David J. Thomas, mayor of Truro, for contempt. Mr. Thomas is one of the wealthiest men in Colchester county, and was the unanimous choice of the town for mayor. Mr. Lawrence, recorder of the town, is a member of the Provincial Legislature. The town wanted to dismiss Mr. Lawrence from the recordership and Lawrence is alleged to have secured the passage of an Act making appointment of all recorders of towns for life at a salary of \$400. A few weeks ago the council preferred charges against Lawrence, dismissed him from office and petitioned the Legislature to repeal the office-for-life law, conspiring to pass which through the Legislature was one of the charges against Lawrence. The sending of this petition was regarded as a breach of privilege, and for this the mayor was summoned to the bar of the House. The Legislature, however, regarding the offer as a petty affair, passed a very weak resolution of reprimand, but the mayor refused again to attend at the bar to hear the resolution read and went home. This was regarded as a gross insult to the dignity of Parliament, and the sergeant-at-arms, with his tin sword and a posse of police, were despatched to Truro to bring the culprit to justice. The mayor was accompanied to the depot by a procession and wildly cheered on his departure. The leading citizens chartered a special train and escorted their chief magistrate to Halifax. He was brought to the bar of the House last night, and his case was discussed until within a few moments of Sunday. The House was packed with an excited crowd. The precincts of the chamber and corridors were lined with people and detectives, the Government evidently fearing either an attempt at rescue or a riot. Special orders were given that Hugh McD. Henry, Q. C., the leading lawyer of the province, should not be permitted to see his client, the mayor. Mr. Henry sought an interview with Premier Fielding, in which very emphatic language was used and a personal encounter seemed eminent. Then Henry pushed his way through the guard of police to where the Mayor was confined, when he found that Attorney-General Longley had prepared an apology that he desired the mayor to offer. The mayor's wife was at his side insisting that he choose death rather than dishonor, and stiffening his back-bone against apologizing. Meanwhile the Legislature was discussing the legal aspects, the Government party loudly demanding that the honor of Parliament be maintained, and the Opposition insisting that there was no law under which the mayor could be punished, and those who voted for it would lay themselves open to damages for false imprisonment. At midnight the resolution of Premier Fielding carried, committing the mayor to the common jail for 28 hours, and his worship was marched through the corridors amid the cheers of the assemblage to the prison van. To-day (April 24) he held a reception and was visited by leading citizens. Upon his return to Truro he will be given a monster demonstration, and will be nominated as the Conservative candidate for Parliament in opposition to Mr. Lawrence, who sought to humiliate him.

The excitement over the case was increased when it was learned that Mayor Thomas was released from jail by an order from the Supreme Court. The case is unprecedented in the political annals of Nova Scotia, and the cases are very rare in which, when a man has been committed for contempt of the Legislature, he has been released on habeas corpus. In the present case the House had no constitutional authority to punish for the alleged offence with which the mayor was charged. Mayor Thomas will immediately institute actions for damages against all the members of the Government party who voted for his commitment.

The Etiquette of the Table.

As a people, we Americans have been laughed at for eating too fast, and we are credited as being a nation of dyspeptics, writes Ruth Ashmore in her interesting department "Side Talks with Girls" in the May Ladies' Home Journal. Now, of course, this is generalizing, but you, the eldest daughter, have it in your power to make the hour at the dinner or tea-table one of real delight. It is an easy matter, you will find, to start some pleasant topic: to get your father and brother interested in the talk of the day, so that you all will eat your food more

slowly, and you will achieve what the Frenchmen consider the great art—you will dine, not merely feed yourself. But there are a few little questions about the etiquette of the table that some girls want to know, and these I am going to tell her. She must hold her knife by its handle, and never let her fingers reach up to its blade. Whenever it is possible, a fork must be used in place of a spoon, and that same spoon, by the by, must never be left in a coffee or tea cup, but laid to rest politely and securely in the saucer. Glasses with handles are held by them. A goblet should be caught by the stem, the fingers not entwining the bowl part. Don't butter a large piece of bread and take bites from it; instead, break your bread in small pieces, one at a time, and butter it, that is if you are eating butter, and convey it to your mouth by your fingers. Olives, celery, radishes, strawberries with stems, and asparagus, are all eaten with the fingers. The old method of eating cheese with a knife has been given up, a fork being used in its place. The use of many small dishes for vegetables is not in good taste; indeed, many vegetables should not be served at one time.

The great bridge over the Mississippi at Memphis, Tenn., is practically completed.

Hon. Gains Turner, M. P. P. for Albert, N. B., died from an abscess at Fredricton on Monday.

A quarry of lithographing stone is said to have been found in Utah. Such stone is at present supplied exclusively from Bavaria.

Frank Hick, of Bothwell, had his arm crushed off while attempting to jump on a moving train at that place on Monday.

Mr. Nicholas J. Power, assistant accountant of the G. T. R., Montreal, has been appointed general passenger agent to succeed the late Wm. Edgar, Mr. G. T. Bell has been promoted to be Mr. Powers' assistant.

REMOVED.

J. H. Taman,

Practical Tailor

HAS Removed to the new building which has been fitted up for him just opposite the Albion Hotel, Gorrie, where he is prepared to meet his friends as usual, and to attend to all orders given him. He is a PRACTICAL WORKMAN and has held positions of trust in some of the best shops in the Dominion; has had a thorough training and experience in the Cutting Department, and will

GUARANTEE ALL WORK.

Cutting and Repairing done to Order.

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Tomato and Cabbage Plants for Sale.

Tomatoes, 25c. per doz.
Cabbage, 25c. per 100.

JOHN BOWMAN,
(At W. G. Strong's farm.)
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Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest rate of Interest.

GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Special Attention given to **CONVEYANCING.**

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North of the Post Office,
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Roller * Mills.

WILSON BROS., Props.

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

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

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

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

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City Boot and Shoe Store,

WROXETER.

W. C. HAZELWOOD

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For Girls, For Gentlemen, For Ladies.

Small, Large, Low-priced, High-priced, Fine, Coarse, Light, Stout.

Everybody can be suited. I am prepared to compete with any city, town, village or country store in Western Ontario.

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The Newsiest Local Paper in North Huron.

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Fast Job Presses.

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

On the most reasonable Terms.

Estimates Furnished

J. W. GREEN,
Editor.

SOLID FACTS

It is a solid fact that cannot be gainsaid that our facilities for buying goods are second to none in the County.

It is a solid fact that we do not deal in low priced, inferior or shoddy goods in order to sell cheap, but we always aim at giving our customers first class goods that we are not afraid or ashamed to stand behind after they are sold and sell them as low as possible consistent with living prices.

Our motto is 100 cents worth of goods for the \$ every time, we propose to both buy and sell this way.

Our stock for the Spring is now fully assorted and we shall be pleased to compare goods and prices with anything in the trade.

Our Spring Millinery Opening is on April 5th, and following days.

W. S. BEAN

Montreal House,

GORRIE, ONT.

"LOST."

A Story of the Australian Bush.

"Linn, old man, we've lost the track!" "Don't be a howling idiot, man. Lost how could we be lost? Why, there's the track right ahead, and pretty fresh, too."

"But Anderson flung himself off his horse on to the dry grass and covered his face with his hands."

"All you," reiterated his mate, leaning forward in his saddle and shading his eyes, "I see no marks quite plain. Why, they might have been made yesterday!"

"They were made yesterday," groaned the other hopefully. "Don't you see, my dear fellow, we made them ourselves."

"What can we do?" he asked. "We must spell a bit. The horses are done. As it is, I'm afraid your's will be left and we'll have to go on foot. There must be water about somewhere, for look at the crows; but we can't find it, and we couldn't have searched more carefully."

"Why not shoot the old horse if he's no good. His blood might—"

"Nonsense, man. Aren't you bushman enough yet to know that drinking blood's only the beginning of the end? Once we do that—"

"Well after?" asked Helm. "But the other did not answer, for he, too in his heart, was asking, 'After?' And their lips were dry and parched, and their tongues swollen, and before them lay the salt-pan with right in the centre a little gleam of dark water which mocked their misery. There was no water for him to tie down beneath the scanty shade and rest. They were too weary to push on, all their energy had departed, and Helm, lying on his back looking up at the patches of blue sky that peeped through the branches, said with a sigh:

"If we do not, I wish to heaven the end would come now. I can't stand the thought of—of—What's it like, old man? Is it very bad, do you think?"

"As bad as bad can be."

"And is there no hope?"

"What could he say, this man who had lived in the bush all his life? What hope could he give, when practically his experience told him there was no hope—that if they would save themselves from needless pain they would turn their pistols against themselves and die there and now. But the love of life is strong in us all and the hope of life is as strong. How could they die, these strong men with life in every vein? No, no, surely it was impossible. An ignominious scuttled across in front of them, and Helm started up eagerly.

"There," he said, "there—and I never thought. Look at that beast. There must be water somewhere, or how could he live."

Anderson sighed. "Yes, there's the bitterness of it. I know there's water about if only we could find it; but as we didn't find any when we had everything in our favor, there's not much good in our waiting time looking now. After all I believe those beasts must live without, though they say they don't. No, old chap, our only hope lies in pushing on to the nearest water we know of."

"Then don't let's lie here wasting precious minutes. Every moment is of consequence; let's make a start. We must push on."

"He broke a branch from a tree, thereby scattering the crows, and stepped down to the edge of the glittering white salt. It crunched beneath his feet like sand, and he went on till the hard crust began to give way beneath him and the thick mud oozed up. Then, when he thought it was moist enough to resist the fierce hot wind, which was blowing from the north like a breath from a oven, he prepared to write his last message. And then came the difficulty. What was he to say? What could he say? Not that he had so little, but so much. And it might never be read after all, or at best it would only be read by some station hand who, once they were dead, would give but a passing thought to their sufferings. They had found a skeleton, he remembered, the first year he had been on 'Yerlo,' a skeleton that must have been lying there years, a poor, wind-tossed, sun-baked thing from which all semblance of humanity had long since departed, and he, in his carelessness, had thought so little of it, had never realized the awful suffering that must have been before the strong man came to that."

And now—and now—he took his stick and wrote in large printed letters on the crisp salt: "STOP."

"Lost."

"James Anderson and Charles Helm were lost on the 20th October. They have gone S. E. from the salt-pan. Will you kindly send word to Mrs. Helm, The Explainer, St. Kilda, and to Miss Drysdale, Glenelg, East Melbourne."

Then he wrote the name, "Charles Helm." It seemed so feeble, so inadequate, not a hundredth part of what he felt he ought to press, and yet, what could he say? Not even in his extremity could he write tender messages to his loved ones. They would know, surely they would know, they would understand that his thoughts had been full of them when he wrote that cold message. What more could he say? He would never know the love and longing that had filled his heart? Would his mother ever know that her boy had thought of her at the last? Would Mabel Drysdale understand how he had cared for her?—all he meant to convey by the mere mention of her name? He stepped slowly back and wakened his companion.

"Mate," he said, "don't you think we'd better be travelling? It's a little cooler now, and it's getting late."

Anderson struggled to his feet wearily, and then went down to the salt-pan. "So you've been leaving a last message," he said. "I'm afraid it's not much good. Who's likely to pass this way?"

"It's only a chance, of course," said Helm, "but—well—I'd like them, if possible, to know I'd thought of them."

"And a woman, too," laughed Anderson cynically, "if we get out of this you'll learn I expect, just about how little value she set on your care for her."

"You've been unlucky," said the younger man gently; "there are women who—out there, don't suppose we'll come through. Anything's possible, but I'll keep mine. Perhaps here and there there may be woman worth caring about, but they're few and far between."

"Don't you want to say anything?" asked Helm. "Who? I? No. Who is there to care a straw whether I leave my carcass to the crows or not? There's only the boy, and he's too young to understand. But, I say, you might have mentioned the name of the station," and taking the stick from Helm's hand, he walked out on the salt and wrote: "Please let them know at 'Yerlo,' and signed his name, 'James Anderson.'"

"Helm went up to the horses. "It's no go," he said. "My poor old beggar's done."

"I expected it, old chap. We'll have to foot it; mine's only a shade better than yours. Clearly we'll have to leave yours behind. Mine can carry the pack a little farther, but I really don't think he can carry me."

It was still very hot, but the shadows of the boxwood trees had grown longer and there was just a promise of the coming night in the air. They must walk, for they had only the one horse now, and it did not seem likely he could hold out long. The other horse lay down to die, and whether this one could crawl on under their slender pack more was a question Anderson asked himself more than once. That he could carry either of them was out of the question. They put a blanket or two on his back, their pistols, and the empty water-bags, and then it seemed cruel to force the poor beast to move, but necessity knew no law, and they started slowly on their hopeless journey round the salt-pan, Anderson leading the way. Helm following with the horse. So slowly they went, and their only hope lay in speed. Helm looked back a little sadly at the dying horse, which had made an effort to rise as it lay in the protest against being left.

"Poor old beggar," said Anderson. "Oh, give him a chance for his life," said Anderson. "I've known horses to recover in the most wonderful way. After he's had a spell he may find water for himself; anyhow we'll give him the chance."

It was a blessed relief when the sun sank beneath the horizon, the night was still and hot, but the wind dropped at sundown and the men found it easier to walk in the dark. The crows had followed them as long as it was day, but they, too, left as soon as the darkness fell. They were unaccustomed to walking, and it would have been hard work under the most favorable circumstances, but they were determined to try. They talked much for what had they to say? An hour or two and the moon rose, a full moon, red and fiery; and as she rose slowly the zenith, silvering as she rose, the plain grew light as day. Every little stick and stone, every little grass blade, was clearly outlined; the low ridge where they were leaving behind, the ridge where they had found the horse, the ridge where the large behind them, while the salt-pan to their left stretched away one great lake of glittering white, which it seemed to Helm they could never round.

"How long, Anderson," he asked, "before we can hope to reach the other side?"

"Not before morning, man. I don't see we can do it before morning."

"Then sleep, merciful sleep, came to them in their weakness, and they slept till the first faint streaks of dawn began to appear in the eastern sky. It was a dreary, hopeless waking. The salt lake was behind them, now and all around was the plain, bare, hard earth in some places, patches of

grass, in others, not a living thing visible; even the crows had gone, and though the four birds had filled Helm with a shuddering horror, their absence was still more terrible, for he did not know that they were plunging farther and farther into the desert, farther and farther from the water without which they could not live out another day? The sun rose higher and higher till the full force of his rays seemed more than they could bear, and yet the nearest shade was miles away, a line of trees or scrub dim on the horizon.

Neither mentioned the significance of the absence of the crows, though both were thinking of it, but at last Helm said: "The trees—let's go for the trees. This is past bearing."

But Anderson shook his head. "They're clean out of the way, man," he said sadly. "Try to hold out a little longer. The old horse is keeping up wonderfully. I never thought he'd hold out so long."

"He's very nearly at his last gasp," said Helm, and they relapsed into silence again. "Oo, and on, and on. The thirst was so bad now they could hardly speak to one another; still they pushed on under the burning rays of the almost vertical sun, every step it seemed might they discovered they were lost—only last night? Another mile, and another, and the heat grew unbearable, and Helm without a word turned to the left and away from the trees. Anderson paused a moment and then followed him, though it was giving up the struggle. If they turned to the path which led to the salt-pan they knew of, turned into this path, less water there, what possible chance was there for them? And yet how could they stand this terrible heat any longer?

"I tell you I shall go mad," moaned Helm. "I didn't think I was a coward, but I can't stand this. Old chap, don't let me go mad; shoot me if you see I'm going mad."

"Mad," said the other bravely. "Nonsense, man, you're all right. You'll feel better presently when you've had a spell."

The line of trees resolved itself on closer inspection into close growing gidgea scrub, and long before they reached it the crows had again made their appearance. A little flock kept them company, waiting on in front, rushing up behind as if perchance they might be late, wheeling round on either side.

"There must be water there," said Helm eagerly. "Look at the crows again."

"Don't build on it, old chap," said the other. "The scrub is too thick for us to get through."

But Helm was not to be dissuaded, and he wasted his energies in a fruitless search for water. His mate looked more soberly, because more helplessly, but the result was the same, and finally they lay down in the shade and slept again, slept soundly too, in spite of the crows, which were more confident, more impudent than ever. Night fell, and with it the darkness grew in Helm's intense desire to be on the way again.

"We're wasting time," he kept saying hoarsely, for his tongue was so swollen he could hardly speak at all—"wasting time. Don't you see they'll be expecting us in to supper at Gerring Gerring, and I shouldn't like the crows to get there first. They might frighten her, you know; she's only a girl and she hasn't seen so much of them as you and me. Those knowing old crows! They're not here now. Don't you see that's why they want to get there first?"

"Be quiet, man. You're dreaming."

"Dreaming, was I? Anderson, Anderson, mate, I'm not going mad. For God's sake, don't let me go mad."

"No," the old man, it's all right. We're on the right track now. Here, I'll take the horse and you give me your gun. There, now then, if we're lucky we may hit Gerring Gerring before morning."

They walked on in silence, but Helm kept stumbling, and a but for his companion's supporting arm would have fallen more than light as day again he stopped short and looked solemnly in his companion's face. It was worn and haggard and weary, but not so wild, he felt instinctively, as his own.

"Anderson," he said, "I know I'm done for. My head's all wrong. It's cooler now, but what'll it be to-morrow? If—if—if I die, don't say how I died. Just say I died, don't say how I died."

"All right, mate," said the other, "for he had no comfort to give."

And then they walked on again in silence till the moon declined before the coming day, the cruel day, which brought the heat and the following crows again. Dawn brought them to a patch of dead scrub with pretty green leaves through which it is well-nigh impossible to force a way even under the most favorable circumstances, and which presented an utterly impassable barrier to men in their condition. They turned aside once more, and Anderson brought them to a halt. They must indeed have given up hope to be stopped by an impassable barrier and yet to make no sound. It was stately the very depths of hopelessness when all ways were alike to them. He looked back on their tracks and dismay filled his heart; they were not firm and straight, but wavering and wandering like those of men in their last extremity. He had followed tracks like these before now, and they always led to the same thing, a dead end. A little farther on Helm let go his cart and ran ahead.

"We'll never do any good at this rate," he gasped, "never—never—and he pulled at the collar of his shirt till he tore it away. "We must have something to drink. We'll die, there's the old horse, he can't stagger a step farther; what's the good of keeping him? Let's shoot him—and—and—There's enough blood in him to—"

"No, no, man, no. I tell you that's the beginning of the end—more than the beginning—the end in fact."

"I don't care."

Before Anderson could stop him, Helm drew his pistol and shot the horse in the head.

The poor beast was at his last gasp, and for the last hour Anderson had been meditating the advisability of leaving him behind so to prevent his mate from drinking the blood, which, according to the faith of the bushman, is worse than drinking salt water.

"Poor old beggar," he said, taking his pistols and cartridges from the saddle, where they had been wrapped among the blankets. "I suppose it was about the kindest thing we could do for him. Come on, mate, we must leave him to the crows now," and he caught Helm's arm and would have led him on.

But the other resisted, and breaking free ran back, and before he could stop him had drawn his knife across the horse's throat and taken a long draught of blood.

Does it sound ghastly? But such things, and his lips were dry and parched, and his throat so swollen that he could only speak in hoarse whispers, and so great was the temptation that Anderson, looking away at the bare pitiless plain with the

mocking mirage in the distance, felt that he too might as well drink and die; only the thought of the cripple boy who would be alone in the world but for him made him make one more desperate effort for self-control.

He took the younger man's arm and dragged him on, skirting slowly round the "dead finish" till at length late in the afternoon, it gave place to bore. His own senses were clear enough, but Helm was muttering wildly, and he listened with unheeding ears to his babble of home and mother and sweetheart. They could not go far, and soon they forced their way in among the low trees, turning their evil blue black heads on one side to get a better view of their prey.

"I can't keep my head," moaned Helm, "I know I have. It has stretched out into ages, this long day, and it's not over yet. When were we lost? Yesterday. The day before? It feels like years."

"Never mind," said Anderson, not unkindly; "it can't be much longer now. Try to sleep, old man."

"Sleep! With a thousand devils tearing at me!"

But they did sleep after all, a weary, troubled sleep, a broken sleep full of frightful dreams, or still more cruel ones of cooling streams and rippling waters. Night came, and Anderson awoke from what seemed to him a doze of a moment to find his companion gone from his side. For a second the thought came to him that it was not worth while to look for him. He was mad about him, and where was the use of troubling about him any further? And then his better feelings, and perhaps that longing for human companionship which we all must feel, made him rise up and look for him. Up and down, he was staggering up and down, a hundred feet one way and then back again on his own tracks.

"We must get on, old chap," he muttered when he saw Anderson. "We must get on. You rest if you like, though; there isn't anybody waiting for you; but Mabel she's waiting for me, and I must try and get back. She would be disappointed else. Grieve! Of course she'll grieve if I'm lost. All the world isn't a cynic like you."

Anderson took his arm again. "All right, together," he said. "If you do care a straw about seeing her again, come on quietly with me."

He yielded for the moment, but it required an continuous effort on Anderson's part to keep him up to it. Plainly his reason was gone, and the other man, growing weaker and weaker, found by the time the sun was high in the heavens that the effort was more than he could make. It was the end, or so close that he could only hope and pray the end would come quickly. The young fellow had struggled on so bravely, so hopefully, and now it had come to this. They had left the scrub behind them and Anderson made his way to a tree, the only specimen of its kind in all the wide plain, and lay down beneath its branches—to rest? No, he felt in his heart it was to die. Helm was curled up on his side, and he kept staggering on hopelessly round and round the tree, struggling to keep in the shade, fancying, as many a lost man has done before him, that he was "pushing on."

It was the same old story. Anderson had heard it told hundreds of times over the camp-fire—one man will lie down to die quietly and the other will go raving mad. So Helm had gone mad, poor chap; and then he remembered his passionate prayer to him, not to let him go mad, to shoot him if he saw he was going mad, and he lay and looked up at the hard blue sky through the leaves, and at the watching crows, and knew that he was only waiting for death, knew that he was too utterly weary to aid in any way his mate. He was watching him as he went monotonously round and round. It was not so hard after all—not near so hard for him as for Helm. If only the boy were dead he thought wearily, if only the boy were dead he would be glad that this should be his life's end, never worth much, he had failed all through, he would be glad to be at rest—if only the boy were there before him; but the boy—the poor little helpless thing—must make another effort for the boy's sake, and he struggled to his feet again. But the burning landscape was a blood-red blur before his eyes, and then quite suddenly, it seemed to him, sight and hearing left him. He was dying—was this death? How merciful death was—if only the boy—

Very wearily he opened his eyes. Could it be that some one was pouring water down his throat? Some one was bathing his face.

"He's coming to," said a voice in his ear. "Jove, it was a narrow shave. The other poor chap's done for isn't he, Ned?"

"Quite dead. He went mad evidently, the clean off his head. Why, the poor chap had begun on his own grave."

When Anderson came to himself he found he had been picked up by the other exploring party.

"We picked up your tracks away by the 'dead finish' there," said the leader, "and I thought it must be pretty near U P with you. You've had the devil's own luck, mate. Why, you were within five miles of Gerring Gerring Water, and over by the 'dead finish' you passed within three miles of a very decent waterhole, quite good enough to have kept life within you. You shot the horse?"

"My mate did. He was mad, poor fellow."

"Poor beggar, he seems to have had a bad time, but it's all over now."

It was indeed all over now. They had wrapped him in a blanket and were digging a shallow grave. He had begun it himself, they said, and had been digging with his long knife, though whether it was for water, or whether it was really intended as a grave, no one could now say. His suffering was ended.

They left him there in the desert, the young fellow who had fought so hard for life and set so much store by it; and as soon as Anderson was a little recovered set out for 'Yerlo' again.

Anderson flung the reins to the lad and walked quietly into the house. It was a mistake, he clearly saw, coming back from the grave. He wished he had died with five miles of Gerring Gerring Water.—(Mary Gaunt in the English Illustrated Magazine.)

The Dog Howled or His Grave.

Mr. William Gohm, clerk of the township of Macaulay, Muskoka, a reliable and truthful man, relates this story, which can be substantiated by several of his neighbors, viz., the Zimmonds, Longfords and Phillips. On the corner of the Longford farm and north of Mr. Gohm's there is a small graveyard. About two months ago an unknown colts dog was seen in the daytime and heard howling and crying at night in and around the graveyard. About three weeks thereafter it was ascertained that the dog belonged to Robert Cooper. On the day Robert was passing the graveyard when the dog saw him and ran to him and followed him home. Robert had been unwell for some time, but got much worse the next day and died in about a week. His remains were interred in this graveyard and the dog has been there nearly all the time since and makes the nights hideous by its mournful howling. It has been taken home and tied, but returns to the grave as soon as let loose. The people around there are not given to superstition, being level-headed kind of Methodists, but they are puzzled to know why the dog visited the graveyard and remained there howling before his master died.

Quite a Noticeable Difference.

"Do the men treat you any differently since you have been promoted?" asked his friend.

"Yes, a little."

"More respectful to you, I suppose?"

"Yes; but that's not the most noticeable thing."

"Don't grumble when you ask them to do anything, perhaps they're used to it; but that isn't the greatest difference."

"Well, then, what is it?"

"Why, they always laugh now when I tell a funny story."

"Really?"

"Oh, yes, and they seem interested when I talk of the bright things my children say and do."

The friend gave a dubious shake of his head.

"Don't you let Blaine hear of that," he said.

"James G. Blaine" asked the other in surprise.

"Certainly."

"Why not?"

"He'll be offering them foreign missions. You have an office full of diplomats."—(Chicago Herald.)

An Amicable Arrangement.

"How is it, Uncle Rastus," said a gentleman to a darkey, "that you never married? Aren't you an admirer of the soft sex?"

"I foter duel wunob 'bout a gal, sah," replied Uncle Rastus.

"A gal?"

"Yes, sah; yasha and yasha ago. Sam Jackson an myself, we wof lubbed de sam gal; we were bof boun' to git dah, and de business climaxed in er duel. We bof waf a trifle nahvous, sah, an' stead ob me hittin' Sam or Sam hittin' me, we brought down a vallyble mule dat wah standin' nealf de fence."

"And did you fire again?" asked the gentleman, very much interested.

"No, sah, dat wof bef kinder skeart like. So we entered into and amicable prearrangement."

"How did you settle it?"

"Sam tuk de gal an' gree'd to pay for de mule, an' I hain't lubbed since!"

Germany's Ex-Chancellor.

Prince Bismarck was seventy-seven years old on April 1st. The day was marked by the attendance at Friedrichshruhe, where the Prince resides, of a much larger number of persons than usually have invited there on similar occasions. The Prince held a reception in the park and had a hearty word for all who called upon him. He looked remarkably well. A large number of floral gifts was sent to him from all parts of the empire. Numerous deputations from various parts of the country waited upon, and congratulated him, thanking a deputation representing 10,000 miners in the Bochum district, the Prince said that coal and iron were closely associated with husbandry. He himself was a farmer, and he never credited aspersions upon the Bochum industry. The environs of Friedrichshruhe were densely thronged all day with people, all desirous of honoring the great German statesman. At night the place was brilliantly illuminated and a torch-light procession was held. The Prince's birthday was warmly celebrated in Berlin and other places throughout Germany. A telegram of congratulations was sent to the former Chancellor on behalf of the members of the National Liberal Party.

Could Wait a Little.

"Padder—'Is your mother in?'"

"Little Girl—'I haven't any. She's dead.'"

"How long has she been dead?"

"'Bout a year."

"Is your stepmother in?"

"'I haven't any yet.'"

"Well, I'll wait."

Vigorous Kissing.

Mother—"Bobby, come right up stairs this instant and change your shoes and stockings."

Bobby—"They isn't wet."

Mother—"Indeed they are, just soaking. I can hear them 'sop, sop, sop,' whenever you walk."

Bobby—"That's Sis and Mr. Nicciello's in th' parlor."

A Puzzling Reply.

Col. Yerger, having waited a considerable length of time for his supper at an Austin restaurant, as a sort of a hint asked the Irish waiter what o'clock it was.

"Twenty minutes to ate, sor," was the reply.

Col. Yerger was puzzled to know whether the waiter meant twenty minutes to wait, twenty minutes to eight, or twenty minutes to ate.

Business About to Pick Up.

"Wilkins," said the proprietor of the green-house, "how are we off for flowers this morning?"

"We've got a pretty good supply," replied the junior florist.

"Plenty of 'Jack roses,' American Beauties, violets and lilies of the valleys?"

"Lots 'em."

"Raise the price of them twenty-five per cent, and engage an assistant. They've got another wife-murderer in jail."

WHAT HE REMEMBERS.

Interesting Incidents in the Life of a Pioneer in the H. B. Co's Service.

An Indian's Terrible Revenge—A Woman Prays for a Looking-glass in Exchange for Her Child.

Going up in the train to Goldstream, recently, I sat in the seat behind a very old man, who was watching the scenery, as the carriage flew along, with evident enjoyment.

As over. So I sat still and let him go ahead, switching him off occasionally by a judicious word or two into the subject more particularly wished him to speak of.

"I was a raw Scotch lad in the m days," he said, "when we broke up home in Wick and came off to London with the old man, who was going aboard the ship Prince of Wales."

I happened to be held in the lee chains, and when we swung round the anchor chains a long skin canoe hauled in right alongside me, and hooked on to the chains on which I was standing.

"When the 'Prince of Wales' reached the upper waters of Hudson's Bay, I was told by the old hands aboard, who had been in these parts before, that they would show me some.

Wonderful Esquimaux Shooting before we got up much further. They then proceeded to attach to some fine string some of the big ship's biscuits, and tied them, with about a hang of three feet, to the extremity of every yard of the vessel.

"When I left the 'Prince of Wales,' and after a series of adventures, reached the Fraser River, still in the service of the H. B. Co. I was sent up to posts on the river, and for some time was engaged in salting and pickling salmon.

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A GROUP OF DON'TS.

How to Avoid Incongruous Forms of Expression and Colloquialisms.

Do not say "He speaks bad grammar," but "He uses poor English."

Do not say "I am real ill," but "I'm really ill."

Do not say "I'm not going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

Do not say "I'm not going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

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Do not say "I'm not going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

QUEER THING ABOUT BANKS.

They Give the Depositor Very Slight Evidence of Their Debt to Him.

"Did you ever give any particular thought to how insignificant and informal is the evidence of debt which a bank gives its regular depositors in return for the large sums of money the depositors leave with them?"

"For the \$3,073 in gold and currency, to say nothing of the \$5,263.20 in drafts and silver, which we left with the bank just now, all we get in return were the six figures and the date; no promise to pay—not even an I. O. U. from the bank."

"Positively nowhere else! In many respects I consider this feature one of the seven wonders known of in connection with no other period of the world, so far as I know."

"Some day we will hear of a gigantic fraud of some sort or other as the result of the present deposit book system. Already many small ones have happened, but have been hushed up by the banks."

"It is a generally accepted fact in banking and mercantile circles that this is the one weakest spot in the business doing of to-day."

"Think of it a minute; no contract—not the touch of the pen or a line of printed matter acknowledging obligation on the part of the banks in return for the millions of money daily received by them from depositors! It is certainly remarkable that how and one which should be changed—but how?"

ASLEEP FOR NINE YEARS.

A Young Woman Who Dosed off in 1833 Still Sleeping.

A remarkable case of suspended animation, of scientific interest, is referred to in an issue of the English Mechanic. The sleeper is a young woman named Marguerite Boyenval, of the village of Thionville, in France, who fell into a cataleptic condition on May 29, 1833, since which day she has never shown the slightest sign of returning consciousness.

"During these nine years she has been free from all cares of life, without thought or motion, consequently there has been no apparent waste of muscular or nervous tissue. The hand of time seems to have spared this unconscious sleeper, no change has taken place in her countenance, she appears no older to-day than when she fell asleep nine years ago at the age of twenty-five."

"The eyes are turned upward, so that the pupils are entirely out of sight on opening the eyelids. The lips, when moved, appear to lack the elasticity necessary to return spontaneously to their original position."

"About Animals. Spiders are seven times stronger in proportion than lions."

"The pig has forty-four teeth, the dog has forty-two, and mankind only thirty-two."

"A cocoon of a well-fed silkworm will often yield a thread 1,000 yards long, and one has been produced which contained 1,205 yards."

"At the other day killed a big alligator in Florida by jumping on its neck and biting through the tender hide until it reached a vital spot."

"It is known that the hoofs of horses were protected by boots of leather at a very early period in the world's history—at a time which antedates Pliny and Aristotle, both of whom make mention of the fact."

"Small's eggs absorb moisture. The most singular thing about them, however, is their marvelous vitality. They may be burnt in a furnace and thus reduced to powder, yet on the application of moisture they swell and regain their vitality, hatching out as freely and successfully as if they had been left alone."

"It is the present expectation that every species of fish and other aquatic animals will be enough to be seen, which is native to inland waters, and to the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, except, perhaps, a live whale, will be exhibited in the fisheries department of the Exposition."

"A few years ago the owners of a river-side farm in southern Indiana published a report which seemed to prove that for a few weeks hibernating birds of certain species are apt to hibernate, like bats and squirrels. A number of laborers had been clearing a patch of wood at the river shore, and came across several martins or chimney swallows that had taken refuge in a hollow sycamore tree and appeared numb or half dead with cold, but on being brought to a warm room revived and fluttered about the windows as if nothing had happened."

SAVED BY A MATCH.

On the north edge of Manitoulin Island is situated a small village known as "Little Current," which takes its name from a narrow channel of water lying directly before it and separating it from one of the many small islands that lie between Manitoulin and the north shore of Lake Huron.

"I was standing here one day gazing at the dark waters of the channel whirling and eddying in ceaseless agitation as if some troubled spirit concealed beneath vainly sought succor from sorrow, I was accosted by a tall, broomed and weather-beaten stranger, who, judging from his long boots, blue mackinaw and red sash, I concluded to be a "shanty-boy," nor was I wrong in this conjecture. In the course of the conversation which ensued he spoke at some length concerning the singularity of this current, and told me that the waters were never at rest. Sometimes they would flow for several days in one direction; for they would turn and flow as steadily in the other. So to and fro, year in and year out, their action never ceased. Even in the depth of winter during the hardest freezing weather the channel had never been known to remain frozen over for more than a few hours, or at most, a day at a time, although at that point it is scarcely more than a furlong in width."

"I know the place pretty well," he said. "In fact, there was something happened to me once over on that island,—Goat Island it is called—that has caused the whole scene to be impressed upon my mind in a way that I am not likely soon to forget. I nearly lost my life at that spot, and if you like I'll tell you how it was. I had once expressed a desire to hear his story, which he thereupon narrated something after the following manner:—

"Away beyond that line of blue hills you see yonder, about 40 miles from here, lies a dense piney, where some five years ago I was working in a lumber-camp. The winter set in early that season, and a very cold winter it was. We had two feet of snow by the 1st of December with a steady spell of sharp, freezing weather. Now my parents live in Manitoulin here, not more than a mile from where we stand, and the day before Christmas I made up my mind to come home and spend the day with them; for I always make it a point to come home on Christmas, although I may be away all the rest of the year. Some way or another I don't think it would be Christmas to me if I was away on that day. At any rate they always expect me there when the time comes around, and I always manage to be there. They say we shanty-boys are pretty rough lot, but I guess the worst of us don't forget home and mother at such times."

"Between here and where our camp was located there was and is yet nothing but a howling wilderness, and no regular road to travel by. Consequently I was obliged to hire an Indian guide who could take me by the most direct route to make sure of reaching my destination. The day before Christmas then we set off on our tramp, expecting to reach Goat Island here about night-fall. You see between this island and the North Shore lies a great many islands, the channels which separate these are generally frozen over in the winter time, so that there is no trouble in crossing from one to another. But a person can never be sure about the "Current" here, for though when the weather is calm and cold for some considerable time it may freeze over solid enough to carry a man across, yet as soon as the wind rises the open water is put into commotion, the current rushes through here with great violence, and in a little while the ice is broken up into smithereens. However, on this occasion as there had been an exceptionally long spell of calm freezing weather, we expected to cross in safety. But even the open water should prove to be open, we knew that by signalling a boat to the village we could get a boat to come off and take us over, as there is one kept here for that purpose."

"Well it was a long trudge, and to make matters worse I had not been used to tramping for some time previous. In addition to this the walking was very hard, for the snow was loose and fluffy causing our snow-shoes to sink down considerably at every step. Then, too, there were plenty of hills and rocks to weary to climb up and down, so that before two-thirds of the journey was completed I was pretty well tuckered out. But my guide, who was a very old fellow, used to long marches, in fact he had been doing anything else all his life, so that this was mere child's play to him and he showed no signs of flagging. I resolved not to be outdone by an Indian, for I knew he would brag about it afterwards. Therefore I tried to treat the matter as unimportant as possible, as it had been the most enjoyable exercise imaginable."

"When we had completed about half the journey we stopped to partake of a lunch with which we had provided ourselves; and when we set off again Joe lit his short black pipe, remarking as he threw the burnt match away that it was the last one he had, but that he would purchase more when he reached the "Current." He thought little of the incident at the time, but found reason to remember it afterwards."

"The trip was a very monotonous one. Everything was still as the grave excepting that every now and then the sharp "click" of the trees told that Jack Frost was busy. We didn't see a single living creature, not even a chickadee, to bear us company on the way. Unfortunately, too, before we reached the coast-line where we were to take the ice and cross from island to island until we reached this last one, we lost our way, and we got right again we wandered some distance in the wrong direction, and of course wasted considerable time besides. I had now become so tired that I was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other and frequently was floundering in the snow by catching my awkward shoes on obstacles that otherwise I might have avoided. To be brief, it was night-fall before we reached the shore, and to add to our disappointment we had not come out at the right place and so found ourselves still some ten miles from Goat Island. The walking was very good over the ice, however, and we were enabled to dispense with our snow-shoes, which was some consolation."

"By this time a northwest wind had risen and was blowing with considerable force. The sky had become over-cast with clouds which were flying along in a wild sort of chase, and among which the moon soon became so bewildered that she was unable to give much light. Still the worst of our journey seemed over, although I had become so fatigued that, hunting as it was, I was obliged to hang on to Joe's arm for support, much I think to his satisfaction, for he was very proud of his powers of endurance."

"How I ever managed to struggle on as far as Goat Island I do not know, and it would be tedious to tell if I did, but we got there at last about 10 o'clock. The wind had now increased in violence and was blowing a regular gale. It was so keen that it seemed to pierce the very bones like darts of ice. We hastened across the bleak island to the crossing-place and found what latterly we had too good reason to expect. The ice was gone. In its place the water was dashing upon the shore in foam-crested waves and roaring like a mill-dam. We were too late. I was so overcome with cold and exhaustion that with this fresh disappointment I sank down powerless on the lee side of that little clump of cedars you see just to the right of that big rock, every spark of ambition gone. All I cared for now was rest and sleep. Joe knew the danger of allowing me to remain in this condition and tried to rouse me out of it. But I only begged him to let me alone and turned a deaf ear alike to his warnings and entreaties. I no longer felt the cold. I was comfortable now, entirely satisfied, and asked for nothing more. In fact I was fast sinking into that sleep which often passes into the eternal rest. My companion seeing that his efforts were unavailing to prevent for any length of time my dozing off into the fatal slumber now tried to rouse me by shouting with all his might across the narrow channel that had proven so treacherous in our hour of need. I could see lights still shining in the windows of those who had not retired for the night, and he pictured to himself how comfortably they were situated around their firesides while we were being frozen outside not more than a quarter of a mile away. Again and again he shouted with all the energy of his soul, but the roar of wind and waters drowned his voice and his efforts were in vain. The louder he called the louder the noise of the elements seemed to mock him. The hour was late and unless some stranger happened to pass the street at the time it was very doubtful if all his shouting, even if it could be heard the distance, would attract any attention. Then he bethought him of building a fire. But, as you can plainly see, the island is almost totally bare of timber, the only thing that at all resembles wood being a quarter of a mile away. I was noticing growing here and there in small clumps. Fortunately, however, Joe remembered that a small shelter had been built not more than ten rods from where we then were for the accommodation of a few sheep that had pastured on the island during the winter. The boards of this sheep-pen were all of pitch-pine and when once set on fire would make a good conflagration. Joe took them wrenched from their fastenings and piled in a heap. Then with his long clasp-knife he quickly prepared an abundance of fine shavings, and when everything was ready put his hand into his pocket for a match. It was at that moment that the fact flashed upon his mind of his having used the last match to light his pipe. Could he have possibly overlooked one somewhere in a corner of his pocket? He made a thorough search but found nothing except the broken end of one, and that the match was lying on the white like log entirely unconscious of what was happening around me,—but I had never been a smoker and had no occasion to carry matches, so he found none on me. Then he hunted his own pocket again in a persistent sort of way, as if he knew the person will do even after he has lost all hope of finding what he is looking for."

"The future looked dark. One thing seemed certain, that if help did not come soon I would be past all help, for I was by this time completely overpowered by the stupor that had seized my senses. As for myself, being inured to the fore-finger of hardships, he could possibly have weathered the night out, but he could not bear the idea of seeing a fellow-being perish before his eyes."

"Now in the midst of his despair, as he still listlessly rummaged in his vest-pockets in an aimless sort of way, he happened to find his right hand found its way through a hole in the upper edge of his pocket. This was the entrance to a larger pocket, or rather the space between the lining and the cloth of his vest. Now right down in the very corner of the lining his finger encountered something that caused him to give a great start of surprise. For there where it had lain safely concealed for a long time, no doubt, was nothing more nor less than the piece of a match. But it was only one match, or rather only the piece of one match, and the rest depended upon the success of his efforts to get the fore-finger of a cool-headed fellow with plenty of nerve. He redoubled his care with the shavings, made them so fine and light that a spark would almost set them off. Coarser kindling was placed around these; every stick and piece of wood he could get his hands on ready he crunched down closely over the heap with his over-coat unbuttoned and drawn around in such a manner as to exclude every breath of air. Then with steady hand he drew forth the precious fragment of match upon which so much depended. Even at that moment he was not sure that it would ignite, for if it had been overpowered by dampness all his pains would have been useless. But another instant would decide everything. Life or death. With a quick motion he struck the match. It burned up brightly into a little flame. In an instant the shavings were on fire. In the next the heavy pieces were aflame and burning like torches. Every available plank and board and stick was piled upon the rapidly increasing blaze, and in five minutes a great roaring bon-fire was flashing through the night our signal of distress."

"Joe now took his stand before the fire and then he saw a lantern flashing about on the opposite shore. Shortly afterwards came the dip, dip of oars through the water. But of all these things I knew nothing, and when I came to my senses I was lying in bed and someone pouring stimulants down my throat. I could hear the buzz of the saw in the room. In fact, I was safe beneath the parental roof with mother and father standing by the bedside. It was three weeks before we were able to start, but if it hadn't been for that lucky piece of match, it is not likely I would ever have been home then again, or telling you now why it is that I remember "Little Current" so well."

Lynn, Mass. V. H. Mc—

About the Tongue.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak. Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater lord," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A long tongue—early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead, "Don't let your tongue out of your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab says this import, "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart,"

From Hebrew wit the maxim springs, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crouches the whole, Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

EDISON

Was asked, "can electricity be used in case of war?"

"That," said he, "I want to talk about. It is true I have invented an electric torpedo, the Sigsbee torpedo, which we have sold out to the Armstrong Co. in a way, as of course you understand, and moved by electricity. It can be run out two miles ahead of a man-of-war's bow and kept at that distance ready to blow up anything in its reach. It is a very pretty and destructive toy. But it is not in that kind of thing that I take pride. What I want to see is some foreign nation coming to this country to attack us on our own ground."

"That is what I want to see, and I think that electricity will play such a part in war when that time comes. It shall make gun-powder and dynamite go in for humbly obsolescence. I have seen the electric arc and call him brother. Every electrician, when that time comes, will have his plan for making the life of his enemy electrically uncomfortable. Here is one item of defense which I have in mind."

"It is simple as ABC. I have never spoken or written about it before. With twenty-five men in a fort I can make that fort absolutely impregnable so far as an assault is concerned, and I should only need twenty-five men in the fort to do it. This is not guessing, but a matter of absolutely scientific certainty. In fact, twenty-five men would be a very liberal garrison. Some years ago, when the wires loaded with heavy electric charges began to go up everywhere, I predicted that there would be danger of the firemen receiving deadly shock by the electricity running down the streams of water which might come from the clouds. But I tried it on a cat, and the cat and I found my theory to be true. That is to say I did, and the cat found it out if there is another world for cats. He never knew anything about it in this world."

"In each fort I would put an alternating machine of 20,000 volts capacity. One wire would be grounded. A man would connect a stream of water of about four hundred pounds' pressure to the square inch, with which the 20,000 volts alternating current could be connected. The man would simply move this stream of water back and forth advanced and retracted as the enemy was advanced and retracted. Every man touched by the water would complete the circuit, get the force of the alternating current, and never know what had happened to him. The men trying to take a fort by assault, with his hands might come by tens of thousands against a handful, would be cut off to the ground beyond any hope of escape. Foreign soldiers undertaking to whip America could walk around any such fort as mine, but they never could go through it. It would not be necessary to deal out absolute death, but the operator would feel like it. He could modify the current gently, so as simply to stun everybody, then walk outside his fort, pick up the stunned generals and other high prisoners for ransom or exchange, make prisoners also of the others if convenient, or if not convenient turn on the full force of the current, play the hose once more, and send them to the happy hunting grounds for good."

"The picture raised by Mr. Edison is certainly a most beautiful and attractive one. It is nice to think of all the fine descriptive matter that could be written. Such a fort and such a warfare as Mr. Edison has planned would make old-fashioned generals and M. Dettails of battle scenes turn in their graves. We should have infantry moving on forts at a quickstep, dressed all in rubber, with chilled glass soles to their shoes and non-conductor handles to their swords and guns. Generals would look like a picture from Punch, charging at the front of their armies riding on horses shod with rubber arched, the generals themselves carrying large rubber umbrellas, with gutta-percha handles, over their heads."

"The world owes a great deal to Mr. Edison for the things he invents, and for the ease with which he gets out of the common place and makes life worth living. This fact was pointed out to Mr. Edison, and then this question was put to him:—

"The world owes you a great deal. How much has it paid you for the work you did?"

"Oh, that I know," said he. "Probably as much as the world thought it was worth."

"Mr. Edison, some people think you have made untold millions. Incidentally they are glad if you have. Others say you have not made much anything. That most of the money you have gotten out of the common place and other gentlemen fat and happy. Could you take the trouble to go carefully over with me all your inventions, make an estimate of the amount of money which they produce, and give me some idea as to what they have got out of that wealth."

Mr. Edison then gave the following list of his inventions, which, as he said, were his commercial inventions; that is to say, those which by returning a profit had proved their own success.

"The various inventions, and that list is interesting, because, written in his own handwriting, it gives his own estimate of his personal share in the various electrical inventions with which his name is connected. District Telegraph.—"Of that I am one-half inventor."

"Quadruplex" System of Telegraphy.—"That is my invention."

Stock Ticker.—"Of that I am one-half inventor."

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Electric Pen and Mimeograph

Wroxeter.

A large stock of bran, shorts and chop at the Greenlaw Flour Mills, Wroxeter. For sale cheap.

Fine assortment of fancy wall paper at Fox's Drug store,—and very cheap.

Mr. Will Oliphant, of Gorrie, is doing a lot of painting for various people and firms here.

On Saturday last Mr. Clegg was loading oats from his elevator when the building gave way at one side from the pressure of grain within and about 100 bushels of wheat was precipitated into the water of the mill-dam which approaches the elevator on the south side. But for the prompt bracing up of the structure much more grain would have been lost.

Rev. Mr. Osborne, Baptist minister, of Gorrie, preached a powerful sermon to a large congregation in the town hall here on Sunday last.

Fox's wall paper still to the front. A call solicited. No trouble to show goods.

Mr. W. C. Hazlewood, our enterprising boot and shoe merchant, spent Tuesday last in Clifford, where his brother, Rev. Mr. Hazlewood, was visiting.

The excavation for the new Presbyterian church was commenced here this week. The contract has been let to Mr. Davidson, of Mt. Forest, brother of the pastor, for a sum very close to \$5,000, which sum includes nearly all the material.

Rev. Mr. Pring, of Fordwich, occupied the Methodist pulpit here on Sabbath last preaching very acceptably.

The Misses Perkins, of Gorrie, accompanied by Mr. Carter, paid Wroxeter a visit last Saturday.

The small boy is making the most of the fishing season, but the weather has been too cold to make that sport all that a boy's heart is capable of yearning for.

The Oddfellows are renovating their hall and otherwise making it look attractive.

A narrow escape from a double drowning accident occurred here on Tuesday evening. Several lads were playing at the river side, just below the bridge where the water is very deep, when "Skiff" Robinson lost his balance and fell in. He was helped to shore by Master Thos. Rae and a son of Mr. Jones. A few minutes later young Rae slipped from a wet board and went under the water, and after he was nearly drowned a son of Mr. Hemphill managed to get him safely to land.

Howick Council.

Fordwich, April 20th, 1892.

The council met to-day in Brown's hotel, pursuant to adjournment. Members all present; the reeve in the chair.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Moved by Mr. Ferguson, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the following changes be made in the pathmasters and road divisions, viz:—Jas. Gibson instead of B. Gibson; B. Gibson instead of C. Walker; R. Pyle instead of C. Rogers and to have lot 19, con. 7; J. Barnard instead of T. Goggins; J. Scott instead of John Anderson; Ulric Augst instead of C. Hallman; A. Findlater instead of A. Stewart.—Carried.

Letter from Mr. W. S. Bean, of the trustee board of the Gorrie Methodist church, read, asking for the use of the township hall.

Moved by Mr. Ferguson, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the township hall be granted free to the trustees of the Methodist church as requested by them for Sabbath services until the new church is erected, by them furnishing coal oil, fuel, etc.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Graham, seconded by Mr. Ferguson, that a culvert be put in at east end of bridge at Fordwich, and the reeve prepare plans as soon as possible.—Carried.

The following accounts were passed—W. Stinson, repairing Gorrie bridge, \$1.50; M. Albrecht, wood for Mrs. McDermitt, \$2.50; John Glenn, rep. New-bridge bridge, \$20; Jas. Burns, culvert, con. 14, 75 cents; Wm. Leonard, repairing culvert, con. 7, 75 cents.

Moved by Mr. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Graham, that the council do now adjourn to meet in the township hall Gorrie, on the third Wednesday in May next.—Carried. Wm. Dane, Clerk.

See the 10 ct. cottonade at the Glasgow House. Ask to see it when in.

Lord Bishop Williams died at Quebec last week.

A Y. P. S. C. E. union for Peterborough County has been formed.

The French vineyards have suffered immense damage from the frost and storms of Easter.

Gorrie Jewelry Store

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

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

Watches of all kinds. Clox of all kinds. Silverware of all kinds. Jewelry of all kinds.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

Full to the Top!

OVER

3,000 Rolls

OF

New Wall Paper

Cheap, Dear, Light, Dark, Canadian, American, Micas, Gilt, with Borders to match, and Ceiling Decorations for Rich or Poor, Gilt or Tint, Kitchen or Parlor.

Any reasonable person can select what he requires from our large stock. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH MY SAMPLE BOOKS.

Express Wagons. We have a fine lot of wagons this season, made by best makers. A good iron-axle wagon for \$1.25; a heavier one for \$1.50. Iron wheel wagon at \$2 and \$2.50.

Baby Carriages. We sell these by catalogue this season. If you want to get one come and examine my catalogue and prices. Will sell very close.

Sewing Machine Needles. We have received a stock of these so that any person wanting anything in this line can be accommodated.

N. M'LAUGHLIN, Druggist, Gorrie.

ENLARGED TO 16 PAGES THE WEEKLY GLOBE FOR 1892 AND BALANCE OF 1891 ONLY ONE DOLLAR

THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE.

NO FAKES! NO CHEAP BOOKS! NO JACK-KNIVES! SCISSORS OR CATCH-PENNY OFFERS! BUT A CLEAN, WHOLESOME FAMILY NEWSPAPER UPON ITS MERITS.

Commencing with the issue of 7th October THE WEEKLY GLOBE will contain sixteen pages instead of twelve pages as heretofore, making it the largest and best family newspaper in Canada. Every effort will be devoted to making it BRIGHT, READABLE, ACCURATE and INTERESTING in all its departments. Special pains will be taken with its Agricultural Pages, and MORE SPACE WILL BE DEVOTED TO SELECT READING FOR THE FAMILY.

SUBSCRIBERS WHOSE ORDERS ARE RECEIVED PREVIOUS TO 31st DECEMBER, 1891, WILL HAVE THE PAPER SENT THEM UNTIL CLOSE OF 1892 FOR THE ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

THIS MEANS 15 months of a 16-page for \$1 to every one who subscribes now. AGENTS WANTED IN ALL UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS. For terms, address

THE GLOBE, TORONTO.

Fordwich

Planing Mill.

READY AGAIN!

Logs Wanted.

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

Builders, Remember

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

L. C. DICKS.

Straw for Sale!

The subscriber offers for sale

200

loads of straw all the way from

5 cents

per load up to

\$1.

Just examine our south window.

It will repay you.

And they are not all in the window by any means; they occupy a good deal of the shop room.

The Ladies who have been waiting patiently for the

Little Boys' Suits

to come in can now see an excellent variety from

\$2 up.

W. Lee & Co.

Wroxeter.

Get Your

Spring

Printing

At the

Gazette

Office,

GO TO W. M. CLEGG'S

Hardware Store,

GORRIE, ONT,

FOR AXES,

FOR X-CUT SAWS,

FOR NAILS,

FOR GLASS,

FOR PAINTS.

FOR GROCERIES.

FOR LAMP GOODS.

PRICES RIGHT.

CALL AND SEE.

W. M. CLEGG.

-IF YOU WANT CHEAP-

Groceries, Canned Goods,

Biscuits,

CONFECTIONS.

And Toys,

Call in at

A. B. ALLISON'S,

And You can Get Everything of the Best Quality.

The Opening of

OUR MILLINERY

Was a Grand Success. We commenced with a fine selection of goods which sold splendidly and we have just received a fine lot of Choice Goods of the very latest Syles.

A. B. ALLISON.

STRAW HATS made over into any other shape.

All kinds of produce taken.

DARBY BROS.,

Fordwich

Hardware Store.

HAVING bought out Dr. Spence's hardware business, and made large additions to the Stock, we are now prepared to furnish GENERAL HARDWARE.

Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools.

Fence Wire, Barb Wire.

A choice lot of Spades and Shovels

Garden Tools and Seeds.

Churns.

Spinning Wheel Heads.

Axle Grease.

A new lot of Whips.

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

Eave troughing done to Order.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Harse 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 Harse free, that is to say my charges will be no more and in some cases less than before.

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker,

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.