

# The East Huron Gazette:

Vol. 1.

GORRIE, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1892.

No. 42.

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 witness required. Office—At my Residence, GORRIE.

**DENTISTRY.**

J. E. 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 Harrison).

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. FENNEL,**

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 80c. 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.,**

**WINGHAM**

**Marble & Stone WORKS.**

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

We carry a large stock of marble and granite.

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

Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.

**MR. T. T. WATSON**

Will represent us on the road.

**City Grocery.**

HAVING brought out the stock of MR. JAMES McLAUGHLIN, 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 "HARTON BOY" will serve cows at **LOT 18, FENNEL'S HOWICK.** He is three years old, and weighs 225 pounds. Pedigree can be seen at the residence of the Proprietor.

TERMS:—\$1.00 at time of service, or \$1.50 booked.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

**We want**

**10,000 BUSHELS**

**OF Apples**

—AT THE—

**Corrie Fruit Evaporator**

For which the Highest Cash Price will be paid.

**50 Cords of 4-ft. Wood WANTED**

At once.

**JOHN HARDING,**

Manager.

**Holstein Calf Lost.**

LOST.—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the 20th 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 piano-forte 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 for Drugs.**

If you want a good article in

**Paris Green**

Get it at the

**Drug Store.**

The only kind I keep is a Pure English Green.

**N. McLAUGHLIN,**

Druggist,

GORRIE

**The Lion Store**



**Millinery Opening**

—ON— **Sept. 28-29-30**

**W**HEN our Fall Stock will be open for inspection. The Latest Styles in everything you can always depend on finding in our store.

In addition to our Millinery Opening we made a special display of **DRESS GOODS AND MANTLINGS.** DRESS ROBES and SUITINGS in great variety.

A cordial invitation to all. 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. Brownie, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

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

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

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

**Local Affairs.**

**WANTED**—at this office—A printer with a couple of years experience, steady employment; also an intelligent young man who wishes to learn the business.

Howick Fall Show at Fordwich on Saturday next. Be there.

Mrs. (Rev.) Brownie started this week for a visit with friends at Lion's Head, on the Bruce Peninsula.

Miss Winnie McDermott, who has been visiting her sister, in London, Ont., the past couple of weeks, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Thos. Buhston, of Lakelot, has accepted a situation in Mr. Greor's shoe store, in this village, commencing work on Tuesday last.

Mr. Jos. Tuck, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Fama, was the guest of his son, Dr. Tuck, in this village, for a few days of the past week.

Next Tuesday and Wednesday the Wroxeter Horticultural Society's Fall Show will take place. The Hall will be opened on Tuesday evening.

Messrs. W. S. Bean, McLaughlin & Co., A. B. Allison, J. H. Taman, W. Lee & Co., and S. J. Lancaster are among those who have new advertisements in this issue.

Mr. R. G. McLaughlin has purchased Mr. Sharpin's block, opposite the Albion hotel, and leased it to Mr. J. H. Taman, tailor, who took possession this week. Mr. Sharpin moving into the shop vacated by Mr. Taman, next to the Montreal House.

The Albion Hotel has been re-shingled and given a coat of paint within the past couple of weeks. A couple of horse-blocks have also been erected in front. Mr. Dane has been at considerable expense in fitting up his hotel, outside and in, and it is now first-class in every respect.

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

An excellent news-letter from Wroxeter arrived too late for this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Armstrong, of Stanley, are visiting with their son, Mr. Jas. Armstrong, V. S., in this village.

Gorrie Brass Band will be present at the Howick Fall Show, in Fordwich, on Saturday next, and at Wroxeter Show on Tuesday evening.

Over seven columns of new advertisements and changes appear in this issue. This shows that the business men appreciate the GAZETTE as an advertising medium.

The carriage team that took first prize at the Montreal Exhibition last week was shipped from Gorrie station by Mr. Robt. Edgar, horse-buyer, along with a car-load which he sent out about six weeks ago. Pretty good for this section.

The Directors of the Howick Insurance Co. met on Saturday and spent most of the session in considering several perplexing claims for stock supposed to have been killed by lightning. Some of these losses were adjusted and the others held over for further evidence and consideration. Lightning has been the cause of an unusual number of claims this season.

The residence of Mr. John Snell, of the Township of Turnberry, was the scene of a very happy event on the evening of the 21st inst., when a company of about sixty guests assembled to witness the marriage of his daughter, Miss Bertie Snell, to Mr. Thos. G. Tipling, of Clinton, by the Rev. W. F. Brownlee, of Gorrie. The bride was waited on by Miss Maggie Tipling, sister to the groom, and the groom by Mr. Howard Snell, brother to the bride.

After dinner the company continued to spend a most enjoyable evening, until 2 a. m., when the bridal party left to take the early train for Windsor, where they purpose taking the boat for Cleveland to spend a few days with friends in that city. The wedding presents were numerous and very handsome.

Miss Sara Lord Bailey, the famous American elocutionist, will give an entertainment, under the auspices of the Brass Band, in the town hall, Gorrie, on the evening of the 20th October. This lady is one of the greatest elocutionists on the continent and it was only by accident that her engagement to appear in this village was secured. She has been giving entertainments to crowded houses throughout Ontario, and the flattering press notices and testimonials she is constantly receiving from ministers and prominent people show that there is a treat in store for those who secure tickets. A plan of the hall will be opened at McLaughlin's drug store in a few days where reserved seats may be secured. For the sake of giving Gorrie a good reputation as a "show-town" in the eyes of the high-class artists; for the sake of helping the Band, and for the sake of enjoying a superb entertainment, the hall should be filled to overflowing.

The untimely death of Alfred Herbert Aylesworth, eldest son of P. P. Aylesworth, Esq., just south of the village, has cast a pall of gloom over this section.

"Bert" was an exemplary, popular young man, apparently with a bright future before him. He was born on the farm where he died and had spent all his life here. He attended the Gorrie public school, from which he took a third class certificate in 1890. He then attended Harrison High School for six months taking his second, since which time he has been helping his father on the farm. During the exhibition he went to Toronto and visited with his uncle, who is a physician in Parkdale. Having decided to study medicine he purchased the books necessary for his University work and brought them home with him on his return, a week ago last Monday evening. But an All-wise Providence ruled otherwise, and on Wednesday he was taken ill with what proved to be inflammation and on Sunday night, in spite of all that medical skill could do, his spirit took its flight. His funeral occurred on Tuesday afternoon last, the Gorrie Methodist Sabbath School, of which he was secretary, attending in a body. The town hall was packed to listen to the impressive burial service, after which all that was mortal of this beloved and gifted young man was laid in its last resting place in the village cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. W. J. Greer, J. M. Kaine, F. Evans, J. H. Taman, Ed. James and Frank Williams, and all of whom were fellow members with him in the bible class, and all (except Mr. Taman) his boyhood playmates.

The Harvest-Home service in St. James' Church, Gorrie, was a very impressive one. Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Wingham, preached a powerful sermon on the occasion, and the choir added much to the pleasure of the worshippers by their excellent singing. The effects produced by the tasty decorations with grains, fruits, flowers, etc., was much admired by the immense congregation assembled.

**Wroxeter.**

Mr. Black is having the face of the mill-dam stoned up this week so as to protect the road-way and to prevent possible injury to the water privilege during the high floods. The work is being well done, and if the roadway is filled out to the wall he is erecting a great improvement will be effected.

Mr. Forsyth, of Blyth, is again in town and has re-opened his woolen goods store for a few days.

Sheriff Gibbons was in town early in the week issuing summonses in connection with the recent Johnstone stabbing affray. The trial is set down for Thursday of this week in Goderich.

A barn belonging to Mr. Markham, 8th con., Turnberry, not far from this village, was struck by lightning and burned during the thunder storm on Sunday night. Mr. Pescliffe, tenant of the farm, is a heavy loser by the misfortune. We have not learned the particulars.

Mrs. Owen Hiscow, who was engaged for a series of temperance lectures here this week under the auspices of the R. T. of T., failed to meet her engagement on the evening she was expected. Quite a number were disappointed, several having taken a long, fruitless drive to hear her. The committee's plans were so much disconcerted that they telegraphed the lady cancelling the engagement.

The Wroxeter Fall Show occurs next Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4th and 5th. The Officers and Directors are putting forth every effort for the success of this year's Show, and if the weather is favourable a splendid exhibition may be expected. The Palace Hall will be opened during the evening of Tuesday, at which time the Gorrie Brass Band will be present.

Notice W. Lee & Co's large adv. in another column. This firm intend to make the two days of the Wroxeter Show the occasion of memorable bargains to their customers.

The Wroxeter Fall Show is on Oct. 4 and 5, and our millinery opening has been so successful that we have decided to continue it for the Fair week, to give visitors a chance to see the display of dress goods, mantlings and millinery we are showing. We are also giving special attention to our tweed and gents furnishings department. Furs and rubber goods, a great display. Call and see for yourselves. No trouble to show goods. Bargains going; call and get one. Special drives during fair week, at the Lion Store, Wroxeter. J. W. Sanderson.

**The Howick Agricultural Show.**

The above Show, which is held this year in Fordwich, on Saturday of this week, promises to be better than usual.

The interest has increased during the last few years. The Society is in a flourishing condition and on a good financial basis. The amount of money in the Treasurers' hands, at the commencement of this year, after paying the prizes and all other liabilities, was a little over \$140.

The Society have increased the prizes on some things, principally live stock, and added a few more items to the list.

Perhaps it is to be regretted that John H. Johnston, Esq., does not exhibit his splendid stock of Leicester sheep this year, but others are coming in to fill up the vacancy. Mr. W. H. Webber, of the 17th con., will show some fine Shropshires.

The free exhibition of art work on the Davis' Sewing Machine will be attractive.

The Gorrie Brass Band will enliven the grounds and the village with their presence and music.

The grounds are in fine shape, ten additional stalls having been built for stock.

Besides advertising the stock, and exhibiting the grain, roots, fruits, dairy products, and useful and fancy articles, pleasant to the eye and taste, there is the satisfaction of a days recreation; and every prize winner is sure of his prize money as soon as the books are made up.

**Fordwich.**

The congregation of Trinity church, Fordwich, held their annual Harvest Thanksgiving services and Harvest Home festival on Tuesday, Sept. 20th. At 3:30 p. m. service was held in the church, which was neatly decorated with fruits and flowers. The Incumbent was assisted by Revs. T. E. Higley, of Blyth, and E. W. Hughes, of Wingham. Mr. Higley preached a most impressive sermon from Ps. CIII. 1-2. After service the congregation repaired to the Foresters' Hall where a well prepared dinner awaited them, and at 7:30 again assembled in the old church to listen to a lengthy programme. Those on the programme for music were, Miss James, Miss Perkins and Mrs. Brownlee, of Gorrie, and the choir of Trinity church. Addresses were given by Revs. S. C. Edmunds, (Methodist) J. Millen, (Presbyterian) T. E. Higley and E. D. Hughes. The last mentioned gentleman gave an interesting account of his work among the poor of London. The proceeds for the evening were \$48.

**Lakelot.**

R. Scott threshed for our burg farmer, Mr. Horton, to-day. The new mill is a cracker and constant calls are being made, all wanting to get threshers, as farmers fear grain is suffering owing to their hasty storing it away when the weather was so threatening.

The weigh scales were kept busy on Wednesday last weighing lambs from the Williams. The result was very satisfactory and uncommensurate to the farmers. About 75 lbs. was the average, and displeasing was depicted on the countenances of the farmers, they saying the lambs were not to be delivered at a much later date.

Mr. Smith, our mill man, is going to return to Clifford and commence operations in the same line there. He leaves before the end of the year. We hear Mr. Lounsbury, who knows more about mills than any one in ten counties is going to get machinery and keep going.

Mr. W. Cook, one of the goers of our burg left for Turnberry to-day where he has the contract for painting several houses. Mr. C. has always plenty of work on hand, his moving down to the hollow not being in any way detrimental to his business.

Mr. Ned. Davis and daughters, once prominent residents of this place, were the guests of Mr. Horton on Sunday. Mr. Davis is now running an extensive ranch down by the Plot.

Mr. Bunston, of Wingham, accompanied by a friend, visited his relatives here on Sunday. He is well acquainted in the burg and surrounding country, having lived here for a time in by-gone days.

The attendance of the church here on Sunday is much greater than heretofore. The reason must be a greater desire on the part of the people to obtain grace, or esteem for the new pastor whose ability to diffuse the Truth is commendable.

Some from here will attend the Northern Exhibition at Walkerton this week. Nearly all are going to the Fordwich exhibition on Saturday.

A large concourse of people attended the funeral of the late Mrs. Mahood on Thursday. She was one of the pioneers of Howick and had been ailing for almost a year. Though there were no apparent prospects of her ever regaining health, the end came sooner than was expected even by her own family. An almost unbounded affection for her family and Master characterized her life, and the scene in the church after the preaching of a comforting sermon by the Rev. Mr. Potter was affecting. The injunction "weep with those that weep" was fulfilled on his occasion, the husband and family of six boys and two girls being almost frantic with grief, and all present seemed overcome. The remains were interred in the cemetery here along with the many others who have gone before them to await the Resurrection Morn.

**BORN.**

On Sept. 25th, the wife of Mr. David Cochran, 2nd con., Howick, of a son.

**MARRIED.**

TIPLING—SNELL.—At the residence of the bride's parents, in Turnberry, on Wednesday, Sept. 21st, 1892, by Rev. W. F. Brownlee, Mr. Thos. G. Tipling, of Clinton, and Miss Bertie, daughter of Mr. Thos. Snell.

**DIED.**

AYLESWORTH.—In Howick, on Monday, Sept. 26th, 1892, of inflammation, Alfred Herbert, eldest son of P. P. Aylesworth, Esq., aged 18 years, six months and 16 days.

# THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

BY JOHN RUSSELL.  
CHAPTER V.

rapidly that afternoon in the vicarage all was distress. When Clara rapidly to remember what had been read of the paper—the watch, which she felt could have been her father's—the report was read out—all came back to her vividly, and the first use which she made of her returning consciousness was to ask her husband to go and find that old man at once. She felt that she had read her fate in his face.

Captain Norham had left the house on this errand, when his attention was arrested by a rider coming rapidly down the drive from Brathrig Hall. It was Mr. Brooks. He had been summoned to the death-bed of Dame Norham that morning, and now he had ridden down to the vicarage to say that all was over.

"What is to be done?" asked the Captain.

"Nothing can be done, so far as I can see," replied the lawyer, "Linley will have taken possession by Monday, and the estates will go to a man who has scarcely any reasonable claim to them, except that he was remotely connected with the Norhams by the female line, and that the old lady had made a will in his favour." "But might not the will be disputed?" "Look here." And he took from his pocket a paper which Lawrence Dale had been given to him. He opened it, pointed to the signature, "Remarkable Discovery," and passed it to the lawyer.

Mr. Brooks read the paragraph twice over carefully, and not without some expressions of astonishment. "Extraordinary—startling—each belonged to one Arthur Naseby—real name Arthur Norham—the first clue we have got to all this mystery.—But, George," he said, turning to the Captain, "this may all come to nothing. We cannot tell whether Arthur Norham is dead or alive—or, if dead, when he died. Then where are we?"

Captain Norham narrated to him what he and his wife had seen that afternoon as the aper was being read—the agitation of the old man who was a stranger in the place—also what he himself had seen in the church, as well as the fact that this man, when in his delirium, had called Clara by her mother's name.

"There is something strange, certainly, in all this—Go, George, and find this man, and bring him to the vicarage. We must at least speak with him on the matter." "Uncle Giles was not to be found. His cottage was empty. No one had seen him since afternoon." "But, Captain," said Mrs. Dale, "he often went of an evening round the head of the lake to Angley Bridge, and he may have gone there now."

The Captain went off in the direction indicated; but he saw no one. As he reached the bridge, and stood for a little upon it, meditating on the distracted events of the day. The sun had now set, and twilight was rapidly deepening. A turbulence was for a time unbroken save for the rushing sound of the brook as it swept beneath the bridge; then there came the sounds of hurrying footsteps. In a few minutes a man appeared, shouting something which in the distance the Captain was unable to catch. The man, however, instead of coming on straight towards him, turned up by the road that led to the church; and shortly thereafter the bells rang out from the tower with unusual violence and clamour.

It was as if some one had broken out somewhere. Little did he know how terrible to his own heart and to Clara's the result of that fire might be. When he entered the village all was turmoil, commotion, and alarm. The Old Cottage was on fire. A woman was flying from the cottage of Lawrence Dale's cottage. It was the Norham's nurse.

"Oh, Lawrence," she cried, "have you seen our Lucy? I have been out at tea at Mr. Brooks' Farm, and when I came home she was not to be found."

"I have not seen her, lass," replied Lawrence, "she walked off towards the fire, but she was not seen there."

The safe enough somewhere with old Giles. Captain Norham also hurried on towards the burning edifice, in front of which every living creature in the village had now congregated, the women uttering loud exclamations of distress and alarm, and the men hurrying hither and thither, vainly suggesting expedients for checking the fire. When they saw Captain Norham approach, they waited for his directing hand.

"We cannot save the old building," he said, after a quick survey of the situation; "but its connection with the mill must be cut off." And under his orders, some wooden and other temporary structures that had been erected between the Grange and the mill were forthwith torn down and removed with willing hands. Upon the Old Cottage itself the fire had already got a firm hold; the ancient time-dried wood-work of its floors, with the various combustible materials stored in it, fed the fire with fierce rapidity, and in an almost incredibly short space of time the flames had burst forth from the lower range of windows, threatening the whole building with immediate destruction.

In this crisis Captain Norham felt a hand on his arm. It was Clara, with anxious eyes, asking if no one had seen Lucy.

"Miss Lucy?" said a bystander. "She will be with Uncle Giles. I saw her a-seeking for him 't' the afternoon."

"No, ma'am," said a lad who had overheard the conversation; "Miss Lucy be not with Uncle Giles, for I saw him a-going up the Fell more 'n an hour ago, and there was no one with him."

"Oh, my child," cried Clara, "where can she be?" And she looked at the door of the burning building, as if she even dared go into the jaws of death itself in quest of her child. Captain Norham stepped forward in order to draw his wife back from the crowd. At that moment, a tall man, with uncovered head, and white hair streaming in the wind, dashed in amongst them.

It was Uncle Giles.

Clara was at his side in an instant. "Oh, Giles," she cried, with wild eagerness, "have you seen our Lucy?"

"Yes," he replied, and there was a kind of preternatural calmness in his demeanour, like that of a man who has stung himself into the doing of a great action—"yes, I have seen her; and with God's help I shall see her again."

too much for her already overstrained powers, and she sank back in her husband's arms, like one dead.

Meanwhile, the crowd looked on with breathless anxiety. They had seen the man enter the red doorway, to struggle upwards through the fiery furnace; should they ever see him return? "The stairs must be burning," said one. "It is the foolhardiness of a madman," said another. And as yet there had been no sign from within the building. From moment to moment the flames belched forth in their red fury, and at other times the whole building seemed to be covered with a cloud of smoke and fire. A few moments more elapsed, and there was heard the crashing of glass in the upper story, and through a gap in the curling smoke the white hair of the brave old man was seen at the open window. A half-suppressed cheer burst from the crowd; but the event was too greatly fraught with peril and anxiety for any long indulgence in exultation.

They heard his voice up there at the window. "The child is here," he cried; "but the stairs is burning, and I cannot return that way. Send me up a rope.—There!" And he flung a ball of cord from the window out amongst the crowd, retaining the loose end of the ball in his hand. "Fasten a rope to it," he shouted again; "and for the bairn's sake be quick."

Almost in shorter time than we can tell it, a rope was made fast to the cord, and Giles was drawing it up towards him. The people awaited with breathless suspense till he reappeared at the window. At last—he is there! The child is in his arms, wrapped up in some large covering for his better protection. He leans forward for a moment to watch when the lower windows are clear of flame, and then the child is seen to be descending through the air. Quickly, but yet cautiously, does the old man pay out the rope upon which depends the life of this little burden, so precious to his heart. A score of hands are held up to receive it; and as Lucy is safely rescued and placed in her mother's arms, tears might have been seen on many a sunburned face.

Before this had been more than done, it was observed that the man who had saved the child, high up in that place of danger and death, was attaching the rope to something within the building, and was himself preparing to descend. The first part of the descent on the rope was made, hand over hand, quickly and skillfully, "as if he had been a sailor all his life." So said an on-looker. But just when he had reached the windows of the second floor, the fall of some portion of the interior sent a fierce volume of flame with a suffocating rush from the shattered windows, half enveloping the descending man. He was seen to make an unsuccessful clutch at the rope, but missed it; and to the horror of the spectators, in another second he had fallen heavily, with a dull thud, to the ground.

"He saved others"—came from amidst the crowd in deep, tremulous tones. It was the Vicar who had spoken, standing there with white uncovered head.

There was mounting and riding in Linlaven that night. A doctor had to be brought from a distance, as also a Justice of the Peace; for Mr. Brooks, with lawyer-like instinct, having been informed of all that was known and suspected about the old man now lying once more unconscious on his bed, thought it well to be prepared for any emergency that might arise. If this man, as would appear from what had been seen by Clara and her husband that day, knew "Arthur Naseby," a clue might be found to some of the hidden mysteries of the lost Arthur Norham's life.

Two hours elapsed before the doctor and the magistrate arrived. The former immediately proceeded to examine into the injured man's condition, and after a time pronounced his injuries fatal. He might possibly live till morning, but could not live long.

Clara stood by the bedside, watching with more than womanly solicitude. This man, whoever he was, and whatever his name had been, had saved the life of her child at the cost of his own; and as she thought of this, and all his tender ways sometime towards the little Lucy, her heart went out to him in deep love and compassion.

Slowly the hours moved on, one by one, and still the sufferer gave no sign of returning consciousness. The night passed, and the grey dawn began to show itself at the window; whenupon Lawrence Dale raised the blind, extinguished the lamp, and allowed the soft fresh light to enter the room.

Gradually a flush of rosy brightness kindled in the eastern sky, and then the sun himself came up over the hills, shedding a golden halo through the curtained window on the pale face resting there before them—so calm, yet so deathlike in its rigid lines. Clara thought of that morning when she first looked upon it—not more death-like now than it was then; and a faint hope quivered in her breast for a moment, as she thought it possible that he might yet live. Before she was aware, she found that he had opened his eyes, and that they were resting full upon her.

"Ah, Esther," he said, in faint tones, "it be thee. I knowed thou would find me at last."

Then the eyes again closed, and he lay thus for some time. When he once more looked up, he seemed to recognize his surroundings, and asked in an anxious voice, "Where be little Lucy? Ha' thou found her?"

"Yes," replied Clara, "Thanks to you, Giles, she is sleeping safe and sound in her little crib."

"Thank Heaven, and not me, missus. It were me as left her in danger; and her death would ha' been another burden on my soul. God knows I ha' enough."

A look from Mr. Brooks to Clara indicated that the time had come when she might now speak.

She went forward to the bedside and said softly: "Giles, you have twice called me Esther, and I am wondering why."

A strange look passed over the man's face, as if he were suddenly brought into touch with some great sorrow; but he remained silent. He lay thus for a little; then, as if communing with himself, he said: "It were true as the preacher said: 'Be thou ever so fleet o' foot, the vengeance o' God is fleetier.' It ha' come up wi' me now, and I cannot die with the burden on my soul."

His eyes moved slowly round the room until they rested on Lawrence Dale, and he said to him: "Thou remembers what was in the paper thou read from, about the 'White Horse,' and the finding of the watch?" Lawrence nodded, but did not speak.

"Then my time ha' come, and I must tell it all."

While this was proceeding, Mr. Brooks had got paper and ink in readiness; and, although the story was told by the dying man in slow words, and after long intervals, it was to the following effect:

In that year of Revolutions, 1848, this man, who now gave his name as Giles Barton, had become a member of a society which, although its aims were to benefit the social condition of working men, was in reality a secret and somewhat dangerous

combination. The members were enrolled under feigned names; and one of these members was Arthur Naseby. On one occasion, two or three years later, a riot broke out in the streets, and Giles was seized among others by the police; whereupon Naseby had headed a rescue party, and carried the prisoners off while on their way to the police office.

It was a time when Government was very severe upon such offences; and Giles and Arthur Naseby fled. Grateful for the liberty which had thus been secured to him, the former advised Naseby to go to Stockborough, in Yorkshire, where he would find refuge with Giles's aunt, Mrs. Hales. He himself would take passage in a vessel as a marine engineer, and leave the country for some years. He gave Naseby a letter to his aunt, also a message to his cousin Esther, his aunt's only child. Esther had loved from his boyhood, though he had never yet spoken of it to her, for she was well educated, and he but indifferently so; yet he imagined there was a sort of understanding between them, and fondly hoped that, by industry and success, he might some time be in a position to ask Esther Hales to be his wife. The winning of her love had been the ambition of his life. He remained abroad for nearly two years, returning to England towards the end of 1853, when he wrote to Arthur Naseby, saying that he was most anxious to visit his aunt and cousin, and asking if it was safe for him yet to do so. He was afraid the police had not forgotten him. In reply he received a letter stating that inquiries had been made when he first wrote, and that he might now return to the village of Bromley, a few miles to the south. Here he received a second letter from Arthur Naseby, stating that the writer, after an absence of two days, was returning home to Stockborough, and would meet with him on the following evening, after dark, at a place indicated, between Stockborough and the White Horse Inn.

"He came," said the old man, addressing Clara; "and how can I tell thee what took place between us? All these years, and all the way home, I had been thinking of Esther Hales; I had done well, and my heart was set upon winning her—more's the longer she had loved me, and I knew how he had married her, the man who had carried my last message to her—I think I mun ha' gone stark mad. I mun ha' threatened him; for he threw his arms around me to keep me from striking him; but in my madness I shook him off, dashing him to the ground. We were on the road by the river-bank; and when he staggered from me, and fell, he rolled into the water, and I could not see him, and the river was in high flood. I only heard the splash in the water, and his wild cry.—This brought me summat to mysen, and I saw the terrible thing I had done. I had been the death of the man who had been my friend till this wild love o' mine for Esther Hales came between us."

I went widely along the water's edge; but nowt o' my old mate could I see. I called for help, but no one came. I said, "I am a murderer!" A great fear came upon me, and I turned and ran off through the darkness. I knowed not where. At last I saw lights. It was the White Horse, and I went in. There were voices, and I felt, but heard, no more; and I went into the Blue Room. In the light of the fire, what was my horror to find a watch dangling at the end of a bit of a chain that had fixed itself to a button of my coat? It was the watch o' the man whose death I had been! I could scarce handle it, for it looked in my eyes as if red with blood; and I sat sick and numb at the sight of it. I tore it from off its fastening, and looked about to see where I could hide it. There was a broken part in the wainscoting, and I dropped it down there, and rushed from the house.

"Ah, that runnin' away was the one great mistake o' my life! But I could not go back to Stockborough, and I could not go to the Hales, for I had killed the man who loved her—the man, too, as was my friend. I fled; and summer and winter, from year to year, I ha' been trying to fly from mysen ever since. How I wished to die that night in the storm on the Fell! Yet here in Linlaven, I ha' been a most happy—happier than I ha' been for many a year; and I loved thee—and thy bairn. But the coat-of-arms on the tombstone in the church gave me a great scare; for they were the same as was on the last letter Arthur Naseby wrote me. And when the story was read from the paper o' the finding of the watch, I said to mysen, 'I will fly from my fate to Stockborough, and was going to tramp to Stockborough, to give mysen' up, when the bells called me back. I knowed where thy little Lucy was, and I could not leave her to perish."

Clara asked him if he had still Arthur Naseby's letters.

He put his hand into his breast and pulled out the little leather case. There first fell out a tress of fair hair he had shorn from Lucy's head, which he held out to her hand to receive back, and pressed to his lips; and then two letters. Both, the Vicar saw at once, were in the handwriting of Arthur Norham. The latest one, in place of a message, was a final and fatal piece of meaning, was a warning almost written at the sight of the last letter before his disappearance, and which had the Norham arms stamped upon it. Arthur's letter was dated, "Christmas Eve, 1853."

"That is sufficient," whispered Mr. Brooks to the Captain; "it forms indisputable proof that Arthur Naseby was the man who saved the child, and the estates are safe."

But Clara heard nothing of this. She was intent upon every word that fell from the lips of the dying man.

"Thou knows now," he said, "the story o' my miserable life; and I feel easier in my heart that I ha' told thee of it."

Giles went close up to him, and took his hand. "Giles," she said, "Esther Hales was my mother."

"Thy mother!—Ah!" And he looked as if a great light had burst in upon him. "Thou be Esther Hales child?—and Lucy be thine?—little Lucy?"

He lay silent for a while, and then said: "Yes, that be it. I knowed there was summat about thy little Lucy as went beyond me. I see it all now. She ha' Esther Hales's eyes—my Esther's.—And yet," he added, looking at Clara as if in fear, "I were the death o' thy father."

"And you have atoned for it," said Clara, stooping and kissing the brow of the dying man, "for you have saved my child—and hers."

Some hours after, as they stood by the bedside, watching his last moments, there stole along upon the sunbright air the sound of Linlaven bells—not harsh and dissonant, as on yesternight, but soft and melodious, like the winged messengers of peace and forgiveness. Once more, as on that other Sabbath morn came the clear melody of the bells, filling a soul with their sweet jargoning; and the eyes of the dying man opened, and his lips were seen to move. He had said, "Our Father!" Was he once

more in the old church at home by his mother's knee, with his hand in hers, the sunshine and the pleasant music filling all the place? Again the penitential words are on his lips: "Forgive us our sins." And again a change has come, "quick and sudden-like." But not surely this time into Darkness. Rather, let us hope, into the Day that knows no evening, into the Light that has no eclipse.

"UNCLE GILES." That was the name by which they had known and loved him; it is the name you may still see carved upon the little headstone above his grave; and that grave is in the place which of all places was most pleasant to him—within the sound of "them beautiful bells," the Bells of Linlaven.

[THE END.]

"Dear Old Boss."

The storekeeper of a little country town in Connecticut, writes a correspondent, drove a nondescript colored mare whose peculiarities of gait and figure were a source of constant merriment to the village people. "Old Boss" cared nothing for their talk, however, though her master often declared that "she knew what folks said about her" as well as he did. "But then," he used to add, "she has too much horse sense to mind that sort of thing!"

Opposite the store, across the road, was a steep ascent leading up into the farmyard, where was a shed under which Boss was in the habit of standing when not actively employed. Up to this shed during the winter months, when the snow had been unloaded at the store door, and Mr. P., her owner, had accustomed her to come down again at his call; or rather, as he said, "She took up the notion herself; I didn't teach her to do it."

The whole manœuvre was somewhat complicated. She had to back the wagon out of the shed, turn it partly round, pick her way carefully down the rather steep decline, cross the road, and then come up and turn again to bring the wagon into proper position before the door. It was a constant pleasure to us boys to witness the performance, and we often lingered for that purpose when we heard the well-known call, "Come, Old Boss, it's time to go to work!"

One day the call was again and again repeated and still she did not come. We could just see a part of the rim of the hind wheels, and at each call we saw them push out an inch or two, and then draw up again, as if Old Boss had started and then changed her mind.

At last, after loud and impatient calls, Mr. P. went over to see what was the trouble. We followed, and there, standing directly in front of the wheel with her hand on the shaft, stood little May, Mr. P.'s three-year-old daughter.

Poor Boss, divided between duty to her master and her concern for her master's daughter, was irresolutely drawing the wagon forward and back as far as she could without lifting her feet, evidently conscious that any further movement might involve danger to the little one.

"Dear Old Boss!" said May, with tears in his voice, while Boss, with a whiny of relief, no sooner saw him take the child in his arms—she was looking back at the child when we were up than she proceeded to back out and go down to the store, just as if nothing had happened.

There the small boys patted her fondly, while the larger ones, some of them with strange lumps in their throats, after a timid glance at the tears still to be seen in the father's eyes, silently turned away to tell at home the story of Old Boss's "knowingness."—[Youth's Companion.]

Needed no Lessons.

A strong instance of inherited taste and aptitude is cited by Mr. Morley Roberts in his "Land-Travel and Sea-Faring." He was in Australia, in "the land of sheep," and had a collier pup, which he had named Boson.

He was only two months old when I took him with me to Strathmore, and until then he had never beheld a sheep at close quarters. For three or four days I kept him tied up close to my tent, but on the fourth day he got away, and followed me and my big dog Sancho down to the gate of the paddock, without having just driven about one hundred and fifty rams.

On reaching them I found I had left my fence tools behind, and rode back after them Sancho following. I did not notice that Boson remained behind. When I came back in a few minutes, I saw, to my surprise that the rams had not spread out to feed, but were bunched in a close mass, and that the collier was following the motions of something which I could not see, but which they evidently feared.

I reined in my horse, waved back Sancho, and watched. Presently I saw woolly little Boson, who certainly was no bigger than the head of the least of the rams, padding round and round the circle in a quiet, business-like manner. I remained motionless, and watched to see whether he was doing it by accident; but no, he made his rounds again and again, and as he did so, the huge-horned rams followed him with their eyes.

It was with much difficulty that I enticed him home, and, from his air, I have no doubt he would have gone on circling his self-imposed charge until his legs failed him.

Hints for School Teachers.

Air should be fresh, pure and warm.

Every schoolhouse should have a rear yard.

Adapt the height of seats to the size of children.

Light should never enter schoolrooms from opposite directions. It should come from above the pupils' heads and from their left.

Nothing in school is worth so much and costs so little as good ventilation.

School walls and ceilings should be tinted in subdued but cheerful colors.

In the case of furnace or steam heat it should enter above the children's heads.

Rid your school of double desks as soon as possible. They cause the spread of vermin and disease.

Blackboards should extend entirely around every schoolroom. For the teacher's sake the top should be 6 feet from the floor, and for the children it should come within 2 feet of the floor.

Chicago is said to be overcrowded with unemployed bakers. Union Nos. 2 and 64 of that city have issued a circular requesting bakers to stay away. These unions have also agreed not to use the international label, but a local label of their own.

The neighborhood of Lancaster is known as the Sixth district of Pennsylvania, and the starvation district, where the cheapest cigars are made by the farmers and their wives and children at wages on which no other cigarmaker could subsist.

RAILROAD NOTES.

A tunnel from Scotland to Ireland is broached.

Wherever the Pennsylvania R. R. builds a new bridge it will be observed that provisions are made for six tracks.

The Pennsylvania is showing its confidence in compound locomotives by adding new ones of this kind to its complement as fast as they are turned out.

The highest viaduct in the world has just been erected in Bolivia, over the River La, 9,833 feet above the sea level, and 4,008 feet above the river.

According to a published guide to the railroads of the United States there are, or lately were, seventeen different gauges in the country, varying from two feet to five feet seven inches in width.

The longest railroad in the world is the Canadian Pacific, the main line of which is nearly 3,000 miles long.

A lad at Buckingham Station, on the Belvidere Delaware railroad, greatly annoys the engineers by sitting on the track until the engine is almost on top of him. The trouble might be abated by allowing the boy to sit still until the train passes.

The Hudson river tunnel is within 1,884 feet of being finished and yet the work has been abandoned for a year for lack of funds to prosecute it. Steps will be taken to reorganize the company here. The English stockholders will appoint a trustee.

Notes on Science and Industry.

A writer in the Ironmonger expresses the opinion that steel is liable to be changed by the action of time, unaided by any external, mechanical, or chemical influence, and, in support of his view that time alone appears to be sufficient to produce these changes, he cites several examples of failures which have occurred within his own experience, some flat steel plates cracking spontaneously, and others on being tested by dropping. Mention is made of numerous boiler plates that cracked after the boilers had been at work for years, and weeks after the steam pressure had been reduced and the pressure vessels tested to double its working pressure when new. Another instance is the cracking of hardened armor-piercing steel shells several months after their delivery to purchasers, this being attributed to the after effects of the hardening process—though, if independent of time, the shells ought to crack during the operation or not at all. Such peculiarities are presumed to be caused chiefly by the unequal tension of the metal, whether due to the process of oil hardening or to some other fact. It is well known that some cast-steel ingots two or three years before working them up, their experience demonstrating that the steel is thereby improved. This has recently been pointed out that few of the industrial occupations, as at present pursued, exceed in unhealthfulness that of the potter—that, on joining the trade, the mortality is low, but after the age of 35 years, it is far above the average. In England this mortality has been especially noticeable, it being exceeded only by costermongers, miners and hotel servants. This high death rate, indeed, in this speciality, has led the Register-General of England to seriously consider what, if anything, may be considered a remedy. It is claimed for America that in this respect the potters are much better off, working as they do in factories that are larger, better lighted and ventilated, and where the use of anthracite coal so universally prevents the noxious atmosphere which surrounds the English pottery districts. There is certainly no doubt of the correctness of the statement that it is not so much the physical labor that injures the potter as it is the dust arising from the materials on which he works.

At one of the principal lead mines in Brazil, the Mechanich, some special features have been introduced, for not only is the mine electrically lighted, but a current is used throughout for economy of labor. An enormous quantity is daily raised—more than 3,000 tons—but so perfect are the automatic arrangements that only twenty-five hands are required for this great output. A peculiar appliance is in vogue which has a great convenience, and it is thought is destined to quite general adoption. When a wagon of ore is tipped at the shaft's mouth electric contact is made in the tipping and a small handle in the office makes a red mark on a band of paper revolving by clockwork, the object of this being not so much to give automatically the number of wagons tipped, as to show at a glance that the hauling is proceeding regularly; the paper band is divided into half hours for a week throughout, and, at the end of the week's work, it is clearly seen and known at once what number of wagons have been tipped on any day and at any time.

Some valuable experiments have been made by one of the most extensive manufacturing and engineering plants in Boston relating to the resistance to the flow of air through pipes at a high velocity. These experiments show that a single opening of a given area is vastly more effective to obstruct steam or air than the same area divided into small separate apertures. It is evident that a long thin opening will not carry the same amount of steam that a wider and shorter opening will when of the same area—or, if two openings have the same area, the one which has the width and length more nearly the same will carry the larger amount of steam in a given time and at a given pressure. Again, as locomotives are now built only a fraction of the total weight is utilized at speeds above forty miles per hour; hence an increased weight is not necessary to pull heavy trains at high speeds after they have attained speed. There is also steam capacity in the ordinary locomotive to furnish the steam required to do heavy express work. The only means, therefore, of increasing the power of express locomotives at speed is to increase the mean effective pressure in the cylinders, and to do this there is no surer way, it is asserted, than to increase the outside lap and the travel of the valve.

One of the decided advances of late in the photographic industry is the production of a plate-coating machine as a substitute for the slow process of pouring the emulsion over the glass from a graduate or dipper. In this new machine the plates are fed to an endless belt or carrier, the lower part of the belt running through ice water; the plate passes under the coating apparatus, and out at the other end of the machine, evenly coated, and with the emulsion so thoroughly chilled that the plates are ready for standing on end to dry. The coating of the plates by this means is almost as rapid as cards can be fed into a job printing press. The work has to be done in the dimmest of ruby lights, however, owing to the extreme sensitiveness of the emulsion to white light. Nothing in the English photographic methods and appliances, it is stated, at all equals this unique American device for the purpose intended.

Chinese laborers are being imported into Africa to teach the natives how to cultivate tea and tobacco.

LIFE ON A NILE DABABAH.

A Charming Way to See a Part of Egypt if One is Not in a Hurry.

Given a good boat and crew and pleasant companions, I know nothing more enjoyable in the way of travel than life for some months on board a dahabeh on the Nile. The Nile is seldom rough enough to cause discomfort even to the most timid, and against the bank while the storm lasts. Another great advantage of sailing on the Nile is the steadiness of the wind. From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace; while on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind except when it blows a gale.

A pleasure dahabeh under full sail is a beautiful sight. It has one great sail, of lateen pattern, attached to a yard of enormous length. Small sails are added as occasion may require. Over the cabins and saloon is a raised deck, with easy chairs and lounges, and gay with plants and flowers. To the east stretches the Arabian, to the west the Libyan desert, each flanked by a range of bare hills, which in a few places touch the river, but lie for the most part two or three miles back on either side. Ages before the pyramids the Nile filled the whole of the valley to the depth of some 200 feet, and the yellow hills, now so bare, were clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, of which the evidence still remains in petrified forests and fossilized plants. It was plainly a period of heavy rainfall and impetuous torrents, carving out vast gorges and pouring their waters into the Nile.

The Nile is a busy river, full of life and on trade, passing up and down its stream with scarcely any intermission, while its banks are full of interest to the lover of the picturesque; crowds of women, with graceful forms and, not seldom, very comely faces, filling heavy earthen jars with water, and carrying them home on their heads; men, with skins of bronze, toiling under a burning sun, and singing the while to relieve the monotony of their daily labor; boatmen, floating with the stream or sailing against it, and they also singing a weird, wailing chant, like the echo of a hopeless cry wafted across the centuries from hard bondage under Egyptian taskmasters, such as the Israelites enduring the exodus; flocks of pelicans standing on the sand or manœuvring in the air like soldiers on the march; kingfishers, now hovering over the water, now darting beneath its surface in quest of a passing fish. And then there is the mysterious Nile itself, mysterious still, though its sources have been disclosed and its long meandering track, from the uplands of Central Africa to the margin of the Midland Sea. The voyager now, it is true, seldom sees a crocodile, unless he goes beyond the Second Cataract; still less has he a chance of witnessing any of those fierce encounters between crocodiles and hippopotami, which are sculptured on the walls of the temple of Edfu. In those ancient days, when the shores of the Nile down to the delta were under the shadow of the crocodile and the hippopotami, both of which afforded excellent—albeit sometimes perilous—sport to the dwellers on the banks. Firearms and steamers have now driven those fierce monsters of the deep beyond the Second Cataract.

But, apart from its inhabitants, the Nile itself has a mystic interest of its own. I do not wonder that in the mythology of ancient Egypt it was endowed with life, and received some sort of divine honors. Its periodical inundations, while their causes were unknown, placed it outside the category of rivers, and invested it with an atmosphere of mystery. And in the youth of our race, when woods and glades and rivers were believed to own appropriate deities, it is easy to understand how the Nile came to be regarded as endowed with more than natural life. It is so full of sub-currents and eddies that the amphibious natives, who swim like fish, will not venture to cross it except astride on logs of wood. In the stillness of the night these eddies gurgle and murmur, and understand how the Nile came to be past your dahabeh like a spirit from "the vast deep," engaged in confidential talk.

And who can adequately describe those splendid dawns and gorgeous sunsets which are among the commonplaces of Nile scenery? I have seen the whole sky, from the zenith to the horizon, become one molten, mantling sea of color and fire, every ripple and wave transfused into unswelled, shadowless crimson and purple and scarlet and opalescent hues, shading off into colors for which our language supplies no words and previous experience no ideas. This splendor of indescribable intermingling colors appears at sunset on the western horizon, and is followed by a soft sheen, as of moonlight, reflected on the hills on the eastern bank of the river.

In short, life on a dahabeh is one perpetual picnic. You stop where you please, and either enjoy the *dolce far niente* of remaining on board or making excursions to old temples or tombs, or taking part in a veritable picnic in the desert—and a picnic in the desert, under favorable auspices, is not likely to be forgotten.

A Delicious Cough Candy.

A delightful cough candy is made from the following receipt, and will be found almost agreeable medicine as well as beneficial to all who use their voices and are troubled with throat affections:

Break up a cupful of slippery elm bark; let soak an hour or two in a cupful of water. Half fill a cup with flax seed, and fill up to the brim with water, leaving it to soak the same time as the slippery elm. When you are ready to make the candy, put one pound and a half of brown sugar in a porcelain steap-pan over the fire. Strain the water from the flax seed and slippery elm and pour over it. Stir constantly until it begins to boil and turn back to sugar. Then pour it out, and it will break up into small crumbly pieces. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Be sure to use the same measuring cup.

Liquefied Air.

"The resources of the lecture-room are decidedly increased," says The Independent, "when Professor Dewar was able, in a lecture on chemistry in London lately, to produce liquid oxygen in the presence of the audience literally by pints, and to pass liquid air about the room in claret glasses. Oxygen liquefies at about 250 degrees below zero and air at 343 degrees below zero. If the earth were reduced to a temperature of 350 degrees below zero, it would be covered with a sea of liquid air thirty-five feet deep. Professor Dewar's process, of liquefying oxygen and nitrogen was with a hundred pounds of liquid ethylene and fifty pounds of nitrous oxide, with the aid of air pumps and two compressors driven by steam."

YOUNG FOLKS.

How Mimi Helped.

"I suppose I ought to go," said Aunt Jem. "I haven't been for three weeks. But there's the pantry floor to be scrubbed and—"

Grandma laughed, the soft, silvery laugh that Mimi loved to hear. "The pantry floor was fresh-painted only a week ago," said she, so I guess it can't be over 'n' above dirty. You'd better go, daughter. Mimi and I will keep house."

"And I'll scrub the pantry floor," said Mimi, eagerly. "Can't I, Aunt Jem?" "Why, you couldn't!" laughed Aunt Jem. "But Mimi was sure she could. 'Cause I've seen you lots of times 'f was painted with soap and water," said she, so earnestly that Aunt Jem laughed again.

"Well, then I can go to the sewing circle as well as not," she said, though she hadn't the least idea that Mimi would really think of such a thing as scrubbing the pantry floor. "But she did think of it, and when Aunt Jem had gone to the 'circle,' and grandma had started on the journey to the Land of Nod, which she took in her big chair every afternoon, Mimi got out the soap-pail and mop and scrubbing-brush and floor, and set to work. There was plenty of warm water in the tank on the kitchen range.

"And that's a good thing," said Mimi to herself, "cause this floor's orlfe dirty, if grandma did think 'twasn't." I'll have to put on lots of soap." So she did; and she had to get clean water very often, too. That was the way Aunt Jem always did when floors were dirty.

It took a long time, Mimi found, though the pantry was not large. It was pretty hard work, besides; her poor little knees were red and sore long before she was through. But she worked away bravely until the last board was soaped and scrubbed, and she heard grandma calling.

"Mimi didn't tell grandma what she had done." "I'll surprise her when auntie gets home," she thought; and when at last she saw Aunt Jem coming up the lane, she flew to meet her as though her little bare feet had wings.

"O auntie! O Aunt Jem!" she cried, "I did scrub the pantry floor the cleanest you ever saw." "Only see!" cried Mimi. "Then Aunt Jem dropped Mimi's hand and held up both her ears. "Child alive!" she said. "You've scrubbed almost every atom o' paint off! Well, did I ever!" And if Aunt Jem Cooley ever in her life felt like scolding, she did that minute.

But she didn't scold. She laughed instead, until the tears came. And grandma laughed, but Mimi began to cry. "I—I wanted to help," said she. "I thought I was, Aunt Jem." Aunt Jem patted the brown head lovingly at that.

"Well, so you were, I guess, after a fashion," said she. "I did almost wish I'd painted it pearl color instead of yellow, and now I can't." And so Aunt Jem painted the pantry floor instead of scrubbing it next day.

A Hanted Hant.

Black Mammy, dear soul, believed devoutly in "haunts," but Billy, who she had nursed and brought up to twelve years old, laughed such things quite to scorn. He was a mischievous fellow, and although he loved Black Mammy dearly, thought it great fun to scare her out of her wits.

She was very fond of going to "night meetings." The path ran through the pasture, at one end of which lay an old graveyard, and there Billy determined to give her a glorious fright. It took all day to make the ghost which was that night to confront her. For the head, Billy cut eyes and mouth in a big gourd, inside of which he meant to place a couple of lighted candles. The gourd topped a pole, with cross arms tacked on, from which a drapery of white window curtains fell long and full. Billy himself would be sheltered in their folds and by raising the pole above his head, could make the spectre at least ten feet high.

How Mammy and the rest would run, crying out, at sight of it! He could hardly fix things properly in place for thinking of it when he had got upon the gall-stump, fifty yards from the path. As for Tom and black Charley, who sat under a near-bush ready to touch off a bit of red-fire, they were simply helpless with laughing.

It was nine o'clock, pitch-dark and cloudy when the meeting-goes came well in view, a straggling procession of men and women, with here and there a lantern feebly blinking in the line. As it came well abreast of him, Billy uncovered the flaming gourd head, pushed it up, to the full height, giving out, as he did it, a screech-owl's cry.

Tom and black Charley were to answer it with the flash of red-fire. Instead came a smothered exclamation. "Lordy! I done lost dem matches!" Before groping fingers could find them, there came a patter of sharp swift footsteps behind. Something took Billy hard in the knees, sent him and the ghost sprawling, Tom and black Charley scuttling away as fast as their legs could carry them.

Billy heard the black boy crying out: "Run, twenny, run! Dey is hants! I knowed hit all de time! And dey sho' nough hant done got Billy!" Indeed he half believed it, for no sooner did he scramble to his feet than he was again knocked flat by this mysterious something that seemed to his excited fancy to be a veritable giant. And it had certainly come from among the graves. He had stood with his back to them, facing down hill. If only he could reach the bottom of it, where by this time Black Mammy ought to be, less, indeed she had seen and been frightened away by his struggle with this demon of the dark! Again he got to his knees, to be again knocked flat with a resounding thwack.

Here! S'posen dem hants had er got 'ter ye 'wid er de ole rum?" "I most wish they had," Billy said, getting up slowly and hanging his head.—[Harper's Young People.]

Profitable Poultry.

An observing farmer writes:—Chickens at this date, several late broods of chickens that they are desirous of forcing so that they will have size and stamina to withstand the rigors of a long winter. Isolate such from the older broods and give them special care. It is common practice to withhold the morning feeding of the hens until the other chores have been performed. The fowls in the meantime have left their roosts and are wondering among the dewy grass of September, in search of bugs and worms. This is wrong; especially with the late broods, for they are not strong enough to withstand having their plumage sopping wet so long before the sun is high enough to dry them. With the older fowls, perhaps there is little danger, but with the late broods there is great danger that you will fetch up at the first of November, with a lot of chicks running at the nose. These late broods should of course have exercise, but give it to them after they have had a morning feed of some flesh-and-bone-forming grains, confining them until the sun has dried off the grass. These young chicks should have at least four meals a day, the first one quite early in the morning, say sunrise, the next at 10 a.m. next 3 p.m., and the last just before sunset. Let them gain stamina by having a good run among the bushes during the day but lead them to expect that at the above hours they will receive a feed near the house. Confinement never agrees with young chicks; they must have an unlimited run; they will frolic and fight among themselves, and obtain all mineral and animal matter necessary.

Their coops at night should be perfectly dry, free from lice, and supplied with abundance of fresh air. There is probably no one thing that keeps chicks back in their growth like lice. You cannot be too careful about lice. Another thing, don't keep too many of these late hatched chickens in one flock, and above all don't keep a stunted, wizened chick among the flock; all such should have their necks wrung. Their weakness will furnish a good point for the attacks of disease, which will contaminate the healthy members of the flock.

When the "hen fever" first struck me, it was along about the middle of August. I secured the country around for several miles in search of young chicks. Some 150 were got together by the middle of September, and such a motly crowd they were—a broken-breasted, lob-tailed, mishapen lot. I took anything any body would sell. About the first of November I didn't "have a circus." Croup struck in, and I was the laughing stock of the whole family, yes, and the neighborhood; every remedy mentioned I tried; out I would go to the hen-coop, if you could call it that, after they had got to roost and down their gullets I would force this or that medicine. I was fairly losing flesh myself in my zeal to cure my large family of chicks. But all to no avail—a few "drew up the sponge" every day.

By chance I got hold of an English work that informed me of the good effects of copperas. I fed it but three days when the mortality began to decrease, and when the February sun had commenced to shed its warmth, I had succeeded in pulling through about fifty chicks, and by the first of May my first egg was laid.

This experience was a good lesson; it taught me never to enter winter, yes, in fact late fall, quarters, with a chick that was lacking in vigor, and to prevent that I have practiced taking especial care of late hatched chicks in their chickenhood.

His Old Basket Wouldn't Work.

Papa Bendigo keeps a pretty sharp eye on his daughter Mary, and many a would-be lover has taken a walk for a few minutes' conversation with the hard-hearted parent. "You seem like a nice young man, and perhaps you are in love with Mary?" "Yes, I am," was the honest reply. "Haven't said anything to her yet, have you?" "Well, no; but I think she reciprocates my affection."

"Does eh? Well, let me tell you something. Her mother died a lunatic and her insanity, no doubt that Mary has inherited her there." "I'm willing to take the chances," replied the lover. "Yes, but you see Mary has a terrible temper. She has twice drawn a knife on me with intent to commit murder."

"I'm used to that; got a sister just like her," was the answer. "And you should know that I've sworn a solemn oath not to give Mary a penny of my property," continued the father. "Well, I'd rather start poor and build up. There's more romance in it, Mr. Bendigo," continued the lover. "I've heard all this before, and also that you were on trial for forgery, had to run away from London for bigamy and served a year in prison for cattle stealing. I'm going to marry into your family to give your reputation a good 'send-off.' There—no thanks—good-bye!"

Mr. Bendigo looked after the young man with his mouth wide open, and when he could speak he said: "Some hyena has given me away on my dodge!"

One Way to Have Pretty Hands.

Not only ladies should have pretty hands—a rough, untidy pair of hands is just as unnecessary for a man to have as a woman—beautiful white hands very many can have if nature has been kind enough to bestow upon them fair skins. All may have neat-looking, smooth hands. A lemon, some oatmeal, palm oil soap and tepid water, and a few ounces of glycerine, will be all-sufficient to accomplish the desired result. After the hands are washed clean in the water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of oatmeal and a teaspoonful of glycerine, and the palm oil soap freely used, rub over the wet hands the lemon juice; it hardens the skin and prevents the formation of hang nails. If the hands are rough and scaly, or bleed, before beginning this treatment freely use (every time the hands are washed) a mixture of glycerine and compound tincture of benzoin (one ounce of the benzoin to four of the glycerine) until all soreness and rawness has been removed. Then the persistent use of the oatmeal and lemon will be sufficient to keep the hands soft and tidy.

Since the bakers of San Francisco formed a union three years ago they have reduced their hours of labor from an average of fourteen to ten a day.

NO BABIES.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

"No! Not one; and don't want any." "Never had any?" asked, in reply. "Never had any. Ours is a very quiet home," responded my college friend, as we walked along the street on a burning summer's evening. I went to this very quiet home. It was beautiful, rich, and quiet as a grave.

In all that grave house there were only two voices that ever spoke in love. The other voices were those of servants, in replies to orders, or in harsh chatter among themselves. This man's wife, though wed at twenty, and his good mate these ten years, was an old maid, to all intents and purposes. The house was everywhere as fussy as an old maid's own chamber. She had a cat and a dog. The dog was the baby. It was washed, and dressed, and fed like a baby. It went to ride with us—an advertisement of the childlessness of that home to every discerning person in the park.

No baby. And yet I noticed that the husband himself was forced to be the baby. I am sure he liked it. She—almost—out his food for him at the table, picked out the most toothsome portions for his plate, and—almost—adjusted his napkin. I am sure she puts the napkin on for him half the time, when no strangers are around the board. Of course it wasn't really pretty. A handsome young mother's ways with a baby of proper size are indescribably pretty and charming. But this lady's baby was too big. He wore whiskers, and could sing lullabies. He had no genuine baby ways, though I suspected that he probably put them on when the two were alone.

It reminded me of the first six months of my own wedded life. But somehow within a year I had to be a man; our first baby compelled me to graduate and make room for him. I had to wipe my own tears, and bind up my own small wounds, white and whimping mine if I indulged in these luxuries at all; and generally to run alone. You see, my wife could not attend both me, as a baby, and the real baby also; indeed she even went so far as to expect me to be self-reliant, cheerful, and manly, for the sake of the real baby and her tired self. Dear-heart, she gave me a noble confidence, grand womanly love and devotion. In any great trial she was a genuine helpmate and good angel, and continues to this day. But after our children began to come to us baby I could not be any longer. She seemed suddenly to wish me to be a giant, a warrior, a sort of rock for shelter in the storm, and all that sort of thing. In short, she began right away to call me papa and father, and I was obliged to conform to their trustful, clinging mother also.

You would never mistake Mrs. Harker for an old maid. There has come into her face a deep and brightened beauty, a light of unselfishness and womanly repose which cannot result from loving and attending a cat, a canary or a poodle. She has lost all that distrustful, baby-wise, of maddis old or young, which makes their dresses seem "fussy" and their demeanor constrained and artificial. She has been forced to be unobscured of self in care for others. Hence she is at ease in society; she knows human nature and is not abashed by it; she knows human nature, too, in its pure and most lovely form, that of childhood. She is accustomed to the best of society—that of children yet unsoiled by the world. She keeps good company—that of infancy. I can see that her study of her growing boys makes her alert toward the evil that is abroad, so that she is "as wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove." If health is not broken by the unshared vigils of motherhood, if the husband is in charge of a lion to keep the wolf of want and scantiness from the door, and a generous provider, there is no wedded woman who is not more beautiful in a true husband's eyes with a baby in the house.

"But the baby keeps you awake o' nights." "Yes, and so you lay in turn the debt you owe your parents' baby in debt too to this human family." "But your baby is often taken sick." "Yes. Before you die you also will have a sick day. It will not be unpleasant then to feel that at least you have earned kind care and tender, patient nursing."

"But your children may grow up to forget the debt." "Quite likely, in a home as selfish as yours. It is well you have none." "You are severe old friend. However, you cannot deny that the proper training of children consumes a great deal of one's time." "Time? What is time good for if not for good deeds? How do you prefer to spend your time? Mr. Harker, change my mind. It is not so well that you are childless, for what are you to do with all your money when you die? Leave it to your nephews, who will count your breaths for the last ten years. Working very hard for these thankless other people's babies, are you not?"

"Zounds! you hit hard, old chum." "You ought to be in the habit of chastising your children. I beg to say that that showed you essentially a selfish man, and that, too, of the meanest kind. If a man is selfish in the markets for his children's sake—if for them he seems mean, grasping, and hard, he is lovely in character beside the man who is selfish in doing his own freddy bread, and home delights. You are stingy with your domestic joys—so stingy that you are glad, and laugh to think no innocent, dependent little human creature is billeted on you."

"But when I see other people's offspring grow up to break their parents' hearts—"

"Then I say I have not begotten fools nor villains. My children, as hopeful enough to believe, are not of that kind. By God's help mine shall yet be a great comfort to me till I die. I am thankful for my boy's little arms about my neck; it is a burden that lifts me. His childish trust in me is a continual exhortation. I would die rather than forget that boy's esteem. My two little girls with their soft hands can rub the wrinkles from my brow in less time than the day's fret took to out them. I would not take untold good for the nightly prayers of my babies for me. When life looks old and the world colorless at times I take a look at life and the world through my children's eyes, and all is new again. With them all is hope, and nothing worn threadbare; it is not them me to feel as they do. I expect my children to keep me young till they grow old, and then I'll use my grandchild to keep my old soul warm."

"I adopt a baby or two. Discharge the cat and poodle. A live baby, adopted, is of more value than many canary birds. But even then you are still unfortunate. The children are not borne of your bones and flesh of your flesh. As they grow up some one will tell them as much, and the consequent look in their eyes will never wash out afterward, weep they ever so much in secret. You cannot see your wife's youth in the adopted daughter; cannot gaze on her maidenly face and see, as in a living photograph,

the face with which you first fell in love, now scarred with time and fringed with gray. Your adopted son can never be your youthful self-again to your fond old mate. Her woman's heart can never quite speak those thrilling words, which fill a woman's ecstasy, 'My boy!'" "Come, come! I take it all back. I confess that a childless home has a continual shadow. I congratulate you. Have a fresh cigar."

About Berries.

Presuming that you are going to plant that strawberry bed this fall, instead of delaying it until next spring, when it probably would not get done on account of the pressure of other work, we wish to offer you a few brief suggestions. Do not try too many kinds; select two or three varieties, at the most, from the list of a trustworthy grower choosing such as seem best adapted to your purpose of growing for home use or for shipping. Some that are excellent for the first purpose are almost valueless for the last, on account of their poor, carrying qualities. The Sharpless is a berry that serves both uses well, but it is not productive unless given high culture. With this we think it the best and most profitable of the very large berries. Aim to have your ground ready when the plants arrive, so that you may set them out at once. If not ready, then unpack and loosen the bunches and place the roots in the ground in some moist and shady place, or else puddle the roots in mud and lay them away in the cellar sprinkling the plants occasionally to keep them moist. For planting, select a moist soil, but not a heavy one, that is shaded all by trees or buildings. Get the soil in good condition by the free action of the sun. Have the ground thoroughly manured, and then plowed deeply. A coating of rich stable manure, four to six inches deep, is not too much to turn under. Then run a sub-soil plow in the furrows, loosening the ground to a depth of 16 inches. This will give good feeding ground for the roots, and soil will be in condition to retain moisture—an absolute essential to profitable strawberry culture. In planting, prevent the roots from being exposed at all to the sun or the wind. Put them in the earth while fresh and moist. Plant in the evening if you can, and then protect for two or three days by shading them with heavy cabbage or other leaves, or paper twisted into the shape of a funnel or cone. Copia does very well, but is more apt to blow away. For either field or garden culture we think the best method is to plant in rows three feet apart, the plants one foot apart in the row, and then let the suckers root into a continuous matter row is formed. Keep this trimmed to a width of one foot, give clean cultivation in the open spaces until winter comes, and then mulch well with coarse manure. In this way you will get a profitable bed well started.

Red raspberries, for field culture, should be planted in rows six feet apart, with the plants three feet apart in the row. This will require about 2,400 plants to an acre. Black caps require more room, as they have a more vigorous habit of growth. Make these rows seven feet apart, with the plants three feet distant. Thus an acre will require 1,775 plants. Autumn planting of black caps is not recommended, as it is hard to make them live if the weather turns dry.

A Gallant Old Gentleman.

The writer was the witness of an amusing scene in an Italian (England) omnibus. "We were full of passengers, and just on the point of starting when a young lady arrived woefully disappointed on finding the 'bus full, as the signpost was a wretched one." "Never mind, my dear," said an old gentleman near the door, putting down the newspaper in which he was engrossed, "just you come and sit on my knee."

"We were the young lady laughingly did. The old gentleman made himself very agreeable to her, asking "whether she was married" and wishing he were younger, etc. At length the young lady signified her intention of alighting at Goldington road. "I will see you safely home, my dear," says the old gentleman, gallantly. "I live at the corner." "Surely you are not Mr. P.?" says the young lady. "Yes," answers he, greatly astonished at her knowledge of his name. "Oh, then, I'm your new housemaid!" was the reply. Tableau.

Oddities of Color Blindness.

While the number of color-blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred being afflicted, the less inclination did her husband show to meet her views in the matter. Despairing of driving her husband to sue for an annulment of the marriage, she lodged a petition against him at St. Petersburg and at Bucharest, but in both cities the Holy Synods rejected her demand on the ground that the charges which she was able to bring against her husband did not furnish sufficient cause for the dissolution of the union. At Constantinople, however, she was more successful, and by dint of orthodox bribes she was able to induce the Orthodox Patriarch there to decree the dissolution of her marriage. It is needless to add that the decree in question is regarded as entirely invalid both in Russia and in Roumania, the Synod on the Bosphorus having no legal power to deal with her case.

How Many is a Dozen?

The child is taught at school that a dozen means twelve every time, but when the child grows into a man he finds that a dozen is a very elastic term. A baker's dozen is thirteen, and so is a publisher's or a news-agent's in many parts of the world. In some sections a dozen of fish means twenty six, and there are other anomalies of this kind. But to find a dozen indicating anything from two to fifty, it is necessary to go to the earthenware trade. Here the size and weight of articles decides how many make a dozen, and in jugs, bowls, plates, and so on, there are two, four, six, eight, or more to the dozen. A dozen composed of twelve articles is a very unusual thing in the wholesale pottery trade, and as a result there are few clerks more difficult to hold than in this line. I tried the work once and failed ignominiously. To have to find the cost of 600 articles at so much a dozen, when that dozen may mean anything, is a very difficult task until a man gets thoroughly used to it. That is easy then, I have been told, though I never got used to it sufficiently to know of my own knowledge.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Sharpening Scissors.

One evening I was engaged in cutting up silk pieces for a portiere. A friend came in, so I provided her with a pair of scissors, that we might work together. She soon asked me if I always used such dull scissors. I replied that I had been waiting for some time for a chance to get them sharpened. "Well, never wait again, if there is a bottle in the house," she said; and looking around she took a bottle from the mantel, and proceeded to sharpen the scissors in this way: She snipped at the neck of the bottle as if she were trying to cut it off. She kept doing this for a few seconds, and then asked me to try them. They cut like new scissors.

M. Marie, of Paris, is known as the "dog barber." He daily clips from ten to thirty dogs. The price of a clip is four francs. Dr. Haffner, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, who has been making extensive experiments upon animals and upon himself, believes that susceptibility to cholera can be prevented, as in the case of small-pox, by inoculation.

TWO MILLIONS STOLEN.

A Princess's Servant's Story.

Princess Gortchakoff, whose magnificent suite in the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris has been the scene of so many brilliant festivities during the last two or three seasons, a Paris correspondent writes, has just been informed of the fact that the Supreme Court of Appeal in Bucharest had rendered a decision against her in the lawsuit which had been brought by her brother, Prince Gregory Stourdza, for the recovery of the major part of the enormous fortune which came into her possession at the time of the death of her mother at Baden-Baden about four years ago. At the time of the old Princess Stourdza's death her daughter, Princess Gortchakoff, was the only member of the family who was left behind. It was well known to the friends and relatives of Mme. de Stourdza that she was in the habit of wearing day and night a soft leather belt, strapped around her body, containing all her most valuable securities, jewels and title deeds. That this belt was there in its place

of her death is shown by the sworn evidence of the two Sisters of Mercy who tended her throughout her last illness. During the night which followed the demise her daughter spent several hours alone with the corpse, and the next day when it was placed in the coffin the Sisters of Mercy noticed that the belt had disappeared. Not was this all. Moreover, it appears from the evidence given during the numerous lawsuits which have taken place on the subject both in France and Roumania, that in the very moment when the death agony of the old Princess began her daughter, Mme. de Gortchakoff, despatched a telegram to Paris announcing a clever locksmith, Landrey, who was known to have designed the locks of the four steel safes in which the old woman hoarded all such of her valuables as she was unable to get into her leather belt. Landrey arrived on the evening before the funeral and spent the whole night with Mme. de Gortchakoff in picking the locks of the safes, (keys of which had been so carefully hidden away by the old lady that it was impossible to find them. When, at length, the local authorities presented themselves at the villa to make the duty prescribed inventory of the property left by deceased, it was discovered that over \$2,000,000 had and no trace thereof was to be found. On being informed of the fact, Prince Gregory Stourdza began proceedings against his sister for the purpose of compelling her to surrender the portion of his mother's fortune due to him as the eldest son under his parents' will. One of the causes of the long delay which has characterized the proceedings has been due to the detention in prison in Germany of two of the principal witnesses against the Princess, the Countess de Gortchakoff, and her groom of the chambers, who had been present with her at the time when the safes were being rifled of their contents on the night before the funeral. Mme. de Gortchakoff had attempted to purchase the silence of these two confidential servants by means of a gift to them of a portion of the dead lady's fortune, but she failed, as they allowed themselves to be subpoenaed as witnesses against her by her brother she caused them to be arrested at Frankfurt by the German police on a charge of having robbed her of her diamonds. As the valuables were found among the effects of the two servants in question the case looked black against them. Judicial proceedings are slow in Germany, and it was only after a year and a half of imprisonment at Frankfurt that they succeeded in establishing their innocence and obtaining their freedom, much to the disgust of Mme. de Gortchakoff. The Roumanian Courts now called upon her to surrender the major part of her fortune to her brother, Prince Gregory, and, inasmuch as she brought the trial against her not only on civil but also

AT THE MOMENT.

ON CRIMINAL GROUNDS, it is confidently expected at Paris that she will be under the necessity of acceding to his demands. Her history is a strange one. The only daughter of the late ex-Hospodar of Moldavia and of his wife, the Princess Vagorides, she was married in the year 1868 to Prince Constantin Gortchakoff, the son of the famous Russian Chancellor of that name. The bonds of matrimony, however, became odious to her, and she determined to rid of him as soon as possible after the death of her father-in-law, of whom she stood in great dread. She gave her husband every kind of provocation and ground for making charges against her that would lead him to apply for a divorce, but without success. In fact, the more she displayed her anxiety to secure the dissolution of the marriage, the less inclination did her husband show to meet her views in the matter. Despairing of driving her husband to sue for an annulment of the marriage, she lodged a petition against him at St. Petersburg and at Bucharest, but in both cities the Holy Synods rejected her demand on the ground that the charges which she was able to bring against her husband did not furnish sufficient cause for the dissolution of the union. At Constantinople, however, she was more successful, and by dint of orthodox bribes she was able to induce the Orthodox Patriarch there to decree the dissolution of her marriage. It is needless to add that the decree in question is regarded as entirely invalid both in Russia and in Roumania, the Synod on the Bosphorus having no legal power to deal with her case.

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LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Queen Victoria's new dining room at Osborne cost \$100,000. She paid for it herself. The youngest man in the new British House of Commons is 22 years old; the oldest,

# WROXETER FALL SHOW

## 2 Bargain Days 2

# W. Lee & Co.,

# New Goods

Merchants, Wroxeter, have decided to give two bargain days on the days of the Fall Show,

OCT. 4 & 5,

When we will give big reductions in all lines for these two days only.

NOTE A FEW PRICES :

- Men's Hats, 47c.
- Boys' Crush Hats, 47c.
- Children's Shoes, 72c., up to 10s.
- Youth's High-Out Boots, 97c.
- Boys' " " \$1.19.
- Men's Fine Lace Boots, \$1.19.
- All summer goods, such as Prints, Muslins, Cotton Hosiery that is left, will be sold regardless of cost for the two days. Remember, these prices are only for the two days of the Show.
- Men's Shirts and Drawers, 44c. per suit.
- Woolen Socks, 11c. per pair.
- Cardigan Jackets, 89c.
- Ladies' all-wool Hose, 18c.
- Tweed Suitings, 9½c., 10c., 14c., 15c.
- Beautiful Cashmeres, all colors, 23½c.
- Wool Shawls, 47c., 68c., 98c.
- Boys' Caps, 36c.
- Navy Caps, 24c.
- Men's Caps, 47c.
- Girls' Caps, 24c.

This sale will be for Cash or Trade.

We will give the highest price for butter and eggs, and will be glad to see you on our bargain days whether you want anything or not. It will let you see what we are doing and you will call again.

Remember the Spot,

Central Block, Wroxeter.

For the Fall Trade,  
Are Arriving.

In Summer Goods we are offering some big drives.

Our purchases for the Fall Season are arriving, and include the choicest lines.

Among our Fall Goods are Dress Goods Mantlings, Hosiery, Underwear, Grey, Navy and Check Fannels, Blankets, Yarns, the value in the majority of cases being much better than formerly.

Saturday Bargain

Miscellaneous Counter

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

ALL INVITED.

# McLaughlin & Co.,

Glasgow House.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE ?

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

# COOPER MAP

OF THE COUNTY OF HURON,

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

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE,

THE FARMER NEEDS ONE,

THE BUSINESS MAN NEEDS ONE

PRICE, \$3.50.

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

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

Gorrie Tin Store.

# STOVES

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

PRICES DOWN TO BED-ROCK.

See Me about Getting a Furnace.

Lamp Goods,  
Cutlery,

Tinware, etc.,  
In endless abundance and Variety.

Repairing  
Done to Order and in First-Class Style

JAMES SUTHERLAND,  
Tinsmith, Gorrie.

# THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

IS THE NEW PREMIUM



Given to every subscriber, new or old, of THE WEEKLY EMPIRE FOR 1898. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its preparation. Its success is fully assured; it is a highly valued souvenir of the greatest statesman and the most honored leader ever known in Canadian history. This beautiful Memorial Album contains 16 full-page illustrations of interesting scenes in connection with the history of Sir John, and presents to the thousands of admirers of our late chief many new and valuable portraiture.

READ THE LIST.

Full-page Portraits of Sir John and Marjorie MacDonald; Birthplace of Sir John in Glasgow; Portrait of Sir John when a young man; Portrait of Sir John's Mother, the only one ever published; The Old Homestead at Kingston, occupied by Sir John during the Rebellion of 1837; Braselton, Sir John's Residence at Ottawa; Interior of Senate Chamber, Ottawa, showing the Guard of Honor and Body Lying in State; Exterior View of Houses of Parliament; Exterior View of Houses of Parliament; Parliament Buildings, with Funeral Procession forming in the foreground; View of Victoria Block, Parliament Buildings; Fine View City Hall, Kingston, Draped in Mourning, as it appeared the day Sir John's Body reached Kingston and Lay in State; Grave at Cataract Cemetery, with Floral Tributes from his Thousands of Followers; View of Westminster Abbey, in which the Memorial Service was held; Interior View of Westminster; View of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which a Memorial Tablet will be erected to Sir John's Memory; Interior View of St. Paul's Cathedral, bound, with an illuminated and embossed cover. A really valuable souvenir that will be a suitable ornament on parlor or library table. The demand for this work promises to be great. Send in your orders early, with ONE DOLLAR, and get THE WEEKLY EMPIRE for one year and this MEMORIAL ALBUM.

New subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY EMPIRE free for balance of this year.

HOUSEHOLD

Admiralty. Under Life's sky, storm-swept, cloud-overshadowed...

The Boasting Housekeeper. Have you ever met her, dear readers? I mean the experienced housekeeper...

Pretty Handkerchief Sachet. Procure a half yard of canvas. Take half of it for a top and cover the outside with China silk...

Kinu Fato. Real life sometimes furnishes instances of good fortune which are as remarkable as the story of Monte Cristo...

Methods for Amusing Babies. When my six-months-old girl begins to fret, and I have no time to stop my work...

A Lounge Wrap. Everyone knows how necessary it is to have a shawl or wrap of some kind on the lounge...

Nourishing Diet for the Sick. The old saying, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison" is especially true in diet for the sick...

Wolves Fought With the Bayonet. Last year a pack of man-eating wolves did so much damage in the Hoshangabad district that Government took special steps for their extermination...

The stability of electric locomotives at high speeds is much greater than that of steam locomotives and therefore there is less chance of derailment.

ELECTRICAL NOTES.

A device has just been patented intended to be used in signalling along a length of fire hose. Wires are carried in the hose and insulated therefrom so that by making battery connections a fireman from one end will be able to send signals to the other without leaving his post.

A new socket for incandescent lamps has been brought out which is flexible and will admit of the lamp globe being turned in one direction or another. A spring coil forms one of the connections to the lamp base, and takes the place of the thread on the regular socket.

Thirty miles of underground electric railway similar to the City and South London Line has been proposed for Berlin at an estimated expense of \$10,000,000.

A new building in Denver, intended to accommodate twenty light manufacturing concerns, has been wired and equipped throughout for the distribution of power to the different tenants by means of electricity.

The automatic telephonic exchange, of which mention was made some time ago, in Mexico City, La Porte, Ind., where it is to be put in for six months free of charge and connected to seventy-five instruments.

In a recent address before the Chicago Electric Club it was stated that within a year there will be in operation in the States five electric locomotives of from 700 to 1,500 horse-power, and weighing from forty-five to 200 tons.

Telephotography is at present interesting to Parisian experimenters and causes the figure to predict that "soon may be seen in Paris on the image of a man smoking in St. Petersburg."

An electric railway is proposed between Antwerp and Brussels, and a concession to construct the line is now before the Belgian Government.

Designs of arc lamps are now striving for better looking brackets and fixtures to be used similarly to the decorative effects noticed in interior lamp fixtures.

A Brave Deed. Lieutenant W. B. Huddleston, Royal Indian Marine, has just been presented by Captain Hext, C.I.E., Bombay, in the presence of all the marine officers in port...

As the ship drifted with the trawl down three large sharks appeared, swimming round the ship on the lookout for anything that might be thrown overboard.

It is only a little over forty years ago that a Russian farmer began the cultivation of the sunflower in order to extract oil from the seeds.

A Philadelphia physician who has just returned from a trip to England says: "I stopped with a gentleman in Liverpool who is making a fortune out of one of the most curious applications of the rubber-plate idea that I have ever seen."

The fastest bicycle rider in the world today is George F. Taylor, of Ipswich, Mass., whose mile record recently made on the Springfield track is full four seconds faster than Windle's famous performance made last October on the same track.

The stability of electric locomotives at high speeds is much greater than that of steam locomotives and therefore there is less chance of derailment.

The first champion cyclist that ever came out of the university was the Englishman, a couple of Cambridge men and one Oxonian who rode high wheels in the days of long ago.

The Streets of Peking. The town is always most animated. At certain hours of the day the streets are crowded with foot-passengers, riders on horseback, and carriages as those of London or of Paris.

The filth of the streets is yet another element of the picturesque. No description could possibly give an idea of it. Dust two deep, or lakes of mud, and at every turn heaped masses of refuse, the streets are beggars are fighting with many dogs, every conceivable variety of rubbish, and no drainage!

It is no news that cannon balls and bullets can be photographed as they dart through the air, but Professor C. V. Boys has recently made some experiments in photographing flying bullets that cast new light upon their motion, and their effect upon the air through which they pass.

Professor Boys fires the bullet through a box lined with black cloth, and so arranged that the passing bullet itself completes an electric circuit and causes a flash of light in the box, which, though lasting only one-millionth of a second suffices to imprint a photograph of the bullet on a sensitized plate on the wall of the box.

Professor Boys has experimented with the photographing of charges of small shot fired from shot-guns and the final result of these experiments is waited with much interest, because it promises to throw light upon the manner in which guns of different patterns scatter the shot.

Cases of brigandage, the Daily News Rome correspondent says, are again becoming frequent in Sicily and in the province of Rome, where an absolute stop has never been put to this form of crime.

It is only a little over forty years ago that a Russian farmer began the cultivation of the sunflower in order to extract oil from the seeds.

A side rod broke a few days ago upon an engine on the New York Central between Branchville and Sussex. Engineer Quackenbush was not on his seat at the moment, or he might have been killed, as the rod sliced off a portion of the cab in its first revolution.

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BEAUTIFUL NECHAO VALLEY.

A District in British Columbia covering millions of acres of fine agricultural lands.

On the 20th of April last, Stanley Smith, a well known land prospector, left the coast for the Nechao Valley, a country lying northwest of the forks of the Quennebec, extending about 175 miles in length, with an average width of between 40 and 60 miles.

The valley of the Nechao River, from where it joins the Fraser to its mouth, is one of the most fertile and beautiful valleys in the world.

Spring opens about the first of April, and after Mr. Smith's arrival in the forest occurred. The summers are warm with cool nights. During June and July of the present year, light showers occurred and no irrigation is required.

South of the Nechao there are any number of beautiful lakes, in which are abundance of fish—salmon and speckled trout, grayling and suckers.

Mr. Smith regards this as the road into the Skeena country, through which any railway to Port Simpson must pass. The rivers and lakes are nearly all navigable.

Henry Storms, a patient of the insane asylum at Kingston, belonging to Nanapanee, strayed from the institution last Wednesday, and on Friday his body was found in the lake in rear of the asylum.

Robbers, supposed to be members of the Dalton gang, held up Agent James S. Wilson of the Kansas and Arkansas Valley Railroad and secured \$41,000 in cash.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

The deaths from cholera in Persia so far number 35,000.

Thunderstorms have caused irreparable damage to crops in Bulgaria.

The proportion of marriages in France, which at one time was eight out of every thousand of the population, has now fallen to seven.

During a thunderstorm in Vienna, Tuesday evening, the musical exhibition building was five times struck by lightning. The damage was not serious.

Several Welsh tin-plate manufacturers have closed their works. Sixty establishments are now closed, and 10,000 hands are idle.

Dr. Keely of drink cure fame, is suing the London Lancet for damages for libel. Medical men watch the trial with excited interest.

Thomas Neil, indicted for the murder of Matilda Clover, was committed to trial for murder and blackmail in London on Saturday last.

An insane woman confined in the Asylum for Idiots at Orillia jumped from a third storey window in the building on Tuesday, and received injuries from which she died twelve hours afterwards.

Mr. Ronald McDonald, Lady Cathcart's agent, who placed the crofters in Manitoba in 1872, is on his way to Winnipeg, having arrived by the Parisian, to visit the crofter settlements and ascertain what success has attended them in their new homes.

Mrs. Edward McManaman, of Salt Springs, Cumberland, N. S., has given birth to triplets, two boys and a girl. This is the third time in succession that this lady has thus distinguished herself.

Some 50 cannon balls and a lot of rifle barrels have been taken from the bottom of the Detroit River by the Dominion Government dredge Ontario. They are supposed to have lain there since 1837.

John Doran, aged twenty, was run over and killed on the Detroit belt line Tuesday night. He had been working in Rochester and his father is a retired merchant in Guelph.

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# AN UNEXPECTED FIND.

BY WALTER FERRY.

In the whole community there was no man who better knew when and how to sell than did John Huggill, a close-fisted farmer, in the county of York, Ontario, Canada. So it happened that one morning in June, he set out for the city of Toronto, with a batch of carefully selected spring lambs, for which he shrewdly realized much higher prices than could have been obtained for the same animals when full grown; and when he returned at eight fifteen golden sovereigns jingled merrily in his pocket—one of the man's peculiarities being to accept nothing but hard coin in payment for anything he had to sell.

Winter or summer, dark or light, John's invariable habit was to go to work, indoors or out, at four o'clock in the morning and come in at breakfast at seven. On the morning, next after the lambs were so profitably disposed of, he returned for the early meal as usual, but before sitting down, he went into the little room where he always slept, alone—his faithful wife having died some years—A moment afterward, he rushed excitedly out, and addressing Maggie McFarlane, maid-of-all-work, and the only inmate of the small log-house beside himself and his only child, ten-year-old Bessie, gruffly asked, "Where have you put the cash, Maggie?"

"Cash! What cash, Mr. Huggill?" queried the girl.

"Why, the buckskin bag of gold, woman—the fifteen sovereigns I brought home last night, and left under the pillow of my bed."

"Bless me, man! I've seen no gold nor bag. I just made up the bed a few minutes ago, and there was nothing in it."

"Do you mean to say that you did not move the gold girl?" rejoined Huggill, turning pale with anxiety.

"I've told you already, sir, that I saw nothing of it. I know no more of your sovereigns than does this little beast," pointing to Bob, Bessie's pet coon, which sat on a bench, stroking its innocent-looking face with its paws.

"You lie! Woman, you lie!" thundered the now furious man. "You've stolen the bag, and hid it away somewhere."

As the insulting words were uttered, the girl staggered back as if from a blow, but, quickly recovering, walked with calm dignity across to where the frightened Bessie sat, and, taking the child in her arms, cried, "Oh, poor, motherless bairn, I must leave you! Your father accuses me of stealing, and I will not bear such a charge. I'll go home to my mother, and stay until he finds out his mistake!"

Bessie threw herself into the arms of her friend, and, bursting into tears, pitifully implored her to stay, while, to the harsh accuser, she said, "Father, rather how can you do so? You know that Maggie could not steal—my own dear, pretty Maggie!"

But the poor gold-worshiper, groaning under his loss, would not listen even to his child, and angrily drove the suspected young woman from his door by a threat of immediate arrest.

Then, while Bessie rocked her four-footed pet to and fro in her arms, and sobbed, "Oh, Bob, Bob, Maggie's gone! What shall we do without her, Bob?" John Huggill drew up to the table, and tried to eat; but every mouthful seemed to choke him, and he was not half through, when in strode the tall, grey Scotman, Andrew McFarlane, a laborer on the farm.

"Mr. Huggill, what is all this I hear?" he sternly said. "Do you dare to call my bairn a thief?"

"It looks that way, Andrew," coolly replied the farmer. "I left the money in my bag, and no one but Maggie has entered the house since and the cash is gone."

"Well, man, I'd advise you to take back your words, or I'll maybe give you a chance to prove them in open court."

"I'll take back no words of mine," said Huggill. "Here's your own and your girl's wages up to date, and I'll trouble you to move off my farm before night. Like father, like child. I darsay the stolen money will keep you till you get a new place."

McFarlane turned on his heel to go, but, before doing so, impressively said, "If it were not for that motherless bairn there, I'd tan your hide! But never fear, I'll leave your place long before night, and engage with decent Davie Bruce. I'll tell him the whole story myself, and I warn you that if you have the brass to make your false charge public, I'll prosecute you for slander, as sure as my name's Andrew."

Avaricious John Huggill, however, was altogether too prudent a man to do this, lacking incontestible proof, and his knowledge of the matter was confined to the people on the two farms, none of whom, except Huggill himself, believed Maggie guilty, so the girl suffered no loss of character or popularity. Her remarkable beauty, sprightliness, and proficiency in dancing and singing, had long made her an especial favorite in the neighborhood, and nothing that miserly Huggill could do was likely to hurt her in public estimation.

In order to make up for the loss of his gold, the miserable man now worked harder than ever, and all through the ensuing hay and harvest, drove his laborers so relentlessly that most of them left on the first opportunity.

Even to sweet little Bessie he was seldom at this time civil, and the lonely child, now under the charge of a strange servant, incessantly prayed, in her ardent way, that the missing money might be found, for not even her father dared longer to assert, in her presence, that Maggie had taken it.

Meantime, on the adjoining farm of David Bruce, stout Andrew McFarlane, who family dwelt in peace and comfort, though now and then, as the honest Scot thought of the foul accusation brought against his daughter, he felt strongly tempted to use language unbecoming to a member of the "aid kirk."

And he, too, prayed in his own earnest fashion that the real thief might be discovered—a consummation to be more devoutly hoped for than expected, as, in the whole countryside there was not one individual to whom suspicion might reasonably attach.

Although everyone except her late employer felt convinced of Maggie's innocence, it was only natural that she should chafe and fret so long as she regarded her as a criminal. Bessie, who longed for the companionship of little Bessie, and used to awake right after night, thinking until her pretty head ached, how to clear up the mystery; but all her perplexing thought brought no solution.

Throughout the summer months, Willie and Aleck Bru e, boys of fourteen and fifteen respectively, and famous young hunters, had toiled faithfully in the fields; but now that September, the first month with an "A" in it has come, they prepared to resume their old-time nightly "coon" hunts.

The young fellows owned a dog, called Tiger, an animal of unknown pedigree and of no particular breed, but which, nevertheless, was celebrated in the locality for his singularly exact and certainty with which

he would find and capture game, when dogs of far higher pretensions were utterly at fault. With this faithful companion, and a couple of axes, the boys would sally out on an evening along the creeks, over the stubble, oaks, and cornfields, or perhaps through the dry swamps and wooded uplands, in search of the cunning "ringtails," seldom, indeed, returning empty handed. Tiger was a dog of rare gifts; he made no mistakes, and never got mixed up. He had a distinctive bay for each kind of game, and if his tongue said "deer," "wolf," "fox," or "coon" the special animal so indicated was sure to be in front of him.

Having once taken a trail, nothing could turn him aside until that particular quarry was run down or finally lost. The consequence was that the Bruce boys secured more game and furs than all their competitors together, and were always full of pocket-money when other young Nimrods were "dead broke."

One night, it was the ninth of September—I remember it well—the brothers set out shortly after dark to beat up their own and Farmer Huggill's cornfield, and, while yet on the home lot, old Tiger caught on the ground and killed two 'coons. Then he took up an evidently fresh scent, and went off, with his "treating bark," in the direction of Huggill's wood-pasture, only a few hundred yards from the farmer's house.

About the middle of this half-cleared field there was, in wet seasons, a big pond and in the centre of the pond an immense swamp elm-tree, hollow as to its trunk, but yet in vigorous life, and with great, spreading branches reaching far out on every side. Now, after the summer's drought, the pond was dry, and Tiger seemed to be making straight for it.

"Well, Aleck," said Willie Bruce, "I guess the old dog's going to drive to the big elm this time, and if the 'coon don't run into the hollow, so's we can smoke him out, we'll have quite a job of chopping."

"All right," replied Aleck. "I've got a spite against that tree, anyway, and would like no better fun than cutting it down."

Following at their best speed the dog's lead, the boys, sure enough found him tearing away at the decayed wood inside the elm, and knowing now that the 'coon had climbed the hollow shaft, they struck fire with flint, steel, and punk, kindled a smudge of rotten sticks and moss at the bottom, and prepared to smoke him out.

But, somehow the thing didn't work this time; and after keeping up the pungent fumes for a good half-hour in vain, the experienced hunters concluded that their game had taken refuge in the cavity of some great lateral limb, to which the smoke, for lack of draught, perhaps, did not penetrate.

So, putting out the smudge, and building a huge outside fire to give light, they went gaily to work to fell the forest giant, finding the task not so very arduous, after all, as the sheath of green wood surrounding the hollow, although it was circumferenced, was less than five inches thick.

Twenty minutes or so sufficed for the skilled axemen to cut through this, and the patriarch of a century's growth, with a premonitory shiver, slowly swayed to one side, bowing his mighty head, and, with swiftly accelerating momentum, came crashing to the ground.

Boys and dog rushed to the widespread top, and the unerring nose of the hound quickly pointed to one particularly large branch as the 'coon's hiding-place. On tapping the limb, it proved to be hollow, though no orifice appeared on the surface; so the boys cut it off close to the parent stem, and then asked Tiger whether "Stripes" was in the cavity of the trunk, or in that of the bough?

The knowing brute's reply being unmistakably in favor of the latter hypothesis, the hunters plugged up the big end and cut notches in the limb at intervals of about eighteen inches, shutting off each blank division as they went along, until at last they came to the snug retreat of a whole 'coon colony.

One, two, three, four were drawn out and painlessly dispatched, and the bonanza was supposed to be exhausted. But Tiger said "No," something still remained.

Once more Aleck thrust in his leather-gloved hand, and justified the dog's sagacity by pulling out a rather under-sized specimen, of which the boys no sooner caught sight, than both started back in astonishment, for around the little animal's neck was tied a red ribbon.

'Twas, beyond all peradventure, Bessie Huggill's pet 'coon, which had evidently taken a break to sleep once more among its wild kindred in what was, very probably, its own birthplace.

The recent Bob looked awfully ashamed of himself, and after being secured by a piece of string, lay down to watch the proceedings with curious interest.

"Let's open the limb up, and see what kind of a nest the little rascals have made," proposed Willie.

No sooner said than done. The already-nicked slabs were split off, and the whole long chamber exposed to view; and a singularly furnished apartment it was.

The searchers threw out great handfuls of hair, wool, feathers, clam-shells, soft mosses and leaves, and were carefully examining the bottom of the semi-circular trough, when they came upon surprising evidences of 'coon acquisitiveness in the shape of several spools of thread, a brass thimble, three horn buttons, two pewter spoons, a piece of broken mirror, some patches of red cotton, and, last of all, firmly wedged in a crack a little 'gray buckskin bag.

On bringing this to light, the boys simultaneously yelled, "Huggill's lost money! Huggill's lost money!" And on their untying the string, out rolled the fifteen untarnished sovereigns!

"Oh, Bob, you villain, what mischief you have done!" cried Aleck. "How will you ever make up for it?"

But Bob demurely stroked his face, and answered not a word. Staggering along under their heavy load of dead game, and carrying also the sly thief, the jubilant youths now hurried home.

It was nearly midnight when they reached their father's door, and everyone in the house was asleep; but the tidings were too important to brook delay, and all were unconsciously aroused to hear the wondrous tale.

Then off to McFarlane's shanty sped the excited youngsters, and their thundering summons was quickly answered by old Andrew in person.

"Eh, Heaven save us, laddies! What's all this?" he exclaimed, on recognizing his untimely visitors.

"Oh, Andrew, we've got the thief at last!" said Willie.

"And the money, too!" supplemented Aleck, placing the sack in the wondering man's hand.

The stern old Scotman was holding a lighted candle, but on hearing this astounding revelation, he dropped it to the floor, where it spluttered a moment and went out. Then, by the faint glimmer of the stars, the boys saw him raise his eyes reverently to heaven, while he audibly murmured:

few quaint words of devout thanksgiving. Soon, however, he shook himself together again, and called out, in stentorian tones, "Guide wife—Maggie, lass, rise quickly! Here's the conquering Bruce to the fore and, I'faith, it'll be a Bannockburn to the pride of Master John Huggill."

The startled women, hastily donning part of their garments, hurried out from the sleeping-room, and, in the intervals of laughing, crying, and hugging each other, soon convinced themselves, by the indisputable evidence of touch and sight, that the gold was actually found.

"But you braw laddies, whaur's the thief?" queried Mistress McFarlane, who still stuck to her broad Scotch.

"Oh, he's tied up safe at our house. And would you think it is Maggie?" said Willie Bruce.

"I cannot even guess, Willie," replied the delighted girl.

"Why, Maggie, it's that little scamp Bob."

"Bob—Bob! What Bob?" asked she.

"Why, Bob—Bessie's pet 'coon," explained the boy. "He stole the bag that morning, before you went in to make the bed, I suppose, and carried it off to the big hollow elm; and when we were hunting to-night we cut the tree down, and found him, and the money, too, in an old limb."

Maggie's cheeks were wet with joyous tears, but she broke now into peals of merry laughter, as she inquired, "Did you find aught else, lads?"

"Yes, lots of things—butons, thimbles, and such like."

"Well, well the cunning, we rogue! We often missed bits of odds and ends, but I blamed it all to the rats."

Punctually at seven o'clock next morning, John Huggill came to breakfast in very ill-humor, and grumbled to Bessie that somebody—her friends, the Bruce boys he supposed—had felled the big elm.

"The tree was no good," he added, "but the young rascals will have to cut it up and pile it out of the way, or pay for doing it."

Bessie, who had been vainly hunting all the morning for Bob, prudently kept silence, and the two sat down to their meal. Presently, the child happening to glance through the window, exclaimed, "Why, father, here comes Andrew McFarlane and his wife and Maggie—yes, and Willie Bruce and Aleck, too!"

"Coming to beg off about the tree, I suppose," muttered her father.

The next moment the little party entered the room, and Andrew, marching straight up to his former employer, laid the well-remembered buckskin bag beside his plate, with the quiet remark, "Your idol's found, Mr. Huggill."

"What, what, what?" cried the amazed man, as, with trembling hands, he emptied the shingle on the table. "So the girl has confessed at last, eh?"

McFarlane flushed an angry red, and seemed about to strike the speaker down, when Willie Bruce stepped forward, drew the real culprit from behind his back, placed him in Bessie's waiting arms, and said, "This little fellow is the thief, Mr. Huggill."

As the rising sun dispels the gloom of night, so now the sight of his recovered treasure swept the cruel lines from Huggill's hard face, and, in a burst of magnanimity, he exclaimed, "Well, boys, I'll say nothing about the tree, though it's going to give me a lot of work," the idea of dividing the prize with his finders having evidently never occurred to him.

He had the grace, however to mumble an apology to Maggie McFarlane; and the girl, for Bessie's sake, consented to resume her old place in the household.

The strange find brought about some good results, for the suspicious old farmer's pride in his own infallibility was thoroughly humbled, and he became, in time, a quite affectionate father and pleasant neighbor.

In conclusion, I may say that this story is strictly true, all the actors having been well known to me in my youth, and the incidents having occurred under my own observation—proper names, only, being changed.

The Mohammedans, it is said, consider silk unclean, because it is produced by a worm.

Pope Leo XIII. will celebrate two jubilees next year if his life should be spared so long. On February 19, 1893, half a century will have passed since he was called to the episcopate by being appointed Bishop of Damietta, and on December 13, 1893, forty years will have passed away since he received the cardinal's hat.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER. It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Beware of substitutions and imitations. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

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LADIES READ THIS. The wonderful L. McDowell Garment Drafting Machine, New York, for cutting Ladies' Dresses, can now be had at Toronto Cutting School, 12 Yonge Street. Send for illustrated circular.

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

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

The double-breasted pique waistcoat is very popular, though it must be confessed that as a shirt and a jacket are necessary with it, it is not very cool. With the shirts the tailor-made girl has elected to wear the stiff, black satin tie that gentlemen choose for evening. There is always a method in her choice, and finding that the white scarfs soil very easily, she decides to wear the one that will last longest, and elects that it shall be the most fashionable.

M. Tard, a countryman, in Paris for a few days recently, stood in the Rue de Richelieu in a pouring rain protected only by his umbrella. He inquired of M. Benzoch the way to the Chateau d'Eau. That gentleman, who had no umbrella, thereupon volunteered to guide the countryman part way to his destination, but instead of taking him in the right direction he led him a mile in a directly opposite course, sharing his umbrella, and then held him to retrace his steps and keep right on 'until he reached the Chateau d'Eau. Then M. Tard slapped the Parisian's face. He was arrested for assault, but was acquitted, and the wily Parisian had to pay the costs.

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We never willingly offend where we sincerely love. A break down in the harvest-field is annoying, and is expensive. It is doubly vexatious if it's the result of our own neglect to give the machine a proper overhauling. Roger's peerless machine oil saves the bearings.

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DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. They supply the condensed form of the substance needed to enrich the blood and to rebuild the nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal disease, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, palpitation of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that tired feeling that aches so many, etc. They have a specific action on the sexual system of both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

WEAK MEN (young and old, suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.) SUFFERING WOMEN afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unailing cure.

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**Turnberry Council.**

Turnberry Council in McDonald's hall, Bluevale, on Monday, Sept. 19th, 1892. Members of council all present, the Reeve in the chair.

The minutes of last meeting read, approved and signed.

Communications were read from township Engineer, re drain on 10th, 11th and 12th concession; and from Wm. Sutton, re drain on 6th con.; also from Cameron, Holt & Holmes, re Bryce lawsuit. The Reeve reported that both the east and west approaches to Gemmill's bridge were completed according to contract and recommended the payment of contract price. The Deputy Reeve reported job of gravelling on south boundary line completed and recommended payment. Mr. Diment reported he had got coffin for Mr. Billingsley, at a cost of \$7, and recommended payment; also that some gravelling on boundary opposite lots 15 and 16 is required, and recommending that 15 rods be gravelled. Mr. Mundell reported that he has inspected drain on Howick boundary opposite lots 3 and 4, and found it badly filled up by cattle getting into it; also that stone culvert in Belmore has fallen in; and recommended that culvert be repaired and drain cleared out, provided Howick council will pay half expense of doing the work.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Cruickshank, that a cheque for the sum of \$200 be sent to Messrs. Cameron, Holt & Holmes, on account of law expenses. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Harris, seconded by Mr. Cruickshank, that Mr. Diment be appointed to let the job of gravelling 15 rods on south boundary opposite lots 15 and 16, if found necessary. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Harris, that as Robert B. Harris had not accepted the office of tax collector, that the motion of the last meeting appointing Robert B. Harris tax collector be rescinded, and that John Black be appointed tax collector for the current year, provided that three sureties in the sum of \$12,000, satisfactory to this council, be given.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Harris, that the sum of \$5 be paid to Wm. Stewart for care of indigent. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Cruickshank, that lumber and nails be granted to Lawrence Lovell to put drain across sideroad between Lots 5 and 6, con. 3.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Mundell, that the Clerk do notify pathmasters that their road lists must be returned to the Clerk on or before the 1st day of October, or they will be prosecuted according to law.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded by Mr. Harris, that Messrs. McPherson and Diment be a committee to accept of collector's sureties.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Diment, seconded by Mr. Harris, that the Deputy Reeve be instructed to examine crossway at Gilmoar's and if all parties interested are agreeable, to put in surface culvert.—Carried.

Moved by Mr. Mundell, seconded by Mr. Harris, that Mr. John Rutherford be paid \$2, fence viewers fees, and that the amount be placed on collectors' roll against Robt. Hastings.—Carried.

The following accounts were passed and orders issued.

John S. McTavish, gravel.....	\$3 00
William Sanderson, ".....	3 40
Jno. H. McTavish, ".....	5 40
T. & R. Anderson, " and damages.....	4 00
Robt. Currie, ".....	5 75
Alex. Craig, coffin for indigent.....	7 00
Elliott Bros., tile for drain.....	25 00
Geo. Nicholson, east approach to Goumill's bridge.....	42 00
John Short, west approach of same.....	15 00
George Thompson, lumber.....	9 00
P. Patterson, gravelling.....	18 00
Cameron, Holt & Holmes, law expense.....	300 00
Duff & Stewart, lumber and wood.....	6 27
R. Shigley, charity.....	3 00
W. Dunlop, ".....	3 00
W. Stewart, care of indigent.....	5 00
J. Rutherford, fence viewer's fees.....	2 00
John Burgess, bonds for drain, etc.....	3 00

The Clerk was instructed to notify James Parish to clean out drain through his place within thirty days, or, failing to do so, the township engineer will be brought on to have the work done.

Moved by Mr. Cruickshank, seconded by Mr. Harris, that this council do now adjourn to meet in McDonald's Hall, Bluevale, on Monday, October 17th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. JOHN BURGESS, Clerk.

**Wingham.**

On Sunday morning last a sad accident happened in the lower end of this town, by which Jimmie Finlay may lose his life. He was driving the horses up to the barn when by some means one of them kicked him in the head, fracturing his skull badly. Dr. Macdonald was at once called in, and at first had but little hopes. Since, we hear, better hope for recovery are entertained. The little sufferer is only seven years old, and used to live in Wroxeter.

Mr. Harry Hart's company gave plays in the town hall every night last week and was listened to by an increased attendance each night, until Saturday night, when the large hall was packed. The Company caused more laughter in

Wingham during their plays here than has ever been produced by a company here yet. They went from here to Walkerton, and Wingham wishes them a full house wherever they go for they are worthy of it.

This will be another week of treats to Winghamites. Tuesday and Wednesday are Fall fair days. On Wednesday evening a grand concert will be given by Prof. Scott, and on Thursday Washburn's circus will be here.

The lightning in the storm on Sunday last was very close to Wingham. One flash struck a popular tree a few yards from Will Johnston's house in Lower Wingham. The shock was so strong that several felt it.

Miss Maggie Johnston left here on Monday evening last on a three months' visit to Detroit and Black Hills, Dakota.

Rev. Mr. Brownlee, of Gorrie, preached the Thanksgiving services in St. Paul's church here, on Sunday morning. Rev. Mr. Hughes did the same for him at Gorrie, Fordwich and Wroxeter, and was through in time to help Mr. Brownlee with the evening service. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion.

**Howick Council.**

Council met on Wednesday, 21st inst., in the town hall, Gorrie. All the members present, the Reeve in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

A letter was read from Mr. John Knox in regard to the opening up of a drain.

It was agreed upon by the council that they all (except the Reeve, who is ill) will go and inspect the drain, and take action forthwith.

Moved by Mr. Johnson, seconded by Mr. Jacques, that the county rate be 2 mills in the \$; the railway rate 5/10ths of a mill; the township rate 1 mill; and general school rate to be added.—Carried.

The following accounts were passed and ordered paid:

Geo. Wyllie, gravelling and rep. two culverts.....	\$17 35
H. Fairbairn, ac. for board of Birch boy.....	26 50
W. S. Smith, rep. bridge 16th con.....	5 86
W. R. Gallagher, rep. bridge con. A.....	11 07
S. Wallace, rep. culvert, Culross boundary.....	11 55
A. S. Strone, piping for ditch in Fordwich.....	22 80
J. Wilson, digging ditch in Fordwich.....	3 00
S. Braden, culvert at Fordwich.....	10 75
Jos. Neil, for gravel.....	6 90
C. Taylor, ".....	5 10
T. Nash, part payment printing contract.....	25 00

Moved by Mr. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Ferguson, that the council do now adjourn to meet in Brown's hotel, Fordwich, on the third Wednesday in October, when the collectors will be appointed.

W. DANE, Clerk.

**Huntingfield.**

Mr. G. Vogan, of Millbank, paid a visit to his parents here last week.

Mrs. S. Wherry, of Atwood, was the guest of her parents for a short time lately.

Mr. A. Dulmage, of Lakelet, is busy packing apples hereabouts.

Mr. Jno. Johnston had his buggy upset and badly broken in a runaway accident in Mildmay one day last week. Fortunately the occupants escaped without injury.

Mrs. Chas. Gordon, of La Peor, Mich., is on a visit to relatives here.

Mr. N. Flath, of Brussels, is among the visitors to this neighborhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, of Wilnot, are the guests of Mr. E. Johnson at present.

[We regret having had to cut this correspondence down on account of the lateness of its arrival.—Ed.]

**JNO. BRETHOUR,**

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Give John A Call.

**J. N. TAMAN,**

**TAILOR,**

Has Removed

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

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

Watches of all kinds.  
Clox of all kinds.  
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Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

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- B rushes.
- C utlery.
- D oor Bells.
- E ave Trough.
- F lax Plow Line.
- G ate Hinges.
- H alters.
- I rons.
- J elly Cake Plates.
- K etties.
- L ace Leather.
- M anure Forks.
- N ails.
- O ils.
- P inking Irons.
- Q uilting Frame Clamps.
- R at Traps.
- S coop Shovels.
- T urpentine.
- U pholsterer's Tacks.
- V arnish.
- W ire Clothline.
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- and we sell them very cheap.

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

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**BOOTS and SHOES**

At the Very Lowest Living Prices!

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

You are cordially invited to call in and see them.

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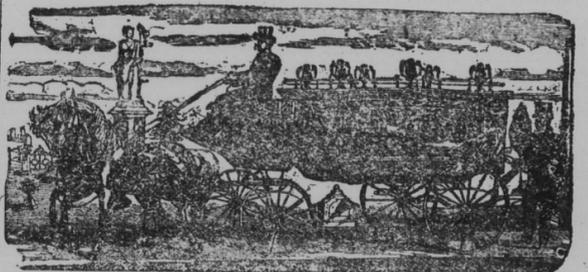
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A fine assortment of Confections and Canned Goods.



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

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