

# The East Huron Gazette

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, 1892.

No. 48.

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

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

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

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

GET THAT  
Picture  
Framed.

It has been rolled up and put away long enough; so just bring it in to

S T. FENNELL,

Who will frame it for you in any style of moulding you wish, having purchased D. Sanderson's large stock of Mouldings and added it to my own.

Prices from 30c. up!

CURTAIN POLES, all styles and colors, from 40c. up. Complete with ends, rings, and brackets.

CABINET PHOTOS, - \$2 50 per doz

Greenlaw Mills,  
Wroxeter, Ont.

ROBERT BLACK, PROP.

FITTED UP WITH  
HUNGARIAN ROLLER  
PROCESS.

FIRST-CLASS FLOUR

-FROM-

MANITOBA WHEAT.

Highest Price paid for Grain.

Chopping Done.

ROBERT BLACK.

Vanstone Bros.,

WINCHAM

Marble & Stone

WORKS.

Parties requiring work in the above lines will do well to call on us.

We carry a large stock of marble and granite.

We guarantee to save you money and give first-class work.

Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.

MR. T. T. WATSON

Will represent us on the road.

City Grocery.

HAVING bought out the stock of MR. JAMES IRELAND I will endeavor to keep up the reputation for High-Class

GROCERIES,  
Confectionery,

-Staple and Fancy-

Crockery, Silverware and  
Fancy Goods,

that my predecessor has so well merited for the last 12 years.  
Everything Fresh and  
Guaranteed of the  
Finest Quality.

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

I will sell as Cheap as the  
Cheapest.

T. F. MILLER,  
WROXETER.

R. H. FORTUNE, V.S. C.B.C.

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

Bull for Service.

THE Thoroughbred Holstein Bull "BARTON BOY" will serve cows at LOT 18 CON. HOWICK. He is three years old, and weighs 2500 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.  
TERMS:—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.  
HENRY WILLIAMS.

Having put in a

Cider \* Press

-AT THE-

Corrie Fruit Vaporator

WE WANT

2,000 BUSHELS  
OF Small Apples

For Cider.

W. GARTLEY.

Holstein Calf Lost.

LOST.—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the 25th of July last, a Holstein Steer Spring Calf, spotted black and white. The finder will be suitably rewarded on giving information as to its whereabouts to HENRY WILLIAMS, Lot 18, Con. B. Howick, Wroxeter P. O.

MISS FLORA JAMES,

(Graduate of Niagara Falls Academy of Music.)

TEACHES PIANO, ORGAN AND HARMONY. Theory Explained. GORRIE.

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

Hellebore for Grubs,

Paris Green for Bugs,

McLAUGHLIN'S Drugs.

If you want a good article in

Paris Green

Get it at the

Drug Store.

The only kind I keep is a  
Pure English Green.

N. McLAUGHLIN,

Druggist,

GORRIE

The Lion Store



MILLINERY.  
Our stock is still replete with the latest styles in everything. Something special in black crepe goods.

OUR DRESS GOODS  
Are lovely and are fast sellers. Quality and style combined with cheapness are making them go.

Mantlings and Suitings—a great variety to choose from.

FUR GOODS.  
Our Fall and Winter Stock is just to hand.

OUR SPECIALTY.  
Tweeds and Gents' Furnishings. Suits made to order. Fits guaranteed. Our stock to pick from is A. No. 1. See our four-in-hand ties. We have still a full line of woolen factory goods, yarns, blankets, flannels, etc., and are still taking in wool and produce of all kinds.

No trouble to Show Goods at the  
Lion Store, Wroxeter.  
J. W. Sanderson.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

HO!  
FOR A Pig Pen AND A  
Driving Shed.

Mixed farming is now the order of the day and the man who runs his farm on the above mentioned principle is going to meet with success, all other things being equal.

Prominent among the other means employed, is that of Hog Raising, and every good farmer should have a Hog Pen now-days, and when Hemlock Lumber is selling for \$6 per thousand, at the Wroxeter Saw Mill, it behooves everyone, to take advantage of the low price as it cannot last much longer.

There is but six or seven more days Sawing left, so, with last warning, we will proceed to dispose of the balance of the lumber.

All who require Hemlock, Come and Buy as there will be a marked difference between Prices, quoted now, and those for the coming Winter's Stock.

Thos. Rae,  
WROXETER.

JNO. BRETHOUR,  
FIRE AND STOCK  
Insurance Agent  
WROXETER.

REPRESENTS:  
Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.  
Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.  
Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.  
Economic Mutual Fire Insurance Co.  
Mercantile Insurance Co.  
Etna Insurance Co.  
Ontario Mutual Live Stock Insurance Co.

Give John A Call.

Local Affairs.

Mrs. S. T. Fennell is the guest of her parents in Fordwich at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, of the Fordwich station spent Sunday last with the lady's parents here.

At a meeting of the united congregations of the Fordwich and Gorrie Presbyterian churches, held in the former place last Tuesday, a unanimous call was extended to Rev. James Cameron, at a salary of \$800 per annum. These congregations have been for over a year without a pastor and their selection was made with the greatest care and unanimity. Rev. Mr. Cameron is a young man, a brilliant speaker and has had considerable experience, so it is expected the church will continue to be prosperous under his ministry.

The cider press is now in running order and was put in operation yesterday.

Mr. Wm. Saunders, of Wingham, arrived here on Tuesday with a load of lambs for the Buffalo market.

Miss Mary Mitchell, of Aurora, Ont., is home on a visit to her parents just south of the village.

Mr. I. Sanderson has been laid up with quinsy the past week or so, but is now about recovered.

Mr. Andrew Dunlop, of Stratford, is at present the guest of his brother William in this village.

Mr. I. Green, of Arthur, visited relatives here over Sunday last. He was accompanied by his little son.

Mrs. (Crockett) Willits has removed to Gorrie from Wroxeter, and intends shortly to purchase a residence here.

Members of the Mechanics Institute whose subscriptions have expired are invited to call and renew as early as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sutherland, of Wingham, were the guests of Mr. Jas. Sutherland here over Sunday last. They took in the concert on Saturday evening.

There is almost a wood famine in town at present—a fact which was developed by the cold wave this week. The late wet weather has retarded the harvesting of the turnip crop so that farmers have not been able to bring in wood in any considerable quantities.

The Orangemen's concert last Saturday evening drew out the largest audience ever assembled in the town hall, every available foot of space in the building being taken up by a happy and interested audience. After music by the Brass Band Mr. Clegg stepped forward and in a few neatly put words introduced the chairman, A. McKay, Esq., M. P., mayor of Hamilton, who gave a short address, touching upon the dastardly event so happily frustrated upon the 5th of November many years ago, and giving an epitome of other events of the past which were being commemorated this evening. At the conclusion of his remarks he introduced the programme, and a rare treat it proved to be. The songs by Miss Strong were superb, while the very appearance of Fax was indicative of fun. His numbers were all new and even more laughable than ever. The duet by these two, however, might better have been omitted as their voices do not blend and they were evidently entirely without rehearsal. Miss Evans fully sustained her reputation as an elocutionist and she showed much natural talent and dramatic power while her pleasing, graceful manner won her many friends. The Band orchestra appeared to give excellent satisfaction and their numbers were warmly applauded. The stage was attractively decorated with banners, pictures, etc., and presented a brilliant appearance under the bright lights. The ushers seated the immense throng in their proper places in very short order and without any of those unsatisfactory occurrences which often crop up where a large number of seats are reserved. The committee are deserving of much praise for the success of their arduous efforts, and the fact that the net proceeds of this expensive concert were over \$60 shows that they know how to manage an entertainment.

No Pleuro-Pneumonia in Howick.

A few weeks ago about 1200 head of cattle were slaughtered in the British quarantine for fear they were infected with pleuro-pneumonia. It appears that one cow in the cargo was attacked with a bad cold, and the excited Board at once ordered the slaughter of the entire shipment. The cow in question was one of eleven head shipped from Howick by Mr. Dulmage, the cattle buyer. The Canadian government ordered an immediate and thorough investigation, and Mr. James Armstrong, V. S., of this village, received a commission to inspect all the cattle upon the farms from which these ill fated eleven came. The cow was bought from Mr. Wm. Saunders, Lot 15 Con. 12, and the most rigid examination of his stock showed no trace of disease, while the owner said he had not had a single case of sickness among his stock for over a year. The balance of these cattle were got (five head each) from the farms of Mr. Thomas Henry, lot 7, con. 4, and Mr. J. J. McLaughlin, lot 18, con. 8. Both of these farms were visited and the stock carefully inspected, but without

disclosing the faintest trace of sickness of any kind.

Dr. Armstrong is a skilled veterinary surgeon who has had a wide practice in Howick and adjoining townships for over thirteen years past, and he informs us that during all that time he has not met a single case of contagious pleuro-pneumonia.

Advices from the Old County within the past few days state that Canadian live cattle are to be excluded from the British markets after the 21st inst. This action is undoubtedly caused by a "scare," and it is not expected that the Order will be a permanent one. It fortunately happens that the season for shipping stockers was about closed so no serious losses will be sustained this year, and it is to be hoped that the British Board will have gotten over their fright and open to us again their market by next spring.

SCHOOL REPORTS.

ORANGE HILL SCHOOL.  
The following is the result of a written examination of Fifth Form, held on Friday of last week:

	Geography	Algebra	Euclid	Composition	History	Total
George Spotton	70	94	78	69	67	378
Sarah Padfield	60	67	30	87	68	312
Annie Warrell	53	65	34	50	60	241
Annie Howard	52	54	44	65	65	280
Louisa Spotton	48	54	15	58	40	216

The names of those who were successful at the recent uniform promotion examinations are as follows:

For Junior Fourth.—Edna Akins, Della Nay, Maggie Montgomery, Win-dell Ferguson, Robt. Spotton, John Yung, Aggie Howard.

For Senior Third.—Flossie Laird, Jane Padfield, Blyth Wilson, Willie Wilson, Willie Ferguson, Grace Howard, Mabel Irwin, Freddie Irwin, Martha Milen.

For Junior Third.—Willie Bell, Ernest Jacques, Albert Huth, Helen Ferguson, Clara Milen, Philip Hoffman.

For Senior Second.—Evelyn Spotton, Olive Akins, Geo. Padfield, Wesley Montgomery, Edith Montgomery, Katie Kreller.

For Junior Second.—Essie Milne, Maggie Padfield, Elsie Jacques, Robt. Bell, Elizabeth Spotton, Jennie Ferguson, James Hoffman.

For Part II.—Willie Creller, Freddie Huth.

THOS. G. SHEARER, Teacher.

SCHOOL SECTION NO. 4.

The following report, for the month of October, is based on regular attendance, punctuality, perfect recitation, and the result of a written examination. Good conduct marks, though given separately, are added in the totals. Five marks off for each offence:

	Good Conduct	MARKS	TOTAL
Fifth Class.	100	400	
John Bennett	100	385	
Ollie Miller	100	330	
Senior Fourth.	100		
Geo. Dane	90	336	
*Prudence Sanderson	100	690	
*Aggie Burns	100	262	
*Mary Dan	100	551	
*Rachael Dane	95	526	
Issac Galbraith	90	512	
John Sanderson	100	434	
Chester Laird	95	393	
Mary Jackson	85	345	
Senior Third.	100		
*Joseph Bennett	90	724	
*Samuel Crookshanks	100	677	
*Cecil Day	100	664	
*Mary Dan	100	651	
John Taylor	90	365	
Bessie Potter	100	360	
Emily Potter	100	310	
John Stearnel	100	305	
Junior Third. (Mks obt. 400.)	100		
Nora Taylor	90	385	
*Joe Sanderson	100	377	
Henry Gough	100	359	
Minnie Stewart	90	355	
George Crookshanks	100	345	
George Willits	100	340	
Second Class. (Mks obt. 780.)	100		
*Melba Day	90	657	
*William Cremore	100	577	
Maggie Gallagher	100	543	
Frank Padfield	100	512	
Minerva Laird	90	501	
Ruth Galbraith	90	482	
Mary Greenore	85	447	
Nelson Stearnel	85	442	
Lorne Laird	70	443	
Ellie Sanderson	100	434	
Hannah Baker	100	434	
George Baker	90	429	
Mary King	100	385	
James Dane	100	380	
Second Part. (Marks obt. 400.)	100		
George Miller	95	390	
George Galbraith	95	373	
Sana Gough	100	375	
Mary Willits	100	370	
Edith Bennett	100	370	
First Class.	100		
David Dane	100	400	
*Joe Sanderson	100	325	
*Florence Stearnel	100	325	
*Travis Gough	100	325	
Jeanie Wade	100	325	
George Bennett	90	375	
*Albie Crookshanks	95	375	
Alex. Casemore	85	375	
John Galbraith	75	365	
*Martha Jackson	85	360	
Carrie Casemore	80	360	
Elsie Stearnel	85	345	

The pupils with the asterisks before their names advance to the next class above, having passed the uniform promotion examination.

JNO. M. KATNE, Teacher.

JUNIOR DEPT GORRIE SCHOOL.

The following is the report for the month of October. The names are in the order of merit and the figures denote the days present:

Senior Second.—Willie Moore, 20½

Tommy Buggs, 18½; Grace Anderson, 17; Lottie Manser, 16; Homer Aylesworth, 9; Matilda Manser, 18½; Elsie Moore, 20; Mary Aylesworth, 19; Garnet Armstrong, 19; Nelson McLaughlin, 17½; Leonard Armstrong, 20; Maud Hainstock, 8; Lottie Ardell, 5.

Junior Second.—Harry Dane, 19½; Bertha Lawrie, 19; Garnet Campbell, 16; George Ardell, 13; Annie Heiborn, 13½; Susie McGrath, 10; Clark Horton, 8½; Edna Stinson, 18½; Bertie Doan, 14½; George Ardell, 21; Abbie Williams, 21; Knowlson Elliot, 21; Milton Hastie, 16½; Joey Greer, 6½; Ruby Fennell, 18; Willie Horton, 8½; Florence Clarke, 17; Lizzie Lucas, 7.

Part I.—Leslie McLaughlin, 18½; Stanley McLaughlin, 19; Ida Adair, 18½; Eva Aylesworth, 20; Peachie Sanderson, 15½; Minnie Moore, 20; George Dane, 20½; Willie McGrath, 15; Earnest Frain, 20½; Carrie Ardell, 5; Mary Lucas 7.

Middle First.—Georgie Osborne, 17½; Frank Kerslake, 15; Lizzie Ardell, 21; Charlie Doane, 16; Mabel King, 5½.

Junior First.—Lambert Stinson, 20; Gordon Hastie, 17; Bruce Clarke, 17; Wallace Clarke, 17; Stanley Sanderson, 18½; Johnny King, 1; Cassie Hainstock, 8; Frankie Ardell, 21; Joey McGrath, 7; Willie Scott, 2.

MISS B. CARRS, Teacher.

Municipal Politics.

Editor Gazette.—As the present year is drawing to a close and the late Fall months bring the stormy weather, so also does the aspirations of the township officials, as well as would-be officials, rise to a higher temperature—some exceedingly so, as per your item of a few weeks ago. Well, prospects are brightening up for us poor fellows, as the more hustle and storm about election time, the more pleasant and gratifying to us. We understand our first deputy-reeve, Mr. S. Johnston agreed last year that this would be his last year to offer himself to the electors for municipal honors, and now he is bound to, and no doubt will, retire, and we hear many are bound to place Mr. Ferguson, our present councillor in the north division, in for Deputy-reeve, as he is a well-known and straightforward man and has filled the position of councillor well and is worthy of the higher position. Mr. Graham's friends are urging him to accept nomination for Second Deputy-reeve, the position now held by Howick's head representative, Mr. Jacques. Mr. J. may retire, but I imagine there is another kick in him yet, and John can kick very hard. Mr. Wallace, near Newbridge, is talked of as councillor for that division, and he ought to take a pretty good vote. He was in the field once but gave way for a neighbor, which was mainly of him, and which the ratepayers ought to remember, if he gets the nomination, and give him such a vote as will permit him to write his name "B. Wallace, councillor, 1893."

Our friend, Mr. Pitchard, is also spoken of as a candidate for municipal honors, and we also hear the name of Mr. John Maguire, south of Gorrie, as one of the people's favorites for councillor. Another gentleman is mentioned who is no doubt popular and a thoroughly good farmers' man, as well as a good business man, Mr. Jas. McLaughlin, of Gorrie, who, if he allows himself to be a candidate will poll a very strong vote.

Now for the Reeveship. The last contest was between the present Reeve and Mr. Dunlague who is well and favorably known to the electors of Howick, having served them faithfully for several years. He is a man of superior intelligence and would make an excellent Reeve, and, no doubt, if he can be pressed into the field, he will be elected, possibly by acclamation. This should be the case, for why should this office be monopolized by one man for so long when there are just as good and younger men to fill the position. Let the electors be on the alert for no doubt there will be a "moving in the pool."

I will write you again later on when more facts present themselves as more public opinion is expressed here from time to time. Yours, INDEPENDENT.

GORRIE MARKET REPORT.

Fall Wheat, per bushel.....63c to 64c  
Spring Wheat, ".....60c to 61c  
Oats, ".....25c to 27c  
Peas, ".....55c to 56c  
Potatoes, ".....45c to 45c  
Eggs, per lb.....10c  
Butter, ".....16c to 16c  
Dressed Chickens, per pair.....30c  
" Ducks, per lb.....5c to 6c  
" Turkeys, ".....8c to 10c  
" Geese, ".....5c to 6c  
Lard ".....10c



## A STORY OF A BLACK BAG.

BY D. J. BELGRAVE.

I was a private detective, a calling which is just now the object of a good deal of abuse. Still I don't think society could get on without us. If Scotland Yard is to do our work they will have to get rid of a good deal of red tape, and I make their men some-thing better than mere promoted policemen. There are black sheep amongst us, but I find evidence, and never undertake to manufacture it.

Many of my cases are of a very private character, which I could not write about without giving pain, however obscurely I try to wrap up the real names and persons. Others are of a more public character, and then, as in the case which I always talk and think of—the "Case of the Black Bag"—I have engaged myself in the investigation of public crime, and beaten the police at their own game.

There are some mysteries which contain all the elements of a great sensational crime, and yet for some reason fail to take hold of the public imagination.

Such a case happened shortly after I set up business for myself as a private detective. The body of a man was found in the Thames under circumstances that clearly pointed to murder. The man had been run through the heart with what the doctor, who gave evidence, suggested was the blade of a sword-stick. Nobody identified the victim. He was a middle-aged man, dressed in a well worn blue serge; there were certain marks on his body, but on his clothes there was nothing that would lead to identification, except that the shirt he wore had the name and address of the dealer—Box, Vine Street, Melbourne.

This mystery never, to use a theatrical expression, "caught on." The public perhaps is so used to the idea of unknown bodies being found in the Thames. I thought a good deal about it. It appealed to my detective instinct, and once or twice the idea came into my mind of what a score it would be for some one in my line of life to wipe the eye of Scotland Yard men in some such case as this. There was not much to find out anything. I had ceased to think anything about the case, in fact one or two of the same sort, in which the police were at fault, had occurred since, when it was recalled to me.

A tobaccoist, whose shop I used as it was near my office, told me one day that a matter which sometimes troubled him was the disappearance of a lodger of his.

"Owing rent?" I asked.

"No, he owed no rent," said the tobaccoist, "for he had paid in advance. It was a curious case. He left a bag behind him, and I should like to open it."

I suggested there was no time like the present.

The tobaccoist lent his shop and came back with a black hand bag and a bunch of his own keys. Without much difficulty we opened the bag. There was not much to reward us; four old pairs of socks, some underclothing, some tobacco in cakes, a very old pair of trousers, and three flannel shirts. I can't say what impulse made me do it, but just as I was going to shut up the bag, I took up one of the shirts, though they were not inviting things to handle, and saw that there was a maker's name on it—Box, Vine Street, Melbourne. That was, I remembered the name on the shirt of the man found in the Thames. That set my instincts to work. I asked a lot of questions, and learnt that the man was very silent and close, that he gave his name as John Smith, and that he had disappeared a day before the body was found in the Thames. I had another look at the bag, and found, under the lining, two letters in envelopes.

One was to Mr. John Smith, 104, Blank Street, London. Inside there was just one line—"Meet me to-morrow at 7, Thames Embankment, near Waterloo Bridge; I will bring what you ask for." The post-mark was the day before the man disappeared. The second was addressed to Miss Fanny Waring, 19 Federal Road, St. Kilda, Melbourne. It had an Australian stamp on it. The date on the post-mark was 11th June, 1887, just one year before.

The letter ran: "Dear Fan, I will call to-morrow evening—Bob." Both letters were in the same hand-writing. I think as soon as I read them I guessed the whole story. The letters were both written by the murderer of the so-called John Smith.

That the murder was committed to get back that letter—which obviously had some extraordinary interest or John Smith would not carry it about with him—or to shut the mouth of the man who had it, who knew a great deal more. The letter was probably harmless enough to the writer, but John Smith's mouth was shut. Yet I could not help hoping that he would try to get it back. I believed that he was a man likely to play a bold, reckless game. I could fancy him passing by the house where Smith lived and knowing that the fatal letter was there. He would make one bold attempt to get it, I hoped. That was my only chance. I ought to have taken the letter to Scotland Yard, but I should have been only muddled and put in the background; on the other hand, without means to make an enquiry in Australia, I was a good deal handicapped.

I did not tell the tobaccoist my suspicion, for he was a talkative sort of man, but I asked him not to give up the bag without letting me know.

For some days after that I had business of my own—after all the black bag mystery was not a business—which took up my time and attention.

A few days afterwards the tobaccoist's son came to my office and said his father wanted me.

"Well, the lodger has turned up," said the tobaccoist, who was standing at the door of his shop with the black bag in his hand.

"What, have you seen him?" said I, thinking that I had discovered a mare's nest.

I was not particularly surprised or humiliated, for not in any day is that sort of thing in our business. It is not the detective who never follows the wrong clue but the one who never leaves one who is no use.

"No; but he has sent for his bag; he is sick in the country, and the clergyman of his parish has come for it. There the reverend gent. is."

He pointed at the clerically dressed individual who was walking towards the door. I had not taken the shopman into my confidence, so I could hardly blame him, but his conduct seemed fatal to me; for the clerically-dressed man, on seeing he was being pointed at, turned and walked away. I should never catch him up for I had no police to call to my assistance as a Scotland Yard man would have. Then an idea occurred to me which was rash and unlikely to succeed, but brilliant like scores in detective work. I took the black bag from the tobaccoist with a word of explanation, and followed the parson. I could just keep him in sight, for Blank Street is not very broad. After taking several turnings, he got into Baker Street. My heart began

to beat for I believed my fluke was going to come off. I thought he was not trying his hardest to get away. He had a stick in his hand.

"There is a blade in that stick, my clerical friend," I said to myself; "and if I am not mistaken, you put it through John Smith."

He got to the park—was he going to start off and run? No, he stopped and doubled, and let me get within a few yards of him. What should I do, for I had no power to arrest him? But I hoped my fluke would come off. "Yes, it had; for, like a flash of lightning, he was on me, hitting at me with his stick, and grabbing at the bag with the other hand.

I had no stick, but I am not at all a bad man with my hands for any old 'un." In fact, though I am rather what a pugilist would call stale, I am better than most young men for no reason. Though I was bothered with the bag, I stopped with the hand in which I held it, and let out with the other hitting him under the jaw.

He staggered back but did not go down, and then he drew that cowardly blade.

I had a friend in my pocket, and as soon as he drew I had out my revolver and fired, hitting him in the sword arm. We closed, and in a minute or two, as I hoped, a policeman came up, who was soon joined by a comrade. Of course there was only one thing for him to do, namely, to take us to the police-station. When we got there I sent for a lawyer whom I knew, and sent off a telegram to Melbourne, to the head of the police, asking if he knew anything of Miss Fanny Waring, Federal Road, St. Kilda.

I had very little money in those days, but I was ready to chance it, for I believed that I was going to make a great stroke.

After I had sent my telegram off, I settled myself for the night in my cell. I did not bother about bail, and was contented, for I knew my assailant was next door.

The answer to my telegram came the next morning. "Fanny Waring found stabbed in her house one morning, the 12th of June, 1887."

I sent for a Scotland Yard detective, who I must say looked rather pleased when he saw me in the cell. He said that he took the swag out of him when I told him I had got the murderer of the man who was found in the Thames, in the next cell. Then I told my story. He tried to make little of it, but enquiries proved that my theory was the correct one.

The sham parson, alias Bob, of the letter, was the son of a very rich Australian. He had made a disgraceful marriage, and Fanny Waring was his wife. He had murdered her to keep the story of his marriage quiet. "John Smith," who was a friend of the murdered woman, knew the story, and had got possession of the letter which would have brought home Bob's guilt.

The Scotland Yard and Australian people worked up the case very well, and if Mr. "Bob" had not been convicted at the old Bailey and been hung in Newgate on the English charge, he would have been convicted in Australia.

At the trial they tried to keep me in the background, but they all had to admit that I had distinctly scored.

### Last to Leave.

The feeling which leads the captain of a wrecked ship to wish to be the last to leave her is one easily understood. In the interesting volume of reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow recently given to the public by Lady Inglis, wife of the general whom the death of the heroic Sir Henry Lawrence left in command, an anecdote is related of the abandonment of the British Residency, in which a similar feeling is manifested. It was the Residency or Billa Guard of Lucknow which was the stronghold of the besieged during their wonderful defence of eighty-seven days against an enemy overwhelmingly superior. It was there that they repelled the burrowing foxes for mine; there that again and again a resolute few turned back the advancing thousands from the riddled and shaken walls; there that they suffered, hoped, despaired and never faltered; there that so many of them died and found graves. It was from their flag that Tennyson caught the refrain of his stirring poem of Lucknow; and there alone, during the crisis of the military, that "Ever aloft in the palace roof the banner of England blew."

But after Havelock and Outram had broken through the enemy's lines and brought reinforcements, it became evident that the Billa Guard, shattered and ruined as it was, could no longer be occupied. It was decided to evacuate it in the night, and to remove the troops, the wounded and the imprisoned women and children to another position at some distance, which was already held by a portion of Havelock's men.

At midnight, precisely, in silence and darkness, the movement began, the garrison nearest to the enemy first quietly withdrawing, and the others then falling in behind them—like the turning of a glove inside out. At the Billa Guard gates, watching them defile past, stood Generals Outram and Inglis with their staff. It was a bitter moment to Inglis, who had defended the place so long and so nobly. He had pleaded that the flag might be kept still flying upon the ruins, volunteering to remain and defend it with but a single regiment; but he had been overruled.

As the last company passed by, General Outram signed to him courteously with his hand to take precedence in following them, but he hung back, desiring to be the last. Outram smiled and held out his hand, saying, "Let us go out together." So shaking hands, the two generals came down the slope side by side.

Their staff followed, and here again the place of honor was disputed. Captain Wilson wished to be the last; Captain Birch, aide-de-camp to General Inglis, was determined to be. The two boyish young officers put it to the test of strength, and Wilson, being weak from hardship, as his opponent modestly admits, "could not stand the trick of shoulder to shoulder leaping in the Harrow football fields." He was thrown and rolled down the hill, and Captain Birch triumphed.

But a doubt arose whether all the troops had left; those who had kept count differed, and Captain Birch was sent back to see. This duty he performed, though with no enjoyment of it, for the danger was great and the silence and loneliness of the familiar squares oppressive and terrible. He thought, however, that now beyond all doubt he was the last Englishman in the place.

He was mistaken. Another officer, Captain Waterman, had fallen asleep from exhaustion while the garrison was marching out, and was left behind. Weak and ill from the shock of waking and finding himself alone was so great that though he succeeded in escaping and rejoining his comrades, it was for some time delirious; but, he, though quite against his will, was the last man to leave the famous Billa Guard before it fell into the hands of the enemy.

## SHOPPING IN THE ROCKIES.

A Pastoral Store in a Western Wilderness.

I am going to the Rocky Mountains to do my shopping. If anyone in the East heard a lady say that he would certainly take a second look at her. But he would scarcely be more surprised than I was to be in the thick of the Rockies with Lieutenant Ahern, U. S. A., for a companion, hearing his modest recountal of adventures in the most magnificent wilderness in our country; and then on the westward slope, among the foot-hills, to step from the case to a store like Whiteley's Necessary Store in London, or one of our "shopping stores" on the Sixth Avenue, New York. That was one of the surprises of my experiences in the far West. It was in Missoula, Montana, that I found the unexpected great bazaar. It is only fair to say that Missoula has had sly hopes that she might become the capital of the new State of Montana—if the rivalry between Butte and Helena and Great Falls necessitates a diplomatic tendency toward the choice of some place apart from these. But Missoula, though beautiful and kept almost evergreen by the soft winds from the Pacific, is rather the capital of the thorough-going Eastern strip of Montana on the other side of the Rockies than of the imperial eastern half of the State.

When I left the car at this place I found it a typical Western town, with one street of shops, with a fine hotel, some business-like banking-houses, a club, and a great scattering of dwellings, sufficient for a population of about 4000 or 5000 souls, if my memory serves me right. I found one block of stores. They were distinctly "cityified" in appearance. They had great plate-glass fronts, and the windows were shrewdly and attractively used for displaying the goods within. One was a dry-goods store, the next was a boot and shoe store, the next was a grocery, and the next was a hardware and agricultural implement emporium. All were brightly illuminated by electric lamps. Recovering from the first surprise at finding such modern shops in such a place, I next noticed that all of them were alike and of a piece, and then I saw that they lacked the usual sign-boards of different merchants over the windows.

They were, in fact, but a few of the many departments of the Missoula Mercantile Company's stores, and before I tell more about that, I will intrude a note with regard to such places in general. The first of these great trading companies' stores that I saw in the West were in Butte, the great mining town of Montana, and the liveliest, "wide-open" town it has yet been my lot to run across—one in which the barbers shops never closed, and sixteen licensed gambling saloons flared open on the main street. Two of these great trading establishments have their headquarters in that city, and a tour of either one reveals an enormous stock and great variety of goods, "cash railways," lines of young men and girls behind the counter, crowds of elbowing and goading handlings, and more of the atmosphere of Sixth Avenue than one feels in any stores in the generality of Eastern cities that deem themselves quasi-metropolitan.

Those who have done me the honor to follow the reports of my wandering will recall that I found great general stores of the kind in Winnipeg and Victoria, British Columbia, which they marked the development of the original trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company, whether great towns have grown up round them, or the forts of the corporation. These Montana emporiums are not of the out-growth or feature of any fur trading operations, but they are the result of the same necessity that has developed the fur-trading posts. Here in Montana have come big lumbering companies, mining camps, army posts, Indian reservations, railway divisional headquarters, and one form or another of settlements or collections of men to be supplied with food, clothing, implements, and whatever. The more enterprising traders have extended their business, until such a bulk of trade has come to them that they can buy in large quantities at large discount, and have no competitors except one another.

This Missoula Mercantile Company is capitalized at a million and two hundred thousand dollars. It transacted a business of more than two millions of dollars last year. It has four branch stores in addition to the great central one at Missoula; one being at Corvallis, on the Stevensville, one at Victor, and one at Demersville, at the head of navigation on Flathead Lake, in northwestern Montana, near Kalispel, a divisional point on the route of the Great Northern Railway, the last transcontinental trunk-line that is being pushed to the Pacific Ocean. The Missoula company does a large jobbing business with groceries and lumber, and mining camps. It is a country A. T. Stewart concern, wholesaling and retailing all necessities and luxuries to the people of what may be called Montana-west-of-the-Rockies. This whole territory is in one county of imperial size—about 300 miles wide and 600 miles long, with a population of 20,000 souls. No such big reigning supreme in that field, the Missoula company does business in the Cœur d'Alene mining region in Idaho.

Mr. A. B. Hammond, the president of the company, was born on the St. John's River in New Brunswick. He went West as a young man, and worked as a wood-chopper for a time. He reached Montana in 1868 as poor as he was ambitious; but to-day, at forty-four years of age, he is a wealthy man, with spare time enough to have become a student and a lover of literature. Indeed, it is said of him that when he had his fortune to make "he used to work all day and read all night." He is more than just to his employees; he has made presents of stock to those who have displayed the most enthusiastic enterprise, and now numbers among the stockholders twenty-two who are employees. Each of the many departments of the big concern is managed by its own headman, who has sole charge of it, buys all the goods sold in it, and reports upon its condition once a year.

The stores or departments are nearly all together in one long two-story block, and all are thrown together by communicating passageways, the reader will understand that the effect upon a visitor is that of one general shopping store. The various stores or departments are these: a gentleman's furnishing and clothing store; a wine and spirit, tobacco and cigar department; a dress-making and tailoring department; a dry-goods and carpet store; a boot and shoe store; a grocery store; and an extensive department for the sale of hardware, cutlery, agricultural, mining, and lumbermen's implements, harness, saddlery, wagons, carriages, and blacksmiths' supplies. I noticed that there were displayed large assortments of crockery, apothecary, furniture, and made up gowns, wraps, and cloaks for the women, so that, speaking widely, and at this distance in space and memory, I do not recollect that any of these trades left unoccupied any field of barter in Missoula except jewelry, drugs, and fresh meat. And I fancy the

business must include a trade in drugs, since they would be demanded in the mining and lumber camps and by the retailers at a distance. The purchases of the company are upon such a scale, and it buys so shrewdly, that the profit must be very considerable. It is an indication of how the new Western cities are cutting into New York's trade to know that all that the Missoula Company buys here are carpets, dry-goods, gentlemen's furnishings, clothing, hats and caps, and some cigars. Its imported wines and liquors and its groceries are bought in Chicago, its sugar and canned fruits in California, and its teas in Japan.

One hundred and twenty-five clerks, salesmen, workmen, and department head, comprise the force of attendants and managers of this astonishing country store, and the "capital" swings, "to use the Eastern phrase, finds outside chances for multiplication by investments in the Blackfoot Mining Company, a land company or two, and in a national bank. I have mentioned this concern by name and described it, but it must be remembered that it is but one of many such trading ventures where one would least expect to find them.—(Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

### Dishes For Fall.

One advantage of our four seasons is the necessity they create for a change of food. The dishes given below will be found agreeable in early fall.

**CALF'S TONGUES FRICASSEED.**—Boil the tongues until done—about an hour—take off the skin and trim neatly, then cut into slices half an inch thick; roll in flour and fry for a moment or two in hot dripping, place them in a saucepan, add parsley, celery and sliced onions and cover with gravy, brook or water; simmer, closely covered, for thirty minutes, slightly thicken the gravy and pour it around them.

**NEW TURNIPS.**—Peel and slice a quantity of turnips and cook in salted boiling water until soft; when done drain in a colander and press as free as possible from water, in a few drops of water; simmer, until a spoonful of butter out in tiny bits and rolled in flour, a spoonful or two of cream and salt and pepper to taste.

**CHICKEN FRITTERS.**—Trim every bit of meat from the carcasses of a pair of roasted chickens—that is, after you have made one dinner from them; put the bones on with a quart of cold water, an onion and parsley and a few stalks of celery, and bring to a boil, and reduce to one pint. Chop the meat fine, wet with the gravy, if any, and one-third as much bread crumbs or cold boiled rice, season to taste and mix with a beaten egg. If there was no giblet gravy left from the day before use any kind of stock or gravy, failing any of these, cream or milk to moisten the crumbs and meat. Make a thin batter with two eggs, a gill of milk and prepared flour and herbs, made up the mice into tiny balls, dip them in the batter and fry in boiling dripping. Pile them on a dish and pour around them the gravy made from the bones which has been strained, thickened and seasoned.

**BROILED POTATOES.**—Serve these with the first seasonings of the season. Cut large cold boiled potatoes in thick slices and broil on both sides over a clear fire, laying them between the bars of a double oyster boiler. Season with salt, pepper and a little melted butter. Broil the sausages, splitting them if too thick and sprinkle each with a few drops of the juice of an orange.

**BEF SOUP.**—A very good and cheap soup can be made from a pound of lean soup meat cut into small pieces; fry it with a little dripping made very hot, add a teaspoonful of sugar; fry at the same time two onions cut in rings. The meat and onions must only get nicely browned and must not be allowed to scorch. Then add three quarts of hot water, a couple of small turnips cut in a few slices of celery, if at hand, and cutting them in dice, and a little soup herbs. Cook slowly for an hour and a half, add six tomatoes peeled and sliced and two large tablespoons of rice; simmer an hour longer, season to taste and turn all into the soup tureen after skimming it free from fat, which spoils the appearance and taste.

**CORN-BREAD FRIED.**—Peel and cut in slices lengthwise, and about an eighth of an inch thick; fry tender, brown in butter, and dish each slice on a piece of buttered toast. They are also nice fried as above, seasoned with salt, and laid on a hot dish, under a broiled steak or a nice mince of beef or mutton as a substitute for egg plant.

### The Chief Thing.

For every person there is some one thing in life which is paramount, and this absorbing, dominating thing, whatever it may be, comes at length to write itself all over the man, in face, habit, action, in his mental and moral constitution, in everything that he thinks, or says, or does.

After one gets to be forty years old, it is not hard to tell what is the chief thing in life for him. If it be money, you see the grasping money-greed in every expression of the face, every glance of the eye, every action of the body. If it be pleasure, or self-gratification, the fact is written in uncertain lines upon the countenance and shows itself in the unconscious selfishness of the slightest acts. But if, on the other hand, the chief thing in life be something high and worthy, it will be reflected in a face full of lofty character, and a demeanor which bespeaks the sincere and noble mind.

It has been well said that a man's face is the only necessary ticket of admission to heaven. Character is written there in lines which cannot be mistaken.

What is it that is molding each one of us—this paramount thing in life, by the contemplation of which character and destiny are being determined? If the object of life be base and unworthy, nay, if it be even temporal and worldly, it will surely debase and deceive us. It will consume soul and body in the pursuit of an ideal whose very realization is a mockery and disappointment. But if it be the spiritual life which affords our ideal, the chief aim of all our efforts, a new and ever widening world of life possibilities will open before us. That life is the only real progressive movement in spiritual evolution. The thing attained never exhausts the possibilities of development, but leads on to higher and better things forever. Earthly crowns crumble, earthly prizes fade, earthly pleasures pall. Attained, they are neither in themselves nor in their use, nor do they lead on to better things. What a failure is the life which has made such things its chief desire!

But how joyous, how rich, how noble, how eternally progressive is the life which has been fixed upon eternal things! Make the love and service of God the chief thing in your life, and your face will be glorified with the beauty of saintly character; your deeds will breathe the underlying fragrance of sincerity and truth, and your soul will rejoice in the consciousness of eternal rectitude and eternal progress.

You can not do wrong without suffering wrong.—(Emerson.

## NECK AND NECK.

The Belligerent Encounter of Two Giraffes for the Control of a Herd.

There is a deal of human nature in a giraffe—in his native state. The old fellows insist on ruling the herd as long as possible, and never give it up till the young ones whip them out, and as the weak ones are whipped out in the start, the result is that each boss giraffe is a polygamist on a large scale. This leads to savage fights, and as the hunters penetrate into South Africa they occasionally witness these duels. A hunter gives this account of such a combat between an old and a young giraffe, witnessed from an adjacent thicket:

"Presently the belligerents came within a few yards of each other. Then commenced a scene that baffles all description. Some people might call it ludicrous; it was far more, it was side-splitting, and but for my desire to see the end I must have given way to convulsions of laughter. Although the giraffe possesses a certain beauty when at rest it loses its grace when in motion, and the greater its speed the more ungainly does it appear. But when two mature bulls begin to waltz and dance violently around each other, each endeavoring to outdo the other in agility, at the same time muzzling their jaws and emitting fearfully discordant roars, it is certainly one of the most absurd sights human eye ever looked upon. I have often seen a crane dance—a function common enough north of the Vaal River. It is more than funny—it is ridiculous—but can not for an instant be compared to the antics of these two mammoth brutes.

They began rearing as if to bear each other down, their mouths all the time open to grip if opportunity occurred. At length the violent exercise began to tell upon the old beast. He made some mistake in a pary, and the younger seized with his teeth the foot of the veteran who in return laid hold of his opponent's ear. For some moments there was a pause. It was very brief, and then the struggle was renewed. With a gigantic effort the younger giraffe threw the old hero upon his haunches. He looked very much as if he had played his last card, but there was pluck in his aged heart yet, though the battle was not for long followed by all, took the lead. Not one of the remnants of the fallen chief turned the head for an instant to see what had become of him."

After such a defeat the old fellow usually becomes a "solitary," and lives and dies alone.—(London Graphic.

### Mechanical and Scientific.

A contrivance for removing the hair by machinery has been invented by a Frenchman.

In speaking for the solidification of a body by cooling, Professor Dewar says that water can be made to become solid by the evaporation of a quarter of its weight.

The cost of raw material in a watch is infinitesimal; 99.99 per cent. of the cost of production is paid to labor. Five cents worth of steel wrought into hair springs would be worth \$150,000.

A rapidly revolving brush, which gets its motive power through a flexible tube attached to a small electric motor, has been found to operate practically in the grooming of horses.

The amount of coloring matter in a pound of coal is enormous. It will yield enough magenta to color 500 yards of flannel, vermilion for 2,560 yards, aurine for 120 yards and alizarine sufficient for 155 yards of Turkey red cloth.

From "Science" we learn that a conical form tablet has been found at Tel Hesay, the ancient Lachish, by Mr. J. F. Bliss, who is excavating for the Palestine Exploration Fund. According to Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, it contains the name of the same officer who is mentioned on tablets from Lachish some years since at El Amarna in Egypt.

It is said that we are indebted to the Pompeians for our knowledge of fruit canning. When excavations were first made of the site of the old city jars of figs were discovered by a party of tourists. When these were opened the contents were found to be as perfect as when poured into the jar nineteen centuries before. Investigation showed that the fruit had been put into the jar when heated, and sealed over after the steam had been allowed to escape. The following year saw the establishment of canning factories.

The original patent for the electrical telephone was granted to Alexander Graham Bell, of Salem, Mass., on March 7, 1876, for the term of seventeen years.

### Social Selfishness.

A witty and miserly gentleman who accepted many invitations without returning them, but who contributed greatly to the general entertainment by his bright conversation, once defended himself by saying: "My friends give the dinners, but I furnish the salt."

If he was parsimonious in the matter of dinners, he was generous with his best thoughts, his most cheerful and entertaining stories, fulfilling one social duty although he neglected another.

This social duty of giving in conversation one's brightest and best, of making an effort to be interesting, and being cheerful when it is not possible to be brilliant, is often selfishly neglected.

Life is an affair of mutual obligations; we have to thank most of our friends for their kindness and patience and encouragement, and we owe it to them to remember that often, unknown to us, they are in need of being made to forget some trouble or grief, or are in need of some fresh, cheering thought, and when we give them our conversational best, we are doing what we can to supply that need.

Many persons who would not think of going anywhere with a bandaged head or a disagreeable cold or a disturbing cough, carry a gloomy face, a fit of the blues, or an ill-tempered mood, on a visit or to a party, without thinking that there is no excuse at all for their being a skeleton at the feast. They disturb their hosts and hostesses by making it evident that they are not having a good time, and they have a depressing effect on every one else.

Those who have a bright conversational gift should use it generously, bearing in mind how effectively it counteracts depression, differences, lapses of tact, and other drawbacks to enjoyment.

The anecdote of a famous and brilliant Frenchwoman who gave dinners at which there was little to eat is worth remembering. Her butler once whispered to her, "one more story, madame, and the guests will not notice that there is no roast."

## A JACK THE RIPPER CRIME.

Remarkable Mutilation of a Murdered Woman's Body.

Buried in Places in the Garden of a Glasgow Suburb—She Was Killed by a Gardener in His Room.

The most horrible murder in criminal history was committed recently at West Lodge, a villa on the Albert road in Pollok, shields on the outskirts of Glasgow, Scotland. A woman was mutilated after the method of "Jack the Ripper," was dismembered, and the pieces of her body were buried in the villa garden. McEwan, the gardener, is the guilty of the crime.

West Lodge is in one of the finest suburbs of Glasgow, and is surrounded by a garden some 125 feet deep on every side. McEwan, with the assistance of gardener, MacDougall, lived in a separate house, and when not busy at the villa he did odd jobs in the neighborhood. He is a native of the county Down, Ireland, is about 35 years old, and, although occasionally a heavy drinker, he had borne a good reputation. He is a man of great physical strength.

At 6 o'clock in the morning MacDougall knocked at McEwan's door to wake him, as he has done for the last six years. McEwan responded with unusual promptitude. "All right, Tom, I won't get up yet; I'm tired."

MacDougall went away and worked in the garden until 9 o'clock, when he returned to arouse McEwan. His knocks were not answered and he forced open the door. He found the walls, ceiling, furniture, and floor spattered profusely with blood. The clothes from the two beds were scattered over the floor and were sprinkled with blood. Red finger marks streaked the sides of one of the beds and the door. There was not a piece of furniture or an article of clothing which was not stained.

MacDougall ran countless, hatless, and crying in his terror, to the police station and told his story. After fortifying him with brandy the police took him to West Lodge with them. From the room they followed a bloody trail to four fresh-made mounds in the garden. In a flower bed, from which the plants had been removed, they found about two feet under the ground the mutilated head and unjointed arm of a woman. In another similar bed they uncovered the trunk. It was absolutely devoid of all internal organs. Beside the trunk was the woman's left arm, also unjointed. In another flower bed they found the missing organs and the legs, unjointed, as were the arms. The trail led from this last bed to a tool house. There under a pile of rubbish and tools, was a biscuit box containing a fragment of large saw, the teeth still dotted with flesh and blood, and several smaller pieces of the woman's body. The police say that the box was used by McEwan in transporting the limbs and the organs from his room to the garden.

A search of McEwan's room revealed several razors, apparently unused for some time, and an axe, recently used, but still showing slight blood stains.

MacDougall was unable to give any information as to McEwan's deed or the disposition of the body, for he was working, at the time, on the opposite side of the house, as was shown by the fresh-turned earth. He believes that when he knocked at 6 o'clock McEwan was carrying up the body, as McEwan's voice indicated that he was wide awake.

McEwan was engaged to marry a respectable girl, who is maid in a Glasgow family. The mother when she heard of the murder, supposed that the daughter was the victim, and ran to West Lodge. She could not identify the clothing as her daughter's, however, and this evening the girl was found.

After several measures had been adopted without result to establish the identity of the woman, the police of the city were ordered to look at the remains and see if they had ever seen the victim before. Several of them recognized her as a person of loose character. The detectives learned that McEwan had been seen going in the direction of Paisley and they followed close on his heels, and found him lying beside the road half way between Glasgow and Paisley. He had evidently found the chase becoming too hot for him and, fearing arrest, had attempted to kill himself.

Particulars of McEwan's capture are these: Some gamekeepers on Sir John Maxwell's estate saw a stranger creeping upon one of the fields. They stopped him and questioned him, but he refused them an answer. He made an attempt to escape, but the gamekeepers' suspicions were now aroused and they made a move to detain him, when he jerked out a small knife and began hacking away at his throat, but was detected by the gamekeepers before completing his suicidal intent. He soon became exhausted by his struggling and by loss of blood. The men overpowered him and stopped the flow of blood so far as they were able and took him to a police station, where it was found he agreed with the description of McEwan, and, in fact, he proved to be the man wanted.

The murdered woman has been fully identified. Her name was Elizabeth O'Connor, and she was of the class who seek their livelihood on the pavement.

### Seed Thoughts.

Earnestness of purpose can spring only from strong convictions.

A quiet conscience rests in thunder, but rest and guilt live far asunder.

A true Christian, like an electric street car, is governed by the power from above.

It is not so much what we see as the thing seen suggests.—(John Burroughs.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day and at last we can not break it.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

If you were to take the conceit out of some people the remains would defy identification.

If contentment is to come from some end to be gained, it will vanish in desire for a greater end.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—(Shakespeare.

Best of the man who dares to say, "Lord of myself I've lived to-day."—(Horace 111, 22.

Sorrow comes soon enough without dependency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

No matter how many of our laden ships may come







**AT POMPEII.**  
**ARCHAEOLOGISTS UNEARTH A MAN-**  
**SION OF STRANGE DESIGN.**

**Two Ladies Found Perfectly Preserved**  
**After Burial in Cinders and Lava for**  
**Nearly Two Thousand Years—Half the**  
**City Has Now Been Excavated.**

It has been almost 140 years since the first stroke of the archaeologist's pickaxe in the ruins of Pompeii, and there have been published thousands of books and pamphlets on the subject, yet, as a French archaeologist once remarked: "However much is said about Pompeii there remains much to be said."  
 After many months of discouragingly-sterile explorations in these famous ruins, important new discoveries have been made. Another house has been found, whose architecture is considerably different from any yet unearthed. The parts so far restored are the peristyle or pillars surrounding the house, the main court with chambers on each side, and the bath and kitchen. The main entrance has not yet been found and is supposed to be at some distance on the so-called Street of Mercury. The peristyle has columns partly round and partly octagonal. The mosaic pavement of this mansion is very beautiful. The chambers are ornamented with frescoes, the most of them poor in design, with one exception which represents some of the adventures of Hercules. There are many other respects in which this house differs from the others so far uncovered. There seems to have been no prevailing style of architecture in the city, and one can discern reminiscences of Egypt, Greece and the Orient in the construction and decoration of the houses. Pompeii, a city without industry and without commerce, was chiefly a sort of watering place where the rich merchants of Italy came to live after they had made their fortunes or during the hot months. It had thus a cosmopolitan character and the ruins contain many a trace of the cultivated taste of its traveled inhabitants.

Of far more interest than the newly-discovered house are two bodies, which have just been dug up in another part of the city. They are the first found in the ruins in some time and are as perfect as they were on that fatal day in the year 79 A.D. when the city was swallowed up in the ashes and lava of Mt. Vesuvius. The bodies are those of a man and a woman and were found side by side. Except a certain contraction in the limbs of the man the bodies present a calm and peaceful appearance, and it is evident that death overtook them instantly and without warning.  
 The fact that they have been so perfectly preserved since within half a century from the time Christ lived on earth is explained by the enormous envelope of cinders which protected them through the centuries from the air. They are partly petrified, like most of the bodies found at Pompeii. They have been placed in a special museum.  
 That the dust and ashes which cover Herculaneum and Pompeii are the accumulations of more than one Vesuvian eruption is proved by the number of different layers, aggregating in some places as much as 15 feet. The comparatively few bodies found, and the almost entire absence of objects of great value show that most of the 20,000 inhabitants escaped and returned to bury their dead and recover their treasures. Less than half the city has been excavated.

**A Friendship.**  
 One of the pleasantest of friendships is that between a young and a middle-aged woman. (There are no old women nowadays). If the two women are of exactly the right sort, the friendship is almost an ideal one. There can be no jealousy. The elder woman is too old to be envious of the younger, either of her loves or her companionship. The younger feels the superiority of her youth too keenly to care for the regard cherished by the older for her contemporaries. But each possesses a charm to which the other returns with never-ceasing delight.  
 The older friend smiles over but rejoices in the freshness and ardor, the eager anticipations and daring impetuosity, of her companion. She speaks no word of discouragement. It is beautiful, this demanding youth, this splendid audacity, to which all earthly achievements are possible. It is the highest earthly wisdom to recognize that all this enthusiasm is needed for the lessons which divine wisdom shall teach.  
 And the younger woman, pouring out her hopes and expectations, her passionate longings and wishful imaginings, feels strongly the mellow graciousness which experience has brought. Dimly she wonders at the content that is always the most puzzling to the youthful heart. Contentment should only be found on mountain peaks, she thinks.

Yet the large-hearted charity which endures all things, believes all things, and hopes all things is an ever-refreshing surprise. Sometimes as she breathes its fragrance the vague question stirs: "Is it possible that this charity, this content of themselves, are attainments? Is it so? Can it be? Ah, no!"  
 No, not yet! For youth is the longing; for age, the knowledge that the longing was never meant to be satisfied here. Each is best for its own time. In such a friendship each grace finds its complement in the other.—Harper's Bazar.

**Insects Are Practically Voiceless.**  
 If by voice we understand sounds produced by air expelled from the lungs, which, passing through the larynx, are modified by the tongue and emitted from the mouth, insects are unquestionably voiceless. At the same time, insects usually regarded as dumb may really produce sounds which are beyond our range of hearing. The sounds which insects make are produced in various ways—by the wings, or spiracles (breathing holes), and by rubbing one part of the body against another. The song of the cicadas has been celebrated from time immemorial; the chirping of the cricket and the grasshopper is also familiar to us. The musical organs of the former are internally placed, the sound issuing out of two holes at the base of the abdomen, while the chirping of crickets is made by rubbing the wing covers together. Flies and gnats, like the cockchafer, dragon fly and certain bees, produce sounds through the spiracles. The voice thus produced appears to some extent to be under the control of the will, and thus offers another point of similarity to a true voice. For instance, a bee in pursuit of honey hums continually and contentedly on A, but if it is angry or excited it produces a different note.

**COPPER CAN BE TEMPERED.**  
**A Canadian Blacksmith Rediscovers a**  
**Lost Art.**

A poor French-Canadian blacksmith named Ferdinand Allard, of L'Assomption, Quebec, has discovered the secret of the lost art of hardening copper so that edged tools of that metal will equal the best steel, and copper plates will turn any ball. The announcement of the discovery, though involving results of the greatest economic importance, attracted, as often happens in such cases, little or no local notice, but outside of his own country Allard's invention promises to be eagerly seized upon. It was brought to the attention of Major-General Herbert, the commander of the Canadian militia, and the cutting tools made by Allard were submitted to his inspection and to that of engineers named by him. All of the examiners expressed their surprise at the wonderful edge and hardness that had been attained. It was the general's suggestion, made with an eye to the possibility of the discovery's being utilized for the arming of British war vessels, that the inventor prepare a sheet of his hardened copper, 14 of a fine thickness, to be tested under the direction of the lords of the admiralty. Private reports from England state that the experiments in the royal dockyards have proved eminently successful, though nothing official upon the subject has yet been communicated to Allard. At a preliminary trial of similar sheets at the rifle ranges, the bullet, fired from a distance of forty yards, was shattered into a thousand fragments by its first impact with the hardened copper. On the second trial the missile, striking the plate more fairly, was completely flattened, but remained embedded in the plate, which it merely dented slightly, without cracking it in any way. Allard's friends declare that all the tests so far made have proved most satisfactory, and that the inventor, among other things, has made by his process a copper razor equal in edge and temper to the best article of the famous Rodgers manufacture.

The story of how Allard came to rediscover the art which was known to the ancients, and especially to the old pyramid-builders of Egypt, reads like a romance. Thirty-three years ago, when working at his trade in the United States, he heard a comrade in the same shop say that the man who could rediscover the lost secret of tempering copper would make a fortune. Ever afterward this saying haunted his mind, and for over thirty years he sought the secret in vain. He made thousands of experiments which ended only in failure and disappointment. A hundred times he vowed that if the next trial failed he would abandon the search, which was wasting his limited means and proving seemingly a veritable will-o'-the-wisp for him. At last he fully decided to make one more trial, and if that failed to give the whole thing up forever. A new combination had occurred to his mind and success crowned his efforts.

**One-Piece Barrels.**  
 A German has patented a process for making barrels without staves. The trunk of a tree is sawed into lengths to the size of the barrel required, and the chunks are placed in a boiler and boiled for a few hours. It is believed that if a current of electricity be passed through the boiler a chemical action is generated that softens the wood for working. After the boiling the bark is stripped from the chunks. In front of a cutting tool the chunks are held by forks in a manner similar to that in which a piece of wood is held in a lathe. The chunk revolves rapidly against the edge of a fixed broad blade that cuts a continuous sheet of soft wood of any desired thickness. The strip passes to a flat table, where it is cut transversely into lengths of the required size. One machine cuts grooves for the head and the bottom, and another cuts V-shaped slots out of the edges. Then the pieces are bent into cylinders and hooped. Moisture is extracted by a drying apparatus.

**Wonder Workers.**  
 An English mint possesses an electrically operated machine for counting coins.  
 There is a tree in Jamaica known as the life tree on account of its leaves growing even after being severed from the plant; only by fire can it be entirely destroyed.

The Russian physician who proposes to cure neuralgic pains by throwing a beam of electric light from an arc lamp on the part affected is entitled to a respectful hearing. It will be a long time before we exhaust the uses of this mystic agent.  
 A French manufacturer makes minute electric lamps about the size of a pea for the use of photographers in the dark room. They are intended to be mounted in the middle of a pair of spectacles or on the frame without the glasses, the lamp being shielded by a reflector. The battery is made up of accumulator cells.

**A Substitute for Asbestos.**  
 A new material, not unlike asbestos in its properties, has been discovered in immense deposits in the United States of Columbia. It is stated to be the color of amber, perfectly transparent, and incombustible. Experiments made at Bogota indicate that it will be of great value for the manufacture of bank note paper, for fireproof and waterproof roofing tiles, and for suits for firemen. A white varnish can be extracted from it. The substance has been named by cara manquina, and it is expected to prove of greater importance than asbestos.

**The Earth's Population.**  
 The latest estimates make the total population of the earth 1,440,000,000. This also set down that the languages spoken number 3,000. The Lutheran Kirchzeitung states that the Bible is now accessible to fully two-thirds of the human race. It is true that the Scriptures have been translated into not more than 187 languages, but those are the dominating tongues of the world, and through them Christianity reaches the bulk of mankind—or may do so. England and America are immeasurably ahead in the production of translators and translations.

**Cloth from Wood.**  
 A German chemist has patented a method for the isolation of the fibers of wood so that they can be spun and made into yarns capable of being woven. The wood is first cut into thin strips, which are repeatedly passed between roughened rollers, so that they are bent and cracked in many places. After thorough treatment in this manner the mass is finally changed into a fibrous substance, the fibres being very delicate and soft, and yet strong. It is said that the material can be spun like cotton, and takes colors very well.

**FALL SEASON**  
**Millinery**

We are now prepared to show complete lines of all the latest styles of Millinery suitable for the Fall trade.

Owing to a rush of orders our Miss Kinsey finds it impossible to prepare for a formal Fall Opening, but we shall be open all the time and pleased to have our customers and friends call and inspect our stock.

We have also  
**Mantles and Dress Goods** in the  
 Newest Designs,

All the Departments of our establishment are full of seasonable goods at right prices.

Do not forget that we keep the best qualities of Family Groceries obtainable.

We are noted for Cheap Teas. Our 25c. and 35c. Teas cannot be beaten in Canada. Try them.

**W. S. BEAN,**

Montreal House, Gorrie.

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

AGENT.  
**FORDWICH, ONT.**

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

GOOD NOTES DISCOUNTED.

Special Attention given to

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**B. S. COOK,**

North of the Post Office,  
**FORDWICH**

**Fordwich**  
**Roller \* Mills.**

WILSON BROS., Props.

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

FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50  
 BRAN.....per ton. 12 00  
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Special attention given to GRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

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

PATONAGE SOLICITED.  
**WILSON BROS.**

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A SPENCE, M. D.,  
 Proprietor.

J. C. BELL,  
 Manager.

— A FULL LINE OF —

**Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,**

**Stationery and Fancy Goods,**

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In endless variety and at every price.

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**WOOL WANTED.**

**Listowel Woollen Factory.**

Highest Prices Paid. Cash or Trade.

**Largest \* Wool \* Market \* in \* Ontario**

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

**New and Fresh Stock.**

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

**FINE WOOL SCOTCH SKIRTINGS,**

(Something new offered to the trade.)  
 We are the only woollen factory in Canada that make this line of goods and offer them for one-half the price you pay in the city of Glasgow.

**WARNING**

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

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

**B. F. BROOK & SON.**

**City Boot and Shoe Store**

**WROXETER**

**A Neat Walking Boot**

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

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

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

GENTS' can be supplied in any line.

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

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



**TWO CURIOUS STORIES.**

**STRANGE TALES FROM AUSTRALIA ALLEGED TO BE TRUE.**

**A Wife Dreams That Her Husband is Dying at the Precise Moment He was Killed—A Soothsayer's Horrible Predictions Fulfilled.**

We had a talk the other day about haunted houses and other eerie things. I was interrupted at that time, but a full in more important news enables me to get off my mind two or three other ghostly things. For example: As I rode along in one of the suburban tram cars I passed a cottage wherein a strange thing happened awhile ago. Near by lived an old man who had received many kindnesses from the true-hearted mistress of the cottage, who took compassion upon his necessity. Early one morning this lady woke in great fright. She had dreamed that the old man was calling her in frantic haste to come and help him. She looked at the clock and noted the time. It was 4.30. Later on the lifeless body of the old man was found in a well. The medical opinion was that it must have got into the water at about 4.30 this morning. That was their independent testimony before they had been told of the curious experience of the woman. The distance of the well from the house made it impossible that she could have heard the old man cry, if he really did cry. How, then, can one explain the incident? I might relate other facts similar in their nature, all showing that there is in the world more mystery than we have yet comprehended. The task is, however, unnecessary.

I will mention another peculiar event which happened less than a year ago in this colony. A lady, wife of a gentleman in an influential position, chanced to meet at a party one night a person who had great reputation as an amateur soothsayer. "Oh, just tell me my fortune," she said, jocularly. "I'd rather not," replied the fortune-teller, after looking at her steadily for a little time; "I'd rather not. It would disconcert you terribly." The lady urged her request, nevertheless. "Then," the soothsayer continued, "I'm sorry to tell you that in three months you will be a widow, and that in six months you will be mad." The lady told her husband, who soon fell ill and died, while the other part of the prophecy was to some extent verified. I have called this incident peculiar, but there is in it, at any rate, some direct connection between the cause and effect. The man during his illness would certainly be depressed by the thought of the prophecy that he would not recover, and the same fact would affect his wife. Imagination, which is more potent than medicine, was set to work against the couple. That not only explains the mystery in some degree, but it illustrates the need for imaginative people to be careful how they handle occult subjects.

**A Good Word for the Tiger.**  
The tiger is not such a very great misfortune to the neighborhood where he happens to have fixed his abode. His chase gives pleasure, excitement and exercise to the many hard-worked officials, whose lives would be those of uninterupted routine were it not for this recreation. It is also of great assistance to the district officials, as it makes them much better acquainted with the people under their charge, and they get to know out-of-the-way places which, but for this sport, they would never have visited.

The tiger is a very necessary evil in India, and were it not for him, deer and wild boar would increase to such numbers that the cultivation of the land would become an immense hardship, and almost an impossibility; he keeps them within bounds, and relieves the ryots from watching their fields by night in the unhealthy localities. We are accustomed in England to hear constant war preached against this animal for its total extermination; but this ought only to be in cases of the destructive cattle-killer or man-eater, and these ought to be got rid of at any cost. The villagers are always extremely careful of their good cattle, watching them well and keeping them grazing on the border of fields where they are working, and would be very sorry if the tiger were exterminated; of course they themselves are often carried off by man-eaters. But tigers of this class are luckily very scarce.

Tigers are still numerous in the State of Mysore, and panthers have often been killed in the city itself quite recently. I believe that in Mysore the largest tigers in India are to be found. Some have been killed quite lately by sportsmen measuring nearly ten feet six inches from the nose to the tip of the tail. There are two kept by the Maharajah in the court-yard of his cattle stables that measure very little short of that.—From "Tiger-Hunting in Mysore," by R. Caton Woodville, in Harper's Magazine for October.

**Stub Ends of Thought.**  
History's heroes were selfish men. Idle men are as great gossips as idle women. Contentment makes pudding of cold potatoes. Every man defends himself unconsciously. Bachelors are the unbuttered bread of the world. Writers are the only cooks who love to eat their own victuals. If a man's ability were as great as his discontent, everybody would be a Napoleon.

There is one day in the week to go to church, and seven to love thy neighbor as thyself. Language is the memory of the human race. It is as a thread of life running through all the ages, connecting them into one common, prolonged, and advancing existence.—William Smith.

**Glass.**  
Glass, as far as research has been able to determine, was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ, and was even then not in its infancy. In the state collection at the British Museum there is the head of a lion molded in glass bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

**The First Quarantine.**  
The honor of instituting the first quarantine is claimed for the Venetians. Vessels were kept from intercourse with the shore for forty days. The Italian quarantine means a space of forty days, which is also the original meaning of the English "quarantine."

**TOP SPEED ON RAILROADS.**

**Two Hundred Miles an Hour Claimed as Among the Possibilities.**

A writer in the Engineering Magazine expresses the belief that "there is no inherent mechanical reason why we should not, on absolutely clear stretches of track, obtain a velocity approaching 200 miles an hour, the propelling force being the electric current. This dream of fabulous speed for railway trains is indulged in by many people, but the Omaha Bee says the idea is not so popular with the general traveling public as it is with the theorists themselves. Moreover, it is yet an open question whether it is within the limits of possibility to attain anything like the speed which this writer suggests. Not long ago a distinguished English engineering authority entered into a somewhat elaborate and very plausible argument to prove that a speed above eighty miles an hour was impossible, for the reason that no known metal or composition could resist the heat that would be generated in the journals under the cars. It was claimed that such rapid revolutions of the wheels as would be necessary to the attainment of the great velocity talked of by the theorists would simply melt the boxes and result in disaster.

But whether such speed is possible or not, it seems hardly practicable, and as travelers are few whose necessities would ever be urgent enough to induce them to patronize a train running 200 miles an hour it is not likely that such speed will be witnessed. It remains to be demonstrated that electricity is a safer motive power than the steam locomotive now in use, though its possibilities of speed are much greater. The expense of running fast trains is enormously in excess of that of running the trains at ordinary speed, and the traveler who wishes to ride on the "flyers" is usually required to pay extra for the privilege. As the tendency of the time is toward cheapness it is doubtful whether public patronage of trains run at lightning speed would ever be sufficiently liberal to make them practicable, taking into consideration the great cost which they would entail upon the railroad companies. It is often argued that it is as safe to travel 100 miles an hour as fifty, but very few people can be made to believe it. What the traveling public wants is careful and intelligent management of the train service, and it is more desirable than such prodigious speed as some of the theoretical engineers are now contemplating.

**NEW CURE FOR PNEUMONIA.**

**A Healthy Man's Blood Injected Into the System of a Sufferer.**  
A novel operation was performed a few days ago at the Philadelphia hospital by Visiting Physician W. E. Hughes, and it is said a new and immediate cure for pneumonia has been discovered. The operation consisted in a patient who was recovering from the disease being bled and his blood being infused into the arm of the sufferer. The patient on whom the operation was performed was a white man who had been brought in by the district surgeons. The convalescent from whom blood was extracted was a colored man.

An incision was made in the white man's upper arm, and one of the veins was isolated for about half an inch. After it had been bound and the natural flow of blood stopped, a slit was made in it, and a glass tube with a wide aperture was inserted. Then about a pint of blood, extracted from the arm of the colored man, was poured in. Gravity carried it into the veins, and soon the blood was coursing through the man's body. In order that the body should not be supercharged with blood a similar amount was extracted previous to the operation. This was black and unhealthy looking, while the blood infused was of a bright red color. After the operation the man's temperature arose, and symptoms similar to those that were noticed after the Koch lymph injections followed. In a few hours, however, a change for the better set in, and yesterday morning the man's temperature was normal and apparently he is a well man. According to the theory acted upon, the system of a convalescent is full of the pneumonia bacteria antidote, and when the blood charged with this is infused into a sufferer it works a cure immediately.

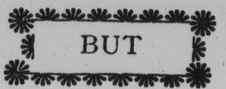
**Unwelcome O's in Ancient Galway.**  
In the ancient City of Galway there were four gateways with protecting towers. These gates looked north, south, east and west respectively, and were built to ward off attacks from the four warlike and war-loving Irish tribes that dwelt around. On each gate was a motto—alliterative and pregnant with meaning. The north gate bore this inscription: "From the ferocious O'Flahertys, good Lord deliver us." On the west gate was: "From the murderous O'Maddens, good Lord preserve us." The prayer over the south gate read: "From the devilish O'Dalys, good Lord defend us." The eastern and last gate bore for its motto: "From the cut-throat O'Kellys, good Lord save and keep us." But the gates proved very little protection against the four terrible tribes, and "ferocious O'Flahertys," "murderous O'Maddens," "devilish O'Dalys" and "cutthroat O'Kellys" frequently stuffed their phillabeg pouches with the good red gold of the Galway burghers.

**Cost of Postage Eighty Years Ago.**  
An old almanac for 1814 gives the following as the rates of postage prevailing at that time: "For every single letter by land, for 40 miles, 8 cents; 90 miles, 10 cents; 150 miles, 12 cents; 300 miles, 17 cents; 500 miles, 20 cents, and for more than 500 miles, 25 cents. No allowance to be made for intermediate miles. Every double letter is to pay double the said rates; every triple letter, tripple; every packet weighing one ounce, at the rate of four single letters each ounce. Every ship letter originally received at the office for delivery, 6 cents. Magazines and pamphlets, not over 50 miles, 1 cent per sheet; over 50 miles and not exceeding 100, 1 1/2 cents per sheet; over 100 miles, 2 cents per sheet.

**Scientific Drops.**  
Electric welding has now become almost universal in large establishments. The use of a flux is necessary. Electricity is used for making forgings, augers, railroad spikes, ball bearings, and other articles hitherto made by hand. The influence of forests in protecting the water supply is well illustrated in the case of Greece. In ancient days she possessed 7,500,000 acres of forest. To-day she has hardly 2,000,000 acres, and the scarcity of water and other injurious climatic effects are traceable to the destruction of the trees.

**Columbus**

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- Cloakings**  
Some Good Patterns and just the right weight for Fall and Winter—Another Lot expected to arrive in a few days.
- Dress Goods**  
No use trying to describe, Kindly Call and See for Yourselves.
- Shawls.**  
We have plenty of them, Assorted Colors, big Sizes and for Small Money.
- Tweeds.**  
We keep the Best Goods, Newest Patterns, and Our Prices are Rock Bottom.
- Overcoatings.**  
We can Fit and Suit the most Fastidious on the Shortest Notice—  
Fits Guaranteed.

**Ready made Overcoats**

For Boys and Men,  
A Big Variety,  
Prices range from \$2.90, up.

All are Cordially Invited to Call and Inspect Our Goods and see what We have For Sale.

**Furs.**  
Winter's Coming—When the first Cold Snap comes, please remember We have what will Keep You Warm.

**In Underware.**  
You will find just what You want here and cheap too.  
Full Assortment Mens Kid Gloves, Mitts, Socks Hosiery, Yarns etc.

we have not time to give Prices. Kindly Call and hear the Goods Talk for Themselves.

Highest Price for Produce.

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**WHERE DO YOU LIVE ?**

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



**OF THE COUNTY OF HURON,**

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

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE,  
THE FARMER NEEDS ONE,  
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**PRICE, \$3.50.**

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

**Gorrie Tin Store.**



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

PRICES DOWN TO BED-ROCK.

See Me about Getting a Furnace.

Lamp Goods,  
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Tinware, etc.,  
In endless abundance and Variety.

**Repairing**  
Done to Order and in First-Class Style

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

Your Best Chance  
To MAKE MONEY is at the

**Gorrie Woolen Mills Store**

HAVING rented the store lately vacated by Mr. McKelvie, of Walkerton, and put in a large stock of

- Tweeds.**
- Flannels,**
- Blankets,**
- Shirts,**
- Stocking Yarn,**
- Single Yarn,**

And all kinds of Woolen goods, I invite the citizens of Gorrie and surrounding country to call and see my large stock before buying Fall and Winter goods. These goods are manufactured at the Palmerston Woolen Mill. I sell Cheap for Cash. Wool and Sheepskins taken in exchange.

I have also put in a **HAND LOOM**, and will do Custom Weaving, such as flannels and rag carpets. You will find my store open at all times.

**J. W. WATERHOUSE,**



# A Strange Incident in the Life of a Politician.

It was during the memorable and exciting elections of the year 1874 that the strange events which I am about to narrate took place. I, Robert Barker, am a politician and from my boyhood upward have always been an enthusiastic conservative. Being somewhat of an old campaigner now, like many another veteran, I like to rest upon my arms and review the battles I have fought. The life of a politician is not altogether a romantic one. As a rule he is called upon to deal with hard facts and has abundant opportunities of studying the practical side of human nature; but now and then, particularly during the more exciting epochs of political warfare, he is placed in peculiar situations and involved in strange adventures.

Looking back over past years and over the vicissitudes of some thirty years of active political life I recall one remarkable incident in my career which can never be effaced from my memory. This adventure has never, to my knowledge, been made public, but encouraged by the great interest it has excited in the breast of the few old cronies to whom in moments of sudden confidence, it has been related, I have, after some hesitation, determined to commit it to manuscript for the benefit and the warning of my fellow politicians.

It was, as I have said, during the memorable elections of 1874 that this incident occurred. I was at that time practising law in the town of Wexford in the County of Middlesex. Having already taken an active part in politics, I had gained considerable prominence as a politician and had a short time previously been elected to fill the important position of treasurer of the local conservative association. Having in previous contests won considerable reputation as an orator my services were in great demand during the elections, and though as a rule I limit the field of my labor to my own constituency, on several occasions I found myself called upon to go beyond it and render assistance to candidates in other and more distant districts.

During the heat of the campaign I received a note from my old friend, Mr. Thomas Lawson (who was contesting the neighboring constituency of the Conservative interest) requesting me very earnestly to address a large meeting to be held on his behalf in the town of Clinton. As Mr. Lawson was an old friend of my own and was fighting an uphill battle, I determined to render him the assistance he required. Perhaps, however, my friendship would not in itself have been sufficient to induce me to forego several other important engagements I had made for the same evening had it not been necessary that I should pay a visit to the president of the neighboring Conservative association for the purpose of receiving from his hands a large sum of money subscribed by prominent members of the party for organization purposes in the two constituencies, and discussing with him the appropriation of the same. As this gentleman, Mr. J. R. Lucas, was to preside at the Lawson rally, I considered that an excellent opportunity of holding the required interview.

And thus it happened that I found myself one cold autumn evening, some three days after the receipt of Mr. Lawson's letter, standing in the dreary station at Wexford, waiting impatiently the arrival of the 6.30 express which was to carry me to the meeting at Clinton. I paced the platform restlessly until at last a welcome whistle informed me that the train was approaching and shortly afterwards it steamed into the station. On entering a carriage I found it unoccupied save by one passenger who seemed deeply engrossed in reading a newspaper. Settling myself comfortably in a seat I made a somewhat critical examination of my fellow passenger. He was a striking looking man, with a somewhat distinguished air and prominent clean-shaven features. At first I set him down as a Presbyterian minister, then as a distinguished orator, or actor, but a closer examination of his somewhat shabby apparel led me to the conclusion that he must follow some less lucrative employment than any of these.

After a somewhat brief inspection I drew a newspaper from my pocket and began to read. Glancing up several times at my companion I found him in the act of examining me curiously over the rim of his newspaper, and becoming somewhat restless under his scrutiny I turned my shoulder towards him and fixing my attention on my paper soon became engrossed in an account of a great political address delivered by the leader of my party a few days before.

A loud chuckle from my companion suddenly called my attention to him again. He was evidently amused by something in his paper before him for catching my eye fixed on him inquiringly, he exclaimed in a jovial tone:

"It takes old John A. to demolish them." My heart warmed to the man, at this enthusiastic praise of my honored leader, and we soon became engaged in an animated discussion on the political issues of the hour. I found my companion well versed in the lore of the politician and as ardent a conservative as myself.

"I expect," he remarked, "that the old man will get there this time."

"Well, rather," I answered. "It certainly won't be my fault if he fails."

"Ah, your're doing some political work yourself are you, friend?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered, "I'm treasurer of the conservative association in this county and do considerable speaking besides."

"At the word treasurer I thought a sudden look of interest came into the eyes of my fellow passenger."

"I calculate you have some pretty big sums to handle, times," he remarked.

"Fairly," I answered.

"I presume they keep a pretty sharp eye on your treasurer in this county, don't they?"

"Sir!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"O don't be offended," he cried; "I only mean to say that—when money is so precious and so useful, they don't place much in the hands of an individual, having regard of course, to the frailty of human nature."

I am not aware to what extent the average politician is trusted by his party," I said, "but I personally have never had reason to doubt the confidence of my party."

"Ah, indeed," he said rather sneeringly, "as an evidence of what I say I might incidentally mention that I have an order for five hundred dollars, party funds, with me at the present moment."

"Ah!" he said, starting suddenly in his seat, but quickly resuming his composure, and holding out his hand with a winning smile, "I congratulate you, sir, in having the confidence of your fellowmen and I don't for an instant doubt that you fully deserve it."

Somewhat mollified by this courteous remark I accepted his outstretched hand. He then began to enter into an elaborate explanation of his previous remarks, stating

that his experience of human nature had been an unfortunate and that like signs of old he had long been vainly seeking for someone on the depravity of human nature that I soon became convinced that he was, as had at first surmised, a Presbyterian minister. This opinion he however, soon shattered by informing me that he was a gentleman of means travelling for pleasure, and handing me a card on which was written the name of E. Carleton Hawke. He seemed to have travelled extensively in the time and related several interesting anecdotes of the places and men he had seen. After some time the conversation again turned to my coming visit to Clinton and in return for his confidence I gave him a few particulars regarding my past life and present journey.

"I presume you have a large acquaintance in Clinton," he remarked.

"No, strange to say," I answered, "I am not acquainted with a single person in the town except ten candidates. Mr. Lawson and I doubt if he will be there this evening."

"And how were they to identify you?" he inquired.

"I hold letters of introduction to the president of the local association," I answered, "which I will present to him after the meeting, together with the order for the money."

"After the meeting?" he repeated inquiringly.

"Necessarily so," I answered "I do not expect to reach the town till the meeting has started and will require it immediately. The letters of introduction are of course only necessary to ensure the payment on this order."

"I see," he said thoughtfully, "I see." The conversation now began to lag, my companion seemed to me to be deeply engaged in thought to speak further and I myself was somewhat alarmed at my own unusual conduct in confiding so much of my private business to this inquisitive stranger.

After we traveled this way for some time in silence, the shrill whistle of the train informed us that we were approaching a station, which, in consulting the conductor I found to be the Village of Waterford, a station just ten miles from Clinton. As the train drew up at the station, my companion invited me to come out and take a stroll on the platform, remarking as he did so:

"The train stops here twenty minutes to wait for the Western express."

Glad of an opportunity to stretch my legs I readily complied with his invitation. We walked slowly from the platform to a hotel a short distance down the road, where Mr. Hawke called for refreshments in a lively tone, and having secured them he seemed once more to recover his jovial manner and entered into a warm discussion on matters political with several villagers in the bar-room. I took a chair in the room and sat lazily sipping my toddy much amused by the witty remarks of my eccentric companion, when the discussion was suddenly interrupted by the shrill whistle of the train. I started up suddenly.

"Sit down," said Hawke, "Don't stir. She's just whistling to the down express, ten minutes yet." I resumed my seat, and the discussion continued waxing warmer every moment till at last fearing we would miss our train I requested my companion to return with me to the station. This, after considerable delay he consented to do. We walked leisurely down to the platform. Hawke talking merrily as we went. We mounted the steps and walked forward, when to my utter dismay and astonishment I found that the train had left the station, nor was there a trace in speechless amazement. Could it be possible that I had missed the meeting, when so much depended on my presence. But if my indignation was silent, that of Mr. Hawke was loud.

"Missed the train," he cried. "Don't tell me I have missed the train. Great Heavens, and I had an appointment of the greatest importance in Clinton at eight o'clock," and so he continued in the same strain loudly lamenting his misfortune until I cut him suddenly short by fiercely inquiring:

"Why did you say it stopped for twenty minutes?"

"I call Heaven to witness," he cried, "with a melodramatic gesture, "that I thought it was so."

Too angry and disappointed to say anything further I turned and walked back to the hotel, he following close beside me and pouring forth a hundred excuses and malidictions in the same breath.

As we reached the hotel steps a sudden idea seemed to strike him.

"I cannot drive," he said. "Can we not get a rig and drive? It is only ten miles."

"Right," I cried eagerly. "Of course we can."

We hastened to the proprietor of the hotel who agreed to furnish us with the required conveyance and in a few minutes we were seated in a comfortable single carriage and driving rapidly in the direction of Clinton.

My companion held the reins while I leaned back in the buggy thinking over the subject matter of the speech I was to deliver that evening.

It was now about eight o'clock. The night was a very dark one and the road rough and narrow. As we proceeded the road became still narrower and was heavily wooded on both sides, the tall pine trees casting fantastic shadows across our way.

In the early part of our journey we met with several other rigs but as we proceeded about five miles we met with no more and the silence was unbroken except by the noise of our own carriage. To this was soon added the rasping voice of Hawke who broke the silence to us.

"Pretty lonely road this."

"Very," I answered.

"Pity they don't clear that bush," he continued.

"Surprising," I replied. "They probably have their reasons."

"Yes, I guess they have," he continued. There was silence again for a few minutes, and then he said:

"Would you mind holding the reins, friend?"

"Certainly not," I replied and took them in my hand. He placed his liberated arm carelessly over the back of the seat and sat leaning softly to himself. The road now became rougher and the bush more dense. It was a work of no small difficulty to guide the stumbling horse along the narrow way and I began to repeat that I had undertaken the task. Holding the reins with both hands, however, I fixed my attention on the horse and succeeded in keeping him going a good pace and on the middle of the road.

Suddenly I became aware that my companion was becoming very affectionate. As I said before, on relinquishing the reins he had thrown his arm carelessly over the back of the seat. Later he placed it on my

shoulder and now he suddenly placed it tightly to my side, and before I could struggle to free myself from his grasp he slipped a noose of rope over my head with his other hand and bound my arms tightly and immovably to my sides.

Dropping the reins I turned round in amazement and as I did so he called to the horse to stop and leaning lightly from the buggy dragged me down with him, and threw me violently on the rough road, kneeling on my chest and quickly tied the rope into a hard knot, and then after a short struggle succeeded in twisting another rope about my feet and tied them tightly together.

As he was a much more powerful man than myself and as I had been stunned by my heavy fall on the road, I was unable to offer any strong resistance to his efforts and in a few moments he had me lying bound hand and foot helpless at the side of the road. He then proceeded to tie a handkerchief across my mouth in such a manner as to prevent me from uttering any articulate sound, and having done this he quickly proceeded to rummage my pockets. He got my purse containing about twenty dollars in bills and silver, but did not seem satisfied with this. He took also all the papers, letters, and documents he could discover, and placed them very carefully in his pockets. He then dragged me to the side of the road and placing me on the grass in a small hollow, behind some bushes, he returned to the carriage and leaning lightly in drove off with a merry "Bye-by, friend," as he went.

I listened with feelings which may be better imagined than described to the sound of the departing wheels as they grew fainter and fainter in the distance. A fierce anger and indignation filled my breast at the thought of this consummate villainy on the part of a man whom I had so completely trusted.

But anger was evidently useless now. My one thought should be to derive a means to escape from my bonds. I strove eagerly and fiercely to burst the ropes that tied me, but it was useless, and after several ineffectual struggles I stopped exhausted with my efforts. My only hope seemed to be in attracting the attention of some passer-by.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Spectre of the Plains.

As the sun goes down and the shadows of evening creep over the plains here in this camp beside Honeysuckle Creek the two men smoke their pipes, their wives clear up the dishes from supper, and the seven or eight children join hands and sing as they circle about the dying campfire.

A couple of pioneers are shifting to better themselves. The white-topped wagons have been hauled many a weary mile, and the journey is not yet ended. The wives are complaining, the children happy. The night is mild and warm, the Indians are at peace, and as the dusk grows deeper the stars appear until there seems to be no room for another. By and by the men rise up and move among the grazing horses to see if their hobbles are secure; women and children retire to the wagons with many a good night, and before 10 o'clock the coyotes glide about the camp without fear and the cricket is not interrupted in his song.

Three miles to the east, hidden from sight by the ridge which rises up against the sky like a great wave on a calm sea, a thousand cattle are lying down on the short, rich grass. They face in every direction. Those on the outside of the bunch lift their heads now and then to sniff the air, but there is no sign of danger to alarm them. Here and there a cowboy has flung himself down to rest and smoke. There is no danger of a stampede on such a night as this. Now and then a steer will spring up and look wildly around, but the alarm will soon pass. Midnight comes. The crickets still sing and the cattle still rest quietly. It is on such a night that men sleep too heavily to retain any of their senses. A man rising a thousand feet into the air could have seen the black cloud rolling up out of the valley beyond. There was no wind, and yet it crept slowly on and on. As it neared the mountain it grew blacker and blacker. As it rolled upward over bowlder and fir tree it was lit up by flashes of fire.

It was a thunderbolt, but there was no growling of thunder. It was not until the black cloud had reached the crest of the range and was ready to roll down upon the plains below that the night was lighted up with a blinding flash and the earth trembled as a mighty thunderbolt found a target.

Fever steep springs to his feet. There is a clattering of horns and hoofs as the mass sways about. A thousand pairs of eyes glitter through the darkness like those of wild beasts. The mass pushes to the east, but is checked. It bulges out to the north, like fish in a net, but the cowboys are there. It pulls back, draws a long breath, and with a mighty rush, heads away to the west. It is a sight inspired by terror. It is a rush which cannot be stopped by any obstacle save a mountain. In their terror they lower their heads and run blindly, fearing only that which is behind them. The noise is like that of a cyclone bearing the ruins of homes in its grasp as it advances. The cowboys ride with the herd. When the pace abates they will run the advance to the right or left and double back.

The wagons of the pioneers stand there in the darkness. There are no sentinels. Men, women, and children sleep. If the crash of thunder disturbed any of them it was but momentary. The hobbled horses hold their heads high in the air and look fixedly toward the east. Now they snort in alarm and their eyes listen. Now they move to the right or left slowly and painfully and utter shrill notes of alarm. Ah! the men have been aroused from their heavy sleep. They are climbing down to see what skulking thing has created this disturbance. Hark! They pause before their feet have touched the earth. They call out in excited tones.

The growl white-faced as the earth trembles and they hear the frantic bellowing. All are awake now, but it is too late. Morning comes and the summer sun looks down upon a thousand cattle quietly and peacefully grazing within a mile of where the white-topped wagons loomed up in the darkness of the previous night. They are no longer there. Here and there is a relic of the past, but a relic only. Of the men, women, and children, here in this shallow grave are the remains. No, not remains—fragments! Had a wall of stone moved over them there would have been more to gather up—more to bury. Men, women, children, wagons, horses, baggage—nothing but fragments left. Wiped out—blotted off the face of the earth as if heaven had let loose its most terrible wrath.

Several observant ladies have discovered that vegetarians have clear complexions, and have either renounced the use of meat entirely, or partake of it sparingly. Lady Paget, wife of the British Ambassador to the Austrian Court, is one of the recent converts to vegetarianism.

## THE UPPER CONGO MASSACRE.

Details of the Murder of Hodister and his Comrades.

Some particulars of the massacre of Mr. Hodister and his comrades in Central Africa have been received through Mr. Dore, an Antwerp artist, who was with the expedition, and who was one of the few to escape. Mr. Dore arrived at Antwerp three weeks ago, and his story is told in "Le Mouvement Geographique." The expedition of the Katanga Commercial syndicate arrived on the Upper Congo on March 14. Dore, with a part of the force and equipment, went to Stanley Falls for the purpose of ascending the Congo and establishing three trading stations for the syndicate at Riba Riba, Nyangwe, and Kassongo. Hodister and the rest of the expedition ascended the Lomami River to find three trading stations on that large tributary of the Congo. Dore and his comrades were cordially received at Stanley Falls, both by Lieut. Toback, the resident officer of the Congo State, and the numerous Arabs. Sefu the son of Tippu Tib, was particularly hospitable, and he sold to the syndicate eight tons of ivory. He furnished canoes and canoe men for the journey up river, and engaged to transport past the seven falls known as Stanley Falls the pieces of the little steamer that the syndicate intended to launch upon the Lualaba. He wrote to the Arab chiefs further up the river that the white men were coming and bespoke for them a kind reception. No rumor of any trouble up the river had reached the Falls. Sefu and Raschid, however, complained that Van den Kerckhove on the Welle-Makua had been fighting the Arabs and killed many of their friends.

On March 23 the party started up the river with forty men and 200 loads of merchandise in their canoes. All the goods and boats were dragged or carried around the falls. They had not gone far before they met Lieut. Michiels, an agent of the State, who told the party to beware of the Arab Chief Nserera, in command of Riba Riba. He had had a very serious quarrel with this chief, the particulars of which he did not tell to Dore and his companions.

Still ascending the river, they soon reached the Arab settlement of Kibongo. This chief's residence is on the right bank. He is rich and powerful, though much inferior to Tippu Tib in importance. He has 5,000 slaves, each armed with a rifle, to answer his beck and call. On the other side of the river he has a powerful Arab ally, the chief of the friendly relations with the powerful Arab chief. Both these chiefs are on friendly terms with the settlements of these powerful Arab. They gave the whites a kind reception, sent them presents and provisions, and sold them a large quantity of ivory. The party left these stations on April 16. Eight days later they arrived at Riba Riba, where Chief Nserera gave them a very cool reception. He knew that Hodister had held the friendly relations with the powerful Arab chief. Both these chiefs are on friendly terms with the settlements of these powerful Arab. 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## THE TURN OF THE WHEEL

I.

"That be a relief!" exclaimed Micah Daggle as he threw down his hammer and drew his sleeve across his forehead.

It was striking one o'clock. They could just hear the quarters from the Stent parish church, about a third of a mile from the Rathole.

The other workers in Micah's shop also uttered exclamations of gladness. It was a blazing July day outside the shed. Inside the shed, where three fires were going, blown by bellows, it was as hot as it well could be without being unbearable. These other workers comprised Mrs. Daggle, Ruth Daggle, Adam Gray, and a boy. It was almost a family affair, this chain-shop of the Rathole. Adam Gray, though no relation, in fact, had won Ruth's heart, and was to marry her when—

But this brings us to the pathos of the place. Trade was extremely bad. It had steadily worsened for years. The big chain-factories had swallowed up scores of the domestic workshops. Not absorbed them, giving compensation for so doing; but driving them into extinction by the facilities they naturally obtained for underselling them. What became of them afterwards no one knew. The men and women left the neighbourhood some well-nigh broken-hearted. The Stent district, though spoilt by these factories, is not without attraction; and after all, home is home, be it a palace in a shire, a hotel in Stent, or a single room in Whitechapel alley.

The Daggs had come down in the world. Micah's father had been reputed a well-to-do man. The bankers of Stent had treated him with a certain deference that meant much in a pecuniary sense. His bills were always met, with never a word about extended time. There was, too, a certain rule plenty in the old red house; meat on the table every day, and no lack of bones for the three white bulldogs which for fifty ten years seemed to occupy almost too much of old Daggle's spare time.

But the old man died one day, with a queer sort of smile on his face. "Nebbs, Micah, thou'lt be a rich man—molbe thou won't," he murmured.

This oracular statement did not affect Micah much at the time. But after the funeral—with abundance of feathers, and half Stent at their doors uttering exclamations of rapture—Micah betook himself to the bank in his sleek Sunday clothes, and asked the manager to please to tell him how much money he had inherited. The old man had been mightily reserved. He always drew the wages himself, and attended to cheques and all commercial matters. His son was just a paid employee of his—rather more favoured than the rest of course, but little else. But the banker had merely lifted his eyebrows and said there was nothing in his hands to the late Mr. Daggle's credit. There had been once upon a time, he allowed, a matter of thousands; but it had all been withdrawn. He rather fancied the chain-maker had invested it in land, was exceedingly surprised at the deceased man's reticence, and was sorry he could say nothing of a more satisfactory kind for Micah.

Time passed, and after a while as they did on this particular day of disappointment. No one knew in the least what had become of old Daggle's money. Micah had questioned every lawyer within ten miles of Stent on the subject, had, in fact, become liable for a astonishing number of six-and-eight-pence suits, to no purpose. And as the outcome, it appeared, was the heir to nothing in the world but the old workshop, the old red house adjacent, and a strip of soft ground behind, some twenty yards by five, which sloped towards a certain black brook between elder-bushes, famous for the size and number of its rats. Hence the style of the immediate neighborhood: Rathole.

Micah had married three or four years before his father's death, and Ruth was born. In compliance with local custom, Mrs. Daggle, when she was freed from the embarrassments attendant upon little Ruth's birth, had entered the workshop and wielded the hammer with the rest. She was a large woman, of the common Stent type: fond of bright shawls and drooping feathers to her shoulders, with a very red face and great arms which made nothing of the ten-pound hammers. And she was not slow to proclaim her opinion that her husband's father had behaved very shabbily in doing away with the money she, in common with others, believed had been saved up for the next generation.

Since then, all sorts of disconcerting events had happened. The first large factory had been established—a huge haunting building of red brick with a tall chimney. Others had followed it; and now daily you might see men and lasses in troops entering the gates of the various workshops. Trade had languished, and the price of materials had risen, while the ability of Micah's customers to pay enhanced values had gone down. Little by little the old Daggle connection had died off. It was not easy—it seemed these were impossible—to get new patrons. There was no money to get new patrons. Nor was it easy to get work done to grub and hammer in the poky little domestic forge, when in the large establishments there were higher wages, better and a more extensive society, and where the sanitary conditions were better cared for.

Thus, from eight paid hammerers, the workshop had fallen to one—young Adam Gray. The old lad took charge of one of the bellows was of small account. Adam Gray was an anomaly in Stent. He had none of the brag, self-assertive ways of the other chainmakers; nor did he care two pence about pigeon-flying, horse-racing, coursing, or poaching, which were the favorite holiday pursuits of the districts. He was a quiet, almost a reflective, fellow, with long hair and a reflective look. Mrs. Daggle did not think much of him; but she forebore to tell him so, fearful lest he, like his predecessors, should straightway give notice. Micah, on the other hand, had a certain regard for the lad. There was something in Adam's face and in such of his mind as he exhibited that convinced Mrs. Daggle that his assistant was not, as Mrs. Daggle playfully expressed it, more than once, "such a fool as he looked." Adam had a fine pair of brown eyes. He was, besides, strong in the arm and phenomenon of industry.

Ruth Daggle had entered the workshop in her tenth year. That was before state legislation made it penal to employ young girls at hard chain-work. She was a delicate little slip of maidenhood, and Adam, from the first, resented seeing her little arms bared to such work as she had to do. The attachment that grew up naturally between them increased with the years. Ruth, though distinctly pretty in a fragile way, was almost as shy a girl as Adam was diffident among mankind. The two went about together, much to the amusement of Stent. Mrs. Daggle did not appreciate such a courtship. But Micah said: "Let 'a be—the lad's a good un, and the wench loves him. It'll be no harm between 'em."

It was no matter to Stent in the Daggle

household when Micah flung away his hammer and breathed with satisfaction. He adopted the conventional division of the day that Adam might have the less cause for discontent with the lower rate of wages he received, and, for Ruth's sake received willingly. All four left the workshop as if it were a purgatory, as in truth it was that day.

"Put on thy coat, wench," said Micah when he saw Ruth bare-armed to the shoulder, and with her dress open at the throat, inhaling the scant July breeze with avidity. Her little face was sadly pale, and her blue eyes seemed preternaturally large. But ere Micah had finished speaking Adam had anticipated him.

"I dunnot want it, Adam," murmured the girl as she fingered under the cloak.

"You'd catch a cold, else; you are such a one for colds, Ruth."

A sudden rattle of pelulance took possession of the girl. It was not wonderful. The poor lass had been worked beyond her strength. Chain-making is never an agreeable employment. The hot days of summer had told upon her.

"I'd like rarely to catch a cold as should carry me right away to the churchyard—that I would," she exclaimed. Tears broke from the blue eyes as she said these naughty, though not unpardonable words.

Micah looked at his daughter in surprise and his face assumed an expression of grievous anxiety. None knew better than he, how little chance there seemed of excusing Ruth from the work she did in the forge. The bellows were to be blown. The lad could not attend to two pairs at once; nor could he, Micah, afford to pay another hand. Things seemed almost desperate with him.

"Come my wench," he said nevertheless, with a tone of tenderness that in the grimed and wrinkled man was very touching—"keep up thy heart; joy cometh in the morning," the Book says—"Bring her in, Adam, lad, to her dinner. I would not be surprised, not if, if there was to be a bit of pork on the table to-day. Thou wert allers a good little un for pork, Ruth."

The girl surrendered herself to Adam.

"I'm so tired," she whispered. "I didn't mean to bother poor feyther."

Adam stooped and kissed the pale face, where a tear was beginning to run. "Your father's right," he said. "Never fear; it'll be better by-and-by. I had a black dream last night—it goes by contraries, you know, dear. I'll work the extra this evening, and you shall go to five."

The tear-dimmed look that Ruth gave him was enough reward to Adam for his own self-sacrifice.

Then they went in to dinner, which did in fact include some salt pork with the potatoes. Salt pork, potatoes, and bread do not make up a great meal; but they dined worse three days in the week.

Yet another shock was destined, however, to come upon Micah Daggle that afternoon. They had hardly begun to work again when a black-coated young man appeared with a paper. "Mr. Branstone has sent me with this, Mr. Daggle," he said. "I'm sorry to have to bring it."

"What is it, sir?" asked the chain-maker, looking about for his iron spectacles. "There be no papers da yet awhile."

"It's about the mortgage. Those people want to build another factory, and unless you can pay, I'm afraid they mean to foreclose, take possession, you know, and just pull down your place."

"Pull down this 'ere house, which was my gran' feyther's?" exclaimed Daggle.

"That's just it, Mr. Daggle. But you must try and find the money."

"I canna do that, sir. I'd as well hope to find a gold mine. Well-a-day, it be hard!—How much time do they give me?"

"A month, Mr. Daggle."

"One month—only a month. Well if the Lord dunnot provide in that time, they shall have their will o' me, sir—I wish you good-a-day."

August opened very wet in Stent. The black brook of the Rathole surged in its bed with a riotous music that was never heard except in flood-times. For a week it rained daily—heavy tempestuous downpours, with big drops. It was good weather neither for farmers nor chain-makers.

Micah Daggle and his shop were, however, less concerned about it than was the calamity that was impending over them. On the 14th of the month, if money was not found, they would have to go elsewhere.

"I'll just break my heart, though I winna say nowt about it," said Micah to Adam one day. "To which young Gray made no reply. What reply could he have made? There were snatches of talk between them about America, or joining one of the large factories as paid hands. It would have to be one or the other. There was no money for the passage to New York. The issue, therefore, seemed a foregone conclusion. But it was a sad come-down for Micah, whose father and grandfather had both been independent employers of labor themselves.

"If only," began Adam one evening as they sat in the gloaming under a stunted old apple-tree, and listened to the tumult of the stream—"if only I could get some one to take up this idea of mine!"

Adam had the self-contained temperament of the inventor. He had already made two or three clever improvements in the domestic machinery, which, from his ignorance of common protective measures, had soon become public property. Of late, however, he had, as he fancied, conceived a plan by which chain-production might be increased in a very simple manner. He was so fearful that this also might get appropriated, that he let no one into the secret except just Micah and Ruth. Money was necessary to test it fairly, and he had nothing like enough money for the purpose. Hardly had he said these words, when they both heard a cracking sound. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Daggle and Ruth came running down the little paddly green path.

"The house's falling, Micah!" cried Mrs. Daggle.

They stood all together by the ancient apple-tree and watched.

A thin smile stole over Micah's face. "I knew," he said, "as my gran' feyther un never let owt but Daggles have to do wi' it."

"Still, it would be such a pity if it was to break down now," added Adam. "It's the damp. There's been crownins in all over Stent. You know that pub. by Rachel Row, the *Gannon of Bacon*. Well, it sank three feet last Sunday night, and none on 'em knew about it till they got up and found the sitting-parlour windows level with the ground."

Ruth had instinctively ranged herself by Adam, whose arm, also instinctively was around her neck.

In Stent as has been like for years, an' years an' never the worse or it."

Adam looked dubious, and his eyes wavered between Ruth and the tallow candle in the kitchen, which could be seen guttering at a considerable angle on the table. "I'll fetch Jake Carter," he exclaimed as he snatched up his cap; "he'll know if it's safe."

Jake Carter soon came, laughing at the idea that there was any real danger in a house so slightly tilted, and then went away, refusing the glass of beer that was offered to him.

An hour after this the house was wrapped in utter darkness. The Daggles and Adam were all abed, and the heavy rain and the noisy brook echoed about it.

But Jake Carter's wisdom on this occasion was at fault. Towards one o'clock, when the heavens seemed like to be wholly liquidated upon the earth, there was another resounding crack throughout the house, and in an instant the back part of the building, on the side which had already yielded, broke into the ground. The loss of equilibrium sent the chimney pots flying; and one of the inner walls fell with a crash. The lesser noise of breaking china and sliding furniture could also be heard, followed by a scream from Ruth, and Micah's and Mrs. Daggle's voices intermingled.

Adam slept on the ground-floor, in the room in which Micah's father had died. It was just here that the subsidence was most emphatic. He awoke with a sense of calamity upon him, heard the clamour of the general ruin, and was then sensible that his head was much heavier than his heels. In this uncomfortable position he heard something else. It was not the chink of gold pieces in numbers, then his recollection of the sound as he had heard it in the bank when he had changed a cheque for Micah was much disordered for the moment. However, he did not heed this agreeable music. He was much encumbered, and all his wits were necessary to enable him to get out of bed and grovel upon his hands and knees towards the door. Ruth's cries much startled him.

An hour passed, and then all the four members of the household were reunited outside in the drenching night. No one was hurt. Ruth had been merely frightened. She was quite calm again, now that Adam had her in charge.

They went to a neighbour's house, where they were given such accommodation as was possible. Here it was that Adam recalled to mind the noise of gold pieces.

"Micah," he said, if there is not money in the house, my hearing is at fault. It was like bagfuls of it breaking against each other.

At first the chain-maker made light of the matter. "You wert but half awake, lad, an' it was the glasses buzzing about your head!" Later, however, he suddenly became serious. "See," he whispered; "the daylight is here, an' it don't rain so much. What dost say—us two'll just step across an' look at the old place."

Mrs. Daggle, too, wished to accompany them, mindful of her Sunday gowns, a favourite hobby of hers, and certain articles she wished to secure from possible ruin. But Micah bade her lie down again and keep Ruth company.

They had much ado to get into the building, and could move in it only on their hands and knees. But the moment they were in Adam's room the truth of his tale was evident. The floor had started from the wall and knocked out several bricks, and with the bricks three boxes had come out. These latter lay in a heap in the sunken corner with a number of sovereigns still in them. As for the coins that had got dislodged, they were in double handfuls in the corner of the room. There was also another similar box still in the hole whence the others had tumbled, and this, too, proved to be full of gold.

The two men sat on the floor and looked at each other. Adam was the first to speak. "I knew that good would come of it, Micah; though I'll allow I hadn't much hope how it would come."

"It's my feyther's savings—there be a doubt in the matter," retorted Micah. "Fraise the Lord, for sure good hev come from this evil."

Then they set to work and collected the coins. They replaced them in the boxes, which were just ordinary workshop boxes for chain-litter, and without lids. And carrying them in their arms, sweetly conscious of their weightiness, they returned to the house, where Mrs. Daggle and Ruth lay awaiting them.

"See what we've found, my dears," cried old Micah joyfully as he plumped his burden upon the floor. "We're rich for life—all four on us.—An' we'll hev your invention put up in Lunnun, Adam, where they're all fine an' honest, I've heard tell. An' you shall hev the wench here whenever she likes to say 'I'll hev you.'"

Adam laughed somewhat shyly. Mrs. Daggle was too much occupied with the gold to heed anything else.

"I think, Master," said Adam, "I'll be wise to strike while my chance is warm. Will it be 'Yes,' Ruth, if I ask you now a quarter of nine to look at the gold, this evening, with a happy light in her eyes. 'I've loved you ever since you were a mite—you know I have,' proceeded Adam. 'Will you be my wife for better or worse, Ruth?'"

"The 'Yes, Adam' of her reply was fully cordial as the young man could have desired it to be.

There were six thousand five hundred sovereigns in the boxes—quite enough, as Micah said, to set up a big chain-factory if he had a mind to build it. But he preferred to live on the interest of it in a snug house outside Stent. The five hundred pounds that were appropriated to further Adam's invention turned out a remarkably good investment. It did not result in a fortune, but it brought in a very comfortable living for Adam and his wife.

The new British coinage will bear the Queen's head without her crown.

Adish-washing machine has been for some time in use in a London hotel. With two persons to attend to it, it washes one thousand dishes an hour.

The streets of London are cleaned between eight in the evening and nine in the morning. Many of the carriages-ways are washed daily by means of a hose, and the courts and alleys are cleaned by the poorer classes are cleaned once a day.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the new Paris fashions is their extreme simplicity; beautiful materials are used, but the cut is in every case innocent of any elaborations, and the only trimming consists of plain, handsome embroideries of gold galoons.

A French perfumer has been making tests of California roses, and discovered that they possess 29 per cent. more of the volatile oil than French roses. This means the development of a new industry for California. The French perfume factories of the town of Grasse alone give employment to 5,000 persons. It is said that fifty cents per pound is paid for some flowers.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### A STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

There are still in Canada and Maine vast stretches of primeval forest, in many parts of which the sound of the lumberman's axe has never been heard. Wolves have disappeared almost entirely from these regions, but bears growl and the traveler, however, are not afraid of bears, for it is only in spring, when Bruin comes out of his den, lean and hungry, and cannot find insects, mice, buds and berries, that he will attack cattle or human beings.

But there is a beast found over a wide stretch of territory which will sometimes, when not needing food, attack a man and tear him to pieces. He is an abiding terror to all woodsmen, and the choppers and teamsters huddle close around the camp-fire on winter nights, as some comrade relates a story about the vicious beast. This northern terror is known to every man who goes into the woods as the Indian Devil.

The Indian Devil is a creature that sleeps and rests in the branches of tall pine, spruce fir, and other trees which have thick leaves. It is really the tree panther, though descriptions of him in scientific quarters are very meagre. He is a great jumper, and can go for miles along the top of the forest by springing from tree to tree. There are great bunches of muscles on his thighs and shoulders; he has long, sharp fangs and cruel, rending claws, which he can draw in much as a cat does. His favorite method of seizing his prey is to lie quietly hidden in the branches of a tree and spring upon the head of his victim. He gives no warning, but falls like death upon the top of a tree as you pass.

The beast is so malignant and so fierce that the Indians believed he was a real devil. Hence his name.

In the region lying along the upper waters of the Northwest Miramichi, in the province of New Brunswick, was the hut of an old trapper who lived all the winter in the woods. He invited two lads, George and James Nelson, to come, and spend a fortnight in his shanty, promising them plenty of shooting.

One day the boys set out alone from the hut on a moose hunt, and the old man went to examine his traps. The snow was deep, but they could travel swiftly on their snow-shoes.

The tracks of a moose were soon discovered, and the brothers, with wild enthusiasm, set out to run the animal down. I may say that the way to capture a moose when the snow is deep in the woods is to "run him down" on snow-shoes, for the animal sinks to the hips and shoulders in the deep snow.

I consider the killing of wild game taken at such disadvantage as this, hardly sportsmanlike, but it is their way in these woods. So the boys riddled the fine animal with their bullets, skinned him, took each a portion of a hind quarter, and set out for the trapper's shanty.

When the sun was getting pretty low, and they were still three miles from camp, they came up a beaten road where logging teams had been passing all day. They had not gone far, when they saw two men coming after them, each having a pair of snow-shoes upon his back, and one of them a disabled fox-trap.

The boys waited when the strangers shouted to them, but they were sorry that they had done so, for they felt an instinctive dread of the men on scanning them closely. They were what is known in Canada as *metis*—that is, part Indian and part French. They had dark, oily faces, hair as black as the feathers of a crow, and sullen brown eyes.

The older one, and the more evil-looking of the two, said, on coming up: "Live about here much?"

George was spokesman, and replied: "No; we are staying a few days in Billy Rogers' shanty."

"You don't want only one of these quarters of meat," said the older man, walking up to James. "Better let us have this one," laying his hand on the venison.

George at once turned to the impudent fellow.

"If you had asked properly, we should have given you some; now you can't have any."

The fellow walked back a few paces and glowered on the brothers; then the two intruders spoke a few words in *patois* in low tones.

The leaders, stepping up to the boys, then said: "We are vera poor men—vera poor. Perhaps the young 'sters would give us a quarter of a piece to buy tobacco at the store."

George, who was very generous and could not resist an appeal like this, took out his pocket-book, opened it and probed around till he found four twenty-five cent pieces, which he handed to the man.

But he saw that he had made a mistake in letting the *metis* see the contents of his pocket-book, which contained a roll of five-dollar bills and five or six sovereigns.

The eyes of the swarthy stranger gleamed when he saw the money, then, in an instant, he was asked: "Going to stay to-night with old Billy Rogers?"

"Yes; we shall be with him for several days."

Jingling the quarters in his hand, the man turned away, and, bowing, said: "Merci, merci, am mooch oblige; we go across throo de woods."

The two evil-looking pair put on their snow-shoes and turned abruptly into a dense forest of spruce.

It was now growing dark, but the road gleamed white through the dusk and it was easy to follow.

"I felt in dread of those men," George said to his brother, as they resumed their tramp. "I think they would not hesitate to steal or even commit murder."

"You should not have let them see your money, George. The other one, who said nothing, actually took hold of his sheath-knife when he saw the gold; but as soon as he knew I was watching him he removed his hand. I am afraid I shall hear from them before the night is over."

"All right. If they attack us it will be the worse for them. They have no guns now, and they must go to their shanty first before they can harm us. Billy says that they are a couple of thieves who live here and rob lumber camps when the men are away; but their shanty is two miles off on Black Gulch. I don't think they would dare to attack us in Billy's lean-to. But hurry up, and let us get home, for these fellows can run like deer, and may get their guns and overtake us if we don't mind."

So they went on as fast as they could walk with their heavy loads. The road soon became almost as dark as the forest, and the cold wind went whistling and sighing among the trees.

The boys paused for a moment to get breath and eat a sandwich of otter steak which the trapper had given them, but before they had finished their hasty bite, they

were startled by a terrible cry. It seemed to come from the road about a quarter of a mile behind them, and resembled the very high-pitched shrieking of a woman in great distress.

The boys shuddered at the sound. Then it was repeated again and again, filling the forest with its terrifying echoes.

"It is a woman, George," said James, as his face grew white, "and I fear those two men are doing her some harm."

"It is not a woman's voice," said George. "Come on; we have no time to lose now. It is the screaming of an Indian Devil."

"Then, perhaps we ought to drop our loads and run!" If not, it will overtake us.

"Hold on, yet, for a little! It is coming along the tree-tops, and has scented us, because the wind is blowing straight toward us. But I don't think it can catch up to us before we reach the Burnt Swamp; then the beast will have to take to the ground, where it cannot be half so dangerous as when in the trees."

"I think, George, we ought to throw away one load and cut the other in two. We can hide one load, rig it in the snow, and get it to-morrow."

"A good idea! We'll put it here."

And in a few seconds, George's load was thrust under the snow.

Three or four cuts of the small axe, carried for the moose hunt, and the other quarter was divided. Each brother pushed, shouldered his lightened burden and started off at a run.

All the while the enemy kept up his crying, and the sound grew nearer and nearer. The boys could not keep up a running pace for long, as they had tramped from sunrise and eaten very little food, but they were nearing the Burnt Swamp now, where the gun-barrel pursuer would be obliged to run along the ground.

I should here inform my readers that guns were of little use to the boys, for the night was pitchy black, and it would be impossible to get a "sight" on an animal like that, which assaults his victim always by springing upon it.

Presently the edge of the wood was reached, but the blood-curdling screams of the terrible pursuer were also near at hand.

Half a mile away lay the shanty of the trapper, but as it stood in the heart of a grove of tall spruces, the greatest danger was threatened there, as the animal would at once take to the trees on leaving the burnt swamp.

The boys hurried more and more, but soon heard a crunching sound in the snow, about fifty yards behind them.

"Of with our loads, James! Let us put them in here. Now we must defend ourselves."

It was the work of only a moment to thrust the two large bunches under the snow, so that the leamsters should not see them in the daylight, and to get back to the beaten road.

There was no sound, however, now; but the two brothers paused every minute or so in their mad run to listen. George grasped James' arm.

"What is that black thing, just there? See, it's the animal."

"That's he! Look! He has gone under the brush. Be careful; he is sure to spring on us. We must keep looking. I doubt if we'll get a chance to fire, but I may be able to settle him with the axe."

The guns were muzzle-loaders, and to strike the brute with the stock would likely explode the barrel, and for this reason George depended on the axe.

"Of course," George added, "we may have a chance to shoot."

Both ran again, not speaking a word, and still hearing no sound, they began to believe their pursuer had abandoned the chase, when a dark object shot from the bare branches of the back-track, with a horrible shriek, striking George on the head in his fall, but failing to seize him.

The blow, however, knocked the boy down and stunned him for a few seconds, the attacker meanwhile hiding somewhere near on the path-side.

James knew that his brother was not seriously hurt, he stood, with his gun cocked, ready for the animal.

Something moved out from the deep shadow of fire, and the younger brother fired at it.

Another piercing cry, and the terrible beast disappeared. It went so swiftly that it had evidently not been hurt, but only frightened.

George got to his feet, just as his brother fired, and he had an ugly wound in his neck, made by one of the panther's claws. They ran again, and in a minute saw a light shining from the one window in the shanty.

As they approached they noticed two men run hastily away from the door, but they were in too much terror of the wood painter to follow and see what it meant.

Billy Rogers heard their story about the Indian Devil with the unconcern of an old trapper; but when they told him about the man who had struck George on the head, he hurried away to become more grave, and put a heavy load of buckshot in his gun. He also drew the charges from the boys' guns and loaded them again with buckshot.

"We'll keep them in our bunk to-night, boys," the old man said, in an indifferent way; "but if these thieves come into this little place, my mate's spare 'em. Fire straight; there'll be a light here all night."

All then ate a supper of otter steak, willow grouse and shanty-made bread. They then turned in.

I have said that the lean-to, which was built of heavy logs, stood in a thick grove of spruce and the branches of a large tree spread over it. It was five feet high at the back, and eight in the front, the rafters running at an angle of sixty-three degrees.

Some one, indeed, was hurt, for there were fifty moanings all night around the shanty, and the dawn revealed one of the *metis*, with a load of buckshot in his legs, writhing in the snow and unable to get away. The other evil-looking companion had fled, leaving his friend to his fate.

Close by the shanty an Indian Devil, nearly six feet long, lay dead upon the snow.

The beast had followed the boys to the shanty and gone into a tree closely to be ready to spring when one of them came out. The *metis* had also followed them, and was about descending through the smokehole when the panther dropped upon one of the villains. This was the cause of the violent yell, but it probably saved the lives of the inmates of the camp.

## SOME VENEZUELA SUPERSTITIONS.

### Women, It is Believed, Bring Death to a Snake-bitten Person.

Has any one ever heard of the snake men of the Alto Orinoco? In Venezuela there are all manner of snakes, from the deadly twelve-inch coral snake, whose bite is death, to the tiger-striped Tunting snake and the boa constrictor. Most persons know the habits of the boa constrictor, but know nothing of the tiger hunter, which is quite as remarkable in its way. Nothing will better illustrate the point than the story of an actual occurrence in this modern age of science and civilization.

While the English railroad from Tucacas to Barquisimeto was under construction an Englishman holding an important position in the work was bitten by a rattlesnake (here known as the *culebra*). The man was forthwith taken to the English quarters and put to bed. While the English doctor was being summoned the wives of the Englishmen at work on the road hurried about and tried to do what they could to help the sufferer. In the midst of the confusion a native came running in with the kind-hearted intention of curing the man.

"Turn all the women out," said he. "What the devil!" said the Englishman's friends. "What for?"

"Their eyes are death," explained the native. "The man will not live if they look upon him."

With that the Englishmen turned the native out of the house, and the bitten man himself declared that if



**Wroxeter.**

The streets presented a deserted appearance last Saturday night, as most of our young people were at Gorrie, taking in the redoubtable Fax.

Messrs. David McBride and Andrew Gemmill, have returned from Dakota where they have been sojourning all summer. They were not greatly taken up with the looks of things in that country.

Quite a ripple of excitement was created among the friends of Mr. John Ireland, formerly of this place, by the news of his marriage, on Saturday last, with one of Mount Forcst's fair daughters. Mr. Ireland has the best wishes of all his old Wroxeter friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Wm. Thompson, the great lumber and stave manufacturer, of Teeswater, is going to stock the yard at the saw mill here with hard wood logs this winter. A special price will be paid for good maple though all other kinds of timber will be purchased as well. Mr. Thompson pays spot cash.

The Bible Society meeting last week was well attended. Addresses were given by the resident ministers, and the ground of the workings of the Society was most ably covered by the agent, Mr. Moorehouse. He made an earnest appeal to all to add their quota towards making up the deficit at present existing in the funds, and showed at length the great work being accomplished by that grand old institution, the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Thos. Gibson, M. P. P., President of the Wroxeter Auxiliary, occupied the chair.

To say that the open lodge, held by the Royal Templars was a success on Friday night last does not begin to do it justice. Never in the history of the organization, was there such enthusiastic interest manifested by the general public. Never before was there assembled such an audience, comprising as it did, both old and young, so thoroughly alive to the interests of Temperance. Great credit is reflected on those of the Committee who so ably did their duty in providing such an attractive and varied programme, while the refreshments provided by the ladies added much to the sociability of the evening's entertainment. The Temperance sentiment here gains space. Evidences are not wanting of the good work being done by the society in the reclamation of both young men and old from the thralls of drunkenness. When the lodge was organized, many thought when the novelty wore off interest would subside but such is not the case, for it is a fact that nearly all the young men of any pretence to respectability in our community are members of the lodge and doing all in their power to further a good cause.

**Fordwich.**

Have you got one? What? A cold. They are the fad at present.

Mr. G. A. Henry was on the sick list a few days this week but is now, we are glad to state, around again.

Sunday was a lovely day for some of our youths here.

Miss J. Self of Harriston, is visiting with Mrs. Geo. Brown this week.

Communion service was held in the Methodist Church here last Sunday.

There is some talk of a grand concert here about Xmas time, in connection with the Foresters; and it is a good idea as our liberal people are always ready to help each other.

What is the matter with our Band? Come, boys, be up and doing.

Fordwich was well represented at the Fax concert on the 5th and were well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

The bridge here is now completed, and teams are crossing it all O. K.

Hunter & Henry have employed Geo. Russel, tinsmith of Wingham and are prepared to do repairing on the shortest notice. Give them a call.

**Lakelet.**

(Too late for last week.)

The new mill has arrived and is rapidly being put in running order.

The Bible Society meeting on Monday night called out a large attendance.

A large congregation gathered to hear the excellent temperance sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Halladay, on Sept. 22, a son.

As the Principal of the new school lately started in Lakelet feared its fame would not become public property, he, in his effusive manner, at a threshing near the village last Saturday, freely ventilated its meritorious effects. He acquainted all those present with the lamentable state of affairs in the section at present owing to the employment of an inefficient teacher, but before long he hoped to revolutionize the whole affair. The ability of the staff of the new institution is unquestioned. The principal, through unprecedented perseverance, worked himself up step by step till today he has become noted, and

besides his power to impart knowledge from the various subjects on the curriculum, any of the least sanctimonious who may attend can receive private lessons from him on language not used in books. One of his assistants passed a successful examination in bye-gone days when a mere smattering of "the three Rs" got a person into the teaching profession, but love for man soon overcoming love for teaching, withdrew from the profession, leaving the field for those who are possessors of nothing but a little ignorance. Those who feel disposed to avail themselves of the rare treat of attending the new institution will find the utmost attention given to their interests, as the Principal has decided this week to dispose of his stock and devote his time unreservedly to those placed under his charge.

Work is commenced this week on an 80-ft addition to the Methodist Church sheds.

List of I. O. G. T. officers will appear next week.

Mr. Loundsbury's saw-mill is ready. The proprietor will give good work, fair dealing and low prices.

Balance of this year, FREE, To New Subscribers for the GAZETTE.

**BORN.**

In Fordwich, on the 6th inst. the wife of Mr. Fred Donaghy of a son.

**Estray Cattle.**

CAME onto the premises of the undersigned on lot 23, con. 2, Howick, on or about the 15th Sept., 1892, one steer and one heifer rising three years old. The owner is requested to prove property, pay expenses and take them away. JOHN McDERMOTT, Howick, Oct. 25th, 1892.

**J. N. TAMAN, TAILOR,**

Has Removed

To the Sharpin Building, opposite the Albion Hotel, Gorrie, where he will be pleased to meet his friends and customers.

**Write Us**  
—FOR—  
**Club Terms**  
FOR 1893  
AND VALUABLE PRIZE LIST,  
**IT WILL PAY YOU**

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

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" " Second " 4.00  
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From now to end 1893, Only One Dollar.

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Write early.

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**CONDEMNED TO BE HUNG!**

And You Can Assist in the Hanging!

The Balance of—

**Fox's Wall Paper**

Must be Cleared out to make room for our Spring Stock.

WE still have some Beautiful Designs of Papers, with Borders to match, from 5c. to 35c. per roll, which must be cleared out.

We also carry a Full Line of HIGH AND PUBLIC

**School Supplies.**

Books, Blank Books, Hymnals, Hymn Books, Bibles, Games and Notions.

Also a Large and Well-Assorted Stock of

Lazarus' and Lawrence's Spectacles.

And every requisite of a First-Class Drug and Book Store.

**JAS. FOX,**

Druggist, Wroxeter.

\* Fordwich \*

Hardware \* Store.

**Hunter & Henry**

Successors to Darby Bros.

Stock of Cook, Box, Parlor, Hall and Oil

Stoves, Hand and Hanging Lamps,

and all kinds of Hardware, is

Replete in all Lines.

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

**WALL PAPER**

DO YOU NEED ANY?

YOU ANY?

Why should you whitewash your walls when you can buy Wall Paper at 5c. per Roll.

You will find all Grades, from the Cheapest to the most Expensive, fully represented in my Stock.

Borders, Decorations, to match at the Drug Store.

N. McLAUGHLIN.

**New Shoe Store**

IN GORRIE.

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

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

—FINE AND COARSE—

**BOOTS and SHOES**

At the Very Lowest Living Prices!

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

You are cordially invited to call in and see them.

**P. H. SHAVER,**

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

I make a specialty of Custom Work.

Repairing done to order neatly and quickly

**Millinery Goods.**

Mrs. Allison has a Fine Assortment of the Latest Styles of Millinery Goods suitable for the Fall and Winter Trade. Very cheap.

The Ladies are Cordially Invited to call and Inspect the Lovely Styles and Goods.

Old Hats Made Over.

Just Received!

**At Allison's**

A Fresh lot of

Oranges, Lemons,

Peaches, Grapes, Tomatoes,

Bananas, Cocoanuts, Dates

Sausage, Bologna, Pork,

A fine assortment of Confections and Canned Goods.



**Special Announcement.**

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Hearse I am in a better position to do the undertaking of this community than before, and owing to reductions in the wholesale prices of our goods I am in a position to give the use of this magnificent Hearse free, that is to say my charges will be no more a 1/2 n scm cases less than before.

**J. R. WILLIAMS,**

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.