

# The East Huron Gazette

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

No. 9.

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

**JAMES ARMSTRONG,**  
Veterinary Surgeon

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

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

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

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

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**Executors' Notice.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that any person or persons holding any claims against the estate of Alexander Johnston, late of the Township of Howick, in the County of Huron Province of Ontario, should send to the undersigned Executors a verified statement of such claims, on or before the 1st day of March, A. D. 1893.

And all persons indebted to said estate are requested to settle said indebtedness on or before said 1st day of March, 1893.  
Dated at Howick, this 3rd day of January, 1893.  
SAMUEL JOHNSTON,  
JAMES DOWNEY,  
Executors.

**FOR SALE.**  
A Neat and Comfortable Country Home-lead.

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

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

**Holstein Calf Lost.**  
LOST.—From the premises of the subscriber, since about the 20th of July last a Holstein 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. 8, Howick, Wroxeter P. O.

**MISS FLORA JAMES,**  
(Graduate of Niagara Falls Academy of Music.)  
TEACHES PIANO, ORGAN AND HARMONY. Theory Explained.  
"This is to certify that Miss James, having completed in a creditable manner the course required for a certificate, is duly qualified for pianoforte teaching, and is hereby recommended to those who require thorough instruction in that branch."  
Prof. A. HUBBARD,  
Niagara Falls, April 21st, 1892.

**Vanstone Bros.,**  
WINCHAM  
Marble & Stone  
WORKS

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

We carry a large stock of marble and granite.

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

Call before purchasing elsewhere and be convinced.

**MR. T. T. WATSON**

Will represent us on the road.

**City Grocery.**

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

**GROCERIES,**  
Confectionery,

—Staple and Fancy—

Crockery, Silverware and  
Fancy Goods,

that my predecessor has so well merited for the last 12 years.

—SEE THE ELEGANT—

**Breakfast Sets,  
Dinner Sets,  
Tea Sets.**

Everything Fresh and  
Guaranteed of the  
Finest Quality.

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

I will sell as Cheap as the Cheapest.

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

**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.

**W.**  
Great  
Slaughter  
In Boots  
And Shoes

**J.**  
Everything  
at  
Cost  
for  
Cash  
Now!

**G.**  
Overshoes,  
Rubbers,  
Lumbermen's  
Sox,

**R.**  
Trunks,  
Valises,  
Etc.

**E.**  
EVERYTHING  
GOES!

I beg to return thanks for the liberal patronage received during the past year and will try to merit your future favors.

W. J. GREER.

GORRIE.

**R.**

**The Lion Store**



**Fur Goods**  
and  
**Winter Goods**  
AT  
**COST PRICE.**

To Clear.

**Lion Store, Wroxeter.**

**J. W. Sanderson.**

**Shareholders' Meeting.**

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

**Farm for Sale.**

LOT 1, 9th Con., Turnberry. The farm is an excellent one, containing 100 acres, 50 under cultivation, balance good hardwood bush. Stone house and large orchard, plenty of water. Situated about seven miles from Wingham, and five from Wroxeter.  
For particulars apply to the Proprietor,  
W. SANDERSON, Wroxeter, P. O., Ont.

**Local Affairs.**

Mrs. D. Gregory, of Harrison, is visiting relatives in Gorrie this week.

Rev. Mr. Stephenson, of Molesworth, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in Gorrie on Sunday last.

Mr. Oscar Smith, of Galt, formerly clerk at Mr. W. J. Perkin's general store in this village, is in town this week.

Mr. Shepherd, a resident of Gorrie some 14 years ago, but now of Goderich township, is visiting at the home of Mr. R. Ross here at present.

A sleigh load of young people from Redgrave spent a pleasant evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fennell, in this village, last Thursday, returning home at a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Welch returned to Toronto, where that gentleman has a large tin-smithing business on Queen St., on Tuesday, after a pleasant though short visit with relatives here.

A warm rain set in on Saturday last and continued for about 24 hours, after which Jack Frost again predominated and the sleighing is again excellent. The thaw was welcomed by the millers along the river, who have been quite short of water power lately during the continued dry frosty weather.

"The Signal congratulates, Reeve Griffin, of Ashfield on his deserved elevation to the position of Warden of Huron. He is a good man, an experienced reeve and a sound Liberal. And what more is wanted in any man?"—Goderich Signal. Readers of the Signal lately would almost be led to infer that the genial redactor of that journal would have preferred to have a Conti-stricted Uni-proci-nationalist in the Warden's chair instead of a mere Liberal.

The opening services in connection with the Methodist church, were continued on Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Sellery, of Wingham, preached a powerful sermon in the morning, and Rev. W. H. Hicks, L. L. B., of Owen Sound spoke to the children in the afternoon and in the evening delivered an eloquent sermon. The trio "Savior Breathe an Evening Blessing," sung by Miss Roe, Mrs. Alex. Strong, and Miss Greene, while the collection was being taken up was one of the finest ever rendered before a Gorrie audience. Quarterly meeting services will be held on Sabbath next. It is the intention of the pastor to commence a series of revival meetings shortly in connection with this church. On Monday evening a very successful tea-meeting was held which netted about \$140.

Miss Agnes Harding, of Fordwich, is the guest of relatives and friends here this week.

Owing to an accident the mail train from the east was some six hours late on Monday last.

A reply, from Reeve Cook, to the letter from Mr. Clegg, published in last week's GAZETTE, arrived late for this issue.

The county council has appointed a committee to select a possible site for a poor house, with a view of getting information for the Board's future use.

Miss E. J. McLaughlin returned to Ingersoll last Thursday where she will resume her studies in advanced piano music under Prof. Shaw, for another term.

The Annual meeting of the Loyal Orange County Lodge of north Huron will take place on Tuesday next, in the town hall, beginning at eleven o'clock a. m., full attendance of the district of Howick is requested.

A valuable horse belonging to Rev. Mr. Brownlee, of this village, was badly out by stepping on an ax, on a farm north of Gorrie the other day. The animal is under the care of Dr. Armstrong but is in a dangerous condition, the felloe joint having been cut open.

The marriage of Mr. G. F. Gilliland, of Waterloo, and Miss Martha, daughter of Mr. R. Graham, was solemnized in the new Methodist Church, on Wednesday evening in the presence of a large concourse of friends. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Greene, and being the first marriage in the new edifice, Mr. Jas. Leech, on behalf of the church, presented the bride with an elegant family bible. The happy young couple have the best wishes of the bride's many friends in this section for their prosperity.

Galt Reporter:—"Mr. Robt. L. Wilson, of Howick township, Huron, spent a few days in this locality last week, visiting friends and shaking hands with old acquaintances. Mr. Wilson reports the crops of that section as having been very fair the past season and is happy and cheerful over the prospects for the future. The winter has been hard, the snow deep, but as a result the woods are full of busy workers, and much heavy stuff is being got out, which without deep snow could not have been reached. One industry in the northern section has become quite prominent of late, and that is the cutting of good sound maple logs, in all kinds of lengths, which are afterwards exported and turned into rolls for use in cotton mills. The waste of timber in past days, however, has almost denuded many farms, and practically in many sections there is less bush hand down here."

**Howick's Railway Traffic.**

The C. P. R. has very little reason to complain of the patronage they receive within the borders of the township of Howick. The road has given an excellent service for many years past and the following incomplete table shows that the people are patronizing the road liberally.

	1891.	1892.	Increase
Freight, outward.....	\$10,898.25	\$15,291.35	\$4,393.10
inward.....	2,745.63	4,630.31	1,884.68
Passenger.....	1,997.95	3,373.10	1,375.15

	1891.	1892.	Increase
Freight forwarded.....	6,823.37	7,645.21	1,321.84
Passenger.....	2,033.10	2,656.06	622.96

	1891.	1892.	Increase
Freight earnings.....	6,501.55	7,645.21	1,143.66
Passenger.....	1,716.75	2,656.06	939.31

The returns for Fordwich are not, of course, as complete as the other two stations, that station not having been opened as an official station until a short time ago.

**Fordwich.**

A very successful Masonic "At Home" was held here on Tuesday evening by the Fordwich A. F. & A. M., in their beautiful new hall. Although the night was very stormy quite a number of the Brethren attended along with their ladies. At eight o'clock thirty sat down to well-laden tables. After justice had been done to the tempting viands, Bro. Junior Warden took the chair and proposed the toasts: "Our Queen and Country," "The Craft," "The Ladies," etc., all of which were responded to in felicitous terms. The tables were then removed and the remainder of the evening was spent in enjoying the music, songs, games, etc. It certainly was a caution to some of our staid fathers—and even magistrates—forgetting the dignity and frailties of age and skipping around with the agility of youth. The gathering broke up shortly after midnight everyone expressing themselves

delighted with the evening's enjoyment.

The station here is doing a large business. The freight and passenger earnings, for 1892 were; freight forwarded, 160 cars; earnings, \$5,892.75; freight received, 24 cars; earnings, \$608.80; passenger earnings, \$1,716.75, showing an increase in passenger earnings of \$897.15 over the previous year. The above car loads are valued at 24,000 lbs. each. We have a large increase in freight forwarded over previous year, and believe there is also an increase in freight received, but as we have not the record for 1891, and for the first six months of 1892, which were taken to account at Gorrie station cannot, therefore say, but allowing that the first six months of 1892 (which are not included in the above) to average one-third of the following six months would make 82 cars received, earning \$811.75. The prospects for 1893 are good. By all accounts Sodom (Fordwich) will be very near Glory (Gorrie) before the end of the present year. If you contemplate taking a trip to Newbridge or Lakelet enquire of the agent here for full particulars as to the route, etc.

The following is the result of a written examination, held in the senior department of Fordwich school. In the fifth class the marks in each subject as given, and in the other classes the totals is given:

	Arithmetic.	Grammar.	History.	Spelling.	Total.	Attendance.
Fifth Class.....	55	70	80	86	291	12
L. G. Hooley.....	50	63	69	73	255	21
W. H. Rowe.....	78	86	93	78	334	20
D. Mahood.....	70	89	79	94	332	20
E. M. Carter.....	45	63	66	62	236	20
A. White.....	55	65	60	73	253	20
E. Donaghy.....	45	15	13	69	142	13

Senior Fourth. (M's obt. 600.)

	Marks.	Attendance.
R. L. Cook.....	496	21
Abbie Cole.....	431	21

Junior Fourth.

Vina McGrath.....	465	21
Victor Wiggins.....	458	21
Susan Rowe.....	399	21
L. Hainstock.....	395	20
Tena Brown.....	395	16
Janet Cook.....	353	21
Vina Harding.....	333	12
Agnes Baird.....	528	21
Frank Donaghy.....	496	21
Mary Keil.....	487	21
Fred Edmunds.....	480	21
Bertha Williams.....	426	19
Alice Edwards.....	423	15
Maggie Brown.....	407	15
Ida Gibson.....	398	19
Lizzie Brown.....	397	21
Ella Fields.....	394	11
Della Mathews.....	493	19

Parents are requested to examine and keep these reports so they will know the standing of the pupils of the school. They are also requested to see that home lessons receive due attention, and also to send their children to school regularly and punctually.

WM. WATERS, Teacher.

**Lakelet.**

A good many from here attended the dedication services at Gorrie last Sunday and the lecture on Monday night. So pleased were they with the proceedings that some twenty are going to be present to-morrow (30th).

Snow is very deep and the amount on the house tops burdensome. So weighty is it that some of the houses have given way under the pressure. C. Horton's kitchen collapsed on Saturday, and Cy may thank his stars that his frame was in some other place at the time.

Eventually Mr. Myles Scott has decided to go to Toronto and take a course at the Conservatory of Music there. Myles is gifted with rare musical talents which when developed will enable him to take a lead among the professors of the day. He will be greatly missed in the mill where he has proven himself so obliging; in the Sunday school where he has been Secretary for years; in the Church where he has acted in the capacity of organist and in the lodge where he has taken so active and prominent a part. Notwithstanding all this it is the unanimous wish that all success may attend him in the pursuit of the promotion of that with which nature has endowed him.

If henceforth we should see on Monday morning at 9:10 a female the sole occupant of a cutter, driving home a faithful charger belonging to a popular young man not 20 miles from here, we shall take immediate steps to find out where the owner is. When found if he cannot furnish satisfactory reasons for not returning with his horse on Sunday, we shall have him brought before a "J. P." who will deal rapidly with the case.

Some time ago we stated that the Patrons were to have a meeting here, but the evening being so stormy it was postponed. We were asked to give notice that on the first Monday of Feb. (9th) the meeting will be held in the I. O. G. T. hall at 7:30. As it is open, and many prominent speakers are to give addresses, we trust a good crowd will be present.

Mr. Hooley, one of our model farmers, has disposed of his Carrick farm of 160 acres to Mr. Echel, of Midway. As the latter gave in payment some town property, we do not know the amount realized. It was Mr. Eckel's intention to come into our burg and work at his trade. We think he has abandoned the prospect.

Saturday night was election night in our lodge. Though the weather was disagreeable there was a good turnout. The following officers were elected:

C. T.—Miss E. Gregg.  
P. C. T.—Mr. M. Scott.  
Chap.—Mr. J. W. Hamilton.  
F. S.—Mr. D. Harkness.  
Treas.—Miss M. Gregg.  
Sec.—J. Darroch.  
A. Sec.—Miss M. Scott.  
Marshal—Mr. W. Wright.  
Ass't. Marshal—Miss J. Rennick.  
Guard—Miss B. Pomeroy.  
Sentinel—Mr. J. Bennett.  
Lodge Deputy—J. B. Carleton.  
Trustees for the year, Messrs. Carleton, Wright, and Harkness. The Essay's given subject:—Resolutions for the new year and how to carry them out, were many and very practical and it was difficult for the critic to decide which was best.

**Fourth Line Items.**

A sleigh-load of young folks from here spent a very enjoyable evening at Mr. John Jacques' on Thursday of last week.

Miss V. E. Milne, who has been teaching painting up west, and is home for her holidays, is at present visiting her brother George.

A number of Mr. Orlando Wade's friends gave him a surprise party Tuesday evening.

A Box-social is to be held at Mr. Geo. Milne's on the eve of Tuesday February 7th. Don't forget to come.

**Second Line Items.**

There were three large sleigh loads of this line attended the tea-meeting in Gorrie, on Monday evening besides a few with outers.

Our line is quite different this winter to what it used to be; no excitement at all going on. A few years ago we used to have a good crowd of young people, but now there are hardly any. All married and living in homes of their own, some in the West, some in the States and some in different parts of Ontario.

We are glad to see our old neighbor, Mr. Wm. Graham, back on the corner again. He intends building a large bank barn in the spring.

Mr. Thos. McClement and Mrs. Jas. B. Hutcheson have returned home from visiting friends in Greenock, they report having had a good time.

Miss Annie James, of Fordwich, was the guest of Miss S. J. Walker, last week.

Mr. C. Jacques lost a horse last week. Miss McKinnon, of Owen Sound, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. F. McClement.

**Wingham.**

On Tuesday evening last, the teachers and officers of St. Paul's Sunday School and the church choir, drove out to Mr. Richard Porter's, of Turnberry, where they were given an "at home." The evening was much enjoyed by everyone, and could not be otherwise, when we consider the hospitality of the host and hostess.

Mr. Thos. Corry, of Wingham, is we are glad to say, so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to go out again.

Mrs. Thomas Netherfield is very ill at present.

A rather lively time is being caused by some of the members of the new council of our town.

Mr. W. Crawford, who has been mail clerk on the G. T. R. between Wingham and London, has been changed by the company to that part of the road running between Toronto and London. While Walter was in Wingham he won for himself the esteem of many, and the good wishes of the people go with him.





**KINGDOM OF WOMAN.**

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS CONCERNING  
CROUPS AND COLDS.**

**Group no Longer a Bugbear—Simple and  
Efficient Treatment—Cold Water Cloths  
for Group—Hot Water Remedies for Colds—  
Read, Mark and Learn.**

Croup is a word which strikes terror to the heart of every mother. Whoever has heard the clanging cough, the choked breathing, and seen the flushed faces of the little sufferers will never forget the experience nor fail to recognize the symptoms.

For a long time croup was one of the bugbears of my existence. My children are all predisposed to it and the least relaxation of vigilance on my part meant a night of disturbed rest. A fire must be made and water heated, onions must be fried, and I usually sat up from one to three hours with the child's feet to the fire. I could look back and laugh at the remembrance, if it was not for the suffering of the child.

In the first place I have learned to not keep the children housed too closely. They are warmly dressed as soon as the first cool days come; then, unless it is damp or stormy, they are turned out to play every day. Thus they are accustomed to exposure, and do not readily take cold.

If one of them wakes with the croup I light the night lamp, fold a soft cloth, it will make four or six thicknesses around the neck, then dip it into the coldest water in the house. Unfasten the child's clothes and place it around the child's neck, covering with a thick dry cloth and a piece of oilcloth. In two minutes from the time I heard the cough, I am back to bed with the little one tucked down between Ted and me, to avoid any possibility of its losing the pack. The child will seldom cough the second time.

In using this treatment, several things are imperative. The water must be cold ice water is best, and the cloth warm. The child must be kept warm, for the pack soon grows steaming and a chill then means a fresh cold. In the morning when the pack is removed, rub the skin with a towel until it burns, or use a brisk application of salt and cold water, drying thoroughly with a soft towel, and the cure is complete. Care must be taken for a few days, however, that the child takes no more cold. I have found this method to cure more rapidly than all the alum and sugar, hive syrup and fried onions I ever heard of. The most severe cases will yield at once.

For a cold in either children or adults, the hot water treatment is excellent. Just before going to bed immerse the feet in hot water and fill the teapot one-third full of very hot water. Close the lid and take the nozzle in your mouth. Inhale the steam and exhale through your nostrils. Continue until the head and throat have become loosened, dry the feet, then go quickly to bed and sweat away your cold. These are tried remedies in our family, never known to fail.—The Housekeeper.

**Attractiveness Created by Good Reading.**

It is born in every woman to wish to be as attractive as possible. Men call it vanity, but that term is erroneous, for such a sentiment is only fostered by the compliments of others, the flattering minor and the one hundred and one influences of daily life that tend toward that end. Vanity is self-satisfaction, but the desire to be attractive only proves that a woman is not entirely pleased with herself, but wishes for a polishing and brightening up and making the most of what she has to the best advantage, instead of a sense of content that bespeaks her own good opinion of her perfections. When a girl adopts a plan of self-improvement she begins usually with her complexion or her figure, but the Philadelphia Times in confidence betrays a beauty secret that deals not in cosmetics or lotions, that does not tend to injure the skin or figure the body, yet which adds more genuine loveliness to a woman's heart and mind than all the contents of the little jars and cut glass bottles on my lady's toilet table could ever hope to effect.

This wonderful attraction giver is the cultivation of a taste for good reading. Nothing so influences the manners and morals of the woman of any age as the books she reads. Frivolous novels with fanciful plots fire the imagination, but do not tend to elevate the mind. Life viewed through the pages of a lurid, blood curdling volume assumes an aspect entirely at variance with its real character and the constant reader of such a style becomes imbued with ideas that may, unless she has some wonderfully powerful influence pulling the other way, lead her to do many things that in the future she might regret. Become a cultivated reader. Seek out the best, whether poetry, fiction or history, and you may depend upon it that such a course will do more toward making you a charming and delightful companion for those who appreciate the beauty of intellect than the fleeting power of a beauty that is not backed by brains.

**How to Improve as Walkers.**

"Women do not possess much grace in their daily walk, and style and individuality are all that redeem the walk of the modern girl from actual awkwardness," remarked an observant old gentleman to a Louisville Post writer, as he stood on Fourth street watching the procession of beauty that passed along that thoroughfare every afternoon. "There are exceptions, of course, who possess freedom of action and grace, but, as a rule, women stride, shuffle hobble or amble along in any way, regardless of how they look so long as they get there, and, though they may be possessed of beauty or wit, it is all spoiled by their ungainly walk. Any woman can learn to walk if she would take pains and practice. She should throw her shoulders back and, holding the body firm above the hips, give the gliding motion to the lower limbs, and at the same time avoid taking too long steps, which gives a girl a certain manly appearance that is not attractive. If women would keep in mind these facts they would soon observe a great change for the better in their walking."

**To Set Calico Colors.**

To set the color of calico so that it will not run in washing put a teaspoonful of sugar of lead into a pailful of water and soak fifteen minutes before washing.

**To Remove Ink Spots.**

To remove ink spots from woodwork scour well with sand and water and a little ammonia, then rinse with soda and water.

**DUAL SLEEPING.**

**Mothers Should Never Allow Children to Sleep Together.**

"I have been looking at some furnished houses," said a woman lately, "and I am surprised to find how much the use of single beds has increased, at least among New Yorkers. I was curious enough to inquire about the matter at a furniture store, and the dealer told me that in ordering suits, particularly the high priced ones, the choice was often given of two single or one double bedstead, which would seem to indicate that the wealthy class that is oftenest abroad is bringing home this practice. It is beginning to be understood, however, by a growing number of persons that to sleep alone appreciably contributes to one's rest and health. The system undergoes electrical changes during the night's sleep, and where persons lodge together night after night under the same bedding these changes must mutually react with appreciable results.

The London Lancet called attention not long ago to the habit of dual sleeping, saying that there is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another who is absorbent of nervous force. The latter will sleep soundly and rise refreshed, while the former will toss restlessly, and will awake in the morning weary, peevish and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, ought habitually to sleep together. The one will thrive, the other lose. An aged person and a child should not be bedmates; great as is the pleasure to grandma to have her "little comfort" with her at night, it is one which the wise as well as the fond relative will forego for the child's sake.

A case recently came to the writer's knowledge of two sisters fifteen and seventeen years old. The younger was a splendid specimen of young womanhood, robust, active and merry, while the elder, though not ill in any definite way, was thin, tired out quickly and fretted over trifles like a nervous old woman. These conditions finally came to be accepted, and probably would have continued indefinitely if an English relative, a physician, had not made the family a visit. His sharp eyes noted the morning lassitude of the elder girl and the corresponding freshness of her sister at breakfast, and he drew his conclusions. An inquiry of the mother secured the knowledge that they not only slept in the same bed, but, said she, "Elise's (the elder) devotion to her sister is such that for years she has only gone to sleep when she could hold Mabel close in her arms."

The doctor fairly snorted at this sentiment and in the end persuaded the sisters to sleep apart. Two pretty brass bedsteads side by side offered privacy, and company, but prevented contact, with the result that in six months' time Elise showed a marked improvement in her general health and has become in eighteen months a happy, good tempered young woman, with considerable increase of avoirdupois. In this case at least the improvement dates from the moment of separate beds.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

**A Baby's Wardrobe.**

There is a great change in the mode of preparing the wardrobe for the little ones since the days of our mothers. It is not now the fancy to bind, cramp and weigh down the tender bodies as in the olden time. The future will know stronger men and women in consequence of the enlightenment of the present-day mother. The band pressing the exceedingly sensitive abdomen is a relic of an unkindly past, now held almost as a curiosity. Its use has become so rare. How strange the fancy should ever have prevailed that Nature was less wise than we, and that the wisely flexible walls giving the vital organs free room for expansion and labor should have been considered a blunder. The unconscious egotism of ignorance, trying to improve upon the creative wisdom, by binding and compressing, through light bandages, the marvelously adapted physical structure, is pathetic to memory as it was cruel in exercise. All the garments made on scientific models for the wee ones are to-day free from the shoulder and sleeve to the hem, cut to avoid weight or bulky fulness, simply finished, and with their chief beauty in fineness of texture and exquisite needlework. Even the diaper is no longer pinned closely about the hips, but fastened back and front to a loose waist coming from the shoulder down.—The Housekeeper.

**Can They Understand?**

"Confidence between man and woman," says Malcolm Salaman in his clever book, "Woman—Through a Man's Eyeglass," "must always be comparative, and absolute trust a practically impossible, since the differences of temperament preclude a perfect understanding. A man can never see a woman as she is or as one of her own sex may see her, and vice-versa. Yet a woman is more likely to comprehend a man and his motives than he is to comprehend her; for a woman, while more sensitively sympathetic, judges instantly by instinct, straight and sure as a crow flies. A man, on the other hand, travels the railroad of reason, where there are many shuntings, and a single mistaken signal may upset the whole train of his logic. In judging a woman's motives and feelings a man argues from his own, and deduces conclusions which are more often than not, radically erroneous."

**Lighten Your Steps.**

There are many houses where the space is so contracted that one must carry up stairs or down the cellar many of the articles in common use, and there is no more killing work for the housekeeper than this. No one who has not tried it can imagine the tax on the strength and the addition to the burden of life which is imposed by this lack of convenience. Of course, it may be said that with limited means one can not make the necessary provision in building, but this is not in any sense a valid excuse. At least something should be done to save steps for the housekeeper who in many instances the mother of the family and does her work without assistance.

**How to Make Over an Old Basque.**

If you have an old-fashioned, plain, cloth basque, it may be made into a thing of beauty and fashion by a little ingenuity. Cut off the ends below the waist, so that it may be worn with a belt. About two inches from the buttoning line on each side in front cut the cloth away from its lining, and insert a full vest of crepe of a contrasting color. Line the little jacket formed by the cloth, and let it fall loosely in the zoneau form. Make big puffs of silk in the same shade as the cloth, to extend to the elbow, and have a tight cuff below. A folded belt of the silk, with a rosette, finishes the waist, and it is very dainty.

1892

**Fall and Winter.**

1893

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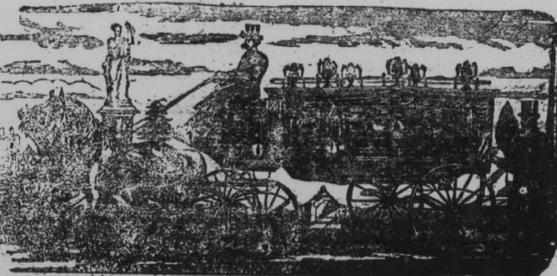
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### THE FARMER'S WORLD.

#### METHOD ESSENTIAL ON THE FARM IF YOU WOULD SUCCEED.

It is Calculated that Hundreds of Dollars are Lost Annually by a Want of System on the Part of Agriculturists—Importance of Records.

It is too true that farmers are often without systematic management of their work. Too much is trusted to memory. It is perhaps true that a half and half system of keeping records is worse than none at all. With men advanced in years or those whose minds are perplexed by the many cares, it results in confusion. For by the time records are somewhat complete, many farmers could trust their memory entirely from the fact that any system of memoranda was in little use. The only safe plan to keep accurate records is to have a book adapted to the work which one can keep with him constantly, and note every important event as it happens. The date of birth and breeding are of unusual value on the stock farm, and a manager whose business is extensive enough to employ a regular book-keeper is able to give purchasers of stock a satisfactory assurance as to the ages and pedigrees. A lack of records with regard to the breeding stock is also the means of much anxiety to the proprietor himself. Without much data his mind may be worried for a fortnight over an event which records might settle in three days of time. Besides the mental strain there is the other danger of taking risk, neglecting attention too long, with the result that scores and sometimes hundreds of dollars are lost. There is no better drill for a farmer's son than being entrusted with keeping a ledger of the events noted from day to day in the pocket memoranda. It is this habit of system once established in the youth, that makes him later in life methodical in whatever work he may be concerned. It is not necessary that the youth be over-enthusiastic. As the feeling of responsibility grows, enthusiasm will usually accompany it. Yet the careful proprietor will frequently examine the work of the book-keeper, and observe that it is being followed up in a proper manner. Some of the finest business men are those whose boys were worthily trusted with a corresponding part of the business of the stock farm. It is not with fancy stock alone that records are valuable. In the case of only half blood grades where a thoroughbred sire is used, there is the same degree of importance attached to records. In the case of the general farmer, whose aim is to grow from year to year, a few colts, calves, pigs and lambs, the incidental relation of this work to much other general labor makes the importance of records fully as great as those of the special stock farm. It is not the province of this article to outline methods of keeping records, as these are in nearly every neighborhood some one or more farmers whose method is sufficiently worthy of copying, that those who will may learn as at least a general guide. A suggestion that will appear clearer than any scheme set forth on this printed page, is not important that extensive blank books be bought for this purpose, though it is advisable, especially on farms where the number of domestic animals exceed fifty head, that the ledger be a book large enough to contain the memoranda of five years or more of the business. The advantage of this is apparent, for where a new book is opened every year, there is liable to be confusion and misplacement of some of them so that in the cases of horses and cattle particularly, where the ages of maturity extend to three years and more, a five years' book would be completely insufficient as to the various incidents of the life of each animal. This would be particularly noticeable on the day of a public sale, where there might be misprints in catalogues as to facts, and the book of executive years' records would show conclusively the error. Systematic memoranda should be kept however, if only on the few pages of family books.

#### How to Build up a Dairy.

In answer how to build up a dairy, Prof. W. M. Hays says in Farm, Stock and Home: Get dairy cows, cows bred to produce butter, preferably, for your cold climate, fall blood and grand Guernseys, or next, Jerseys. Select only to bulls which have undoubtedly good constitutions and have female relatives that have good butter records. If you will, let the scutcheon, the mellow eyes, the length of tail, the width between the horns, and other fancy points to the amateur in selecting bulls influence you, but be sure you have no weak tuberculous lungs, but mighty milk and butter tendencies, and you will be able to rear a herd with a business end to it. Whatever dairy breed you choose be certain to get stock that are bred partly for beef, but take to the intensely butter-bred beefless kind. If you must mix beef, raising and butter producing, try to do it by making beef first and then getting all the milk possible out of your beef cows, or even hunt for and breed bulls of those Shorthorn families in which more or less of the original Shorthorn dairy excellence has been retained. You will not find many such bulls to your liking, but you had better try this course than to mix beef and dairy breeds, in which case you would be worse disappointed with the second than with the first cross.

#### The Way to Use Sheep.

Widen the station. Keep more cattle, and use sheep for five purposes. Keep sheep—not wool-bearing animals only—and use them as manure manufacturers, wool-growers, and mutton-producers. Keep or sell the bones for fertilizers and the pelts for ladies' and children's boots, shoes and gloves—as the English and French do.—Ohio Farmer.

#### Your Horses' Feet.

Farmers do not neglect to have the hoofs of your colts and horses trimmed and put in proper shape. By so doing you will get more money for them. By neglecting the hoofs of many horses grow out of shape, and if allowed to go on long enough, nothing can be done to remedy them; consequently their value is greatly depreciated.

#### A Funny Experiment.

At the Iowa station a cow was fed new milk for a time, then skim milk, and then nothing but grass, and with the result that while on grass alone she gave two pounds more milk a day than when fed her own milk skimmed as an extra element of food.

#### MUCK. How Best It May Be Used to Fertilize the Farm.

On the subject of muck and how to use it, The Maine Farmer says: A reader of The Farmer, having a bed of muck on his farm, wishes to know what, if anything, he can do with it in fertilizing his land? There is a wide difference in the value of muck as found in different localities. This difference arises first from its state of decomposition; it is all vegetable matter. In some cases decomposition has not so far advanced as to have completely broken down the plants of which it is composed, the mass is loose and will fall to pieces, showing plainly the form of the grass, weeds, roots, and rotten wood of which it is made up. In other cases it is completely broken down into a fine, compact mass; this latter is much the better article. Secondly, it differs in its contents. Some muck contains as high as two or three per cent of nitrogen, insoluble it is true, but there all the same, while in others there is scarcely a trace of fertilizing material of any kind. Vegetable matter, humus, is an important constituent of all productive soils. It retains moisture and holds the soil in a light, friable condition favorable to the admission of air and heat. Long continued cultivation, with cropping, exhausts the humus in the soil and reduces its capacity for producing bountiful crops. This is more plainly seen on the light, sandy loams where, unless the treatment has been generous, the crops are much less than when first reduced from the forest. Muck, then, has a value for the purpose of mingling its vegetable matter with an exhausted soil; it also—that is, some muck—has the additional value of the nitrogen contained. Although this nitrogen is not available when the muck is first removed from its bed, yet it becomes so by exposure to the air, by composting with other manures and by use in various ways as an absorbent of liquids. Hence any muck may be used to advantage on any farm where it is available. The best course is to use it in a dry or partially dry condition as an absorbent of the material about the barn and yards which would otherwise go to waste, and as an admixture of barn manures for the purpose of absorbing the liquid parts that would leach out and be lost. In this way it adds humus to the soil, the nitrogen it may contain is made available and at the same time it absorbs material that would otherwise be lost. Thus all possible advantages from its use are secured. Used after this manner, it may be made to add materially to the fertility of the farm and will pay well for the cost attending its use. In our own farming operations we have used many hundreds of loads with marked advantage. Applied directly to the soil in a raw state from the bed, we have never known a case where any immediate effect was realized.

#### Fowls on the Farm.

Our farm fowls do not usually live in summer in their winter quarters, and thus escape many diseases which attack poultry in close confinement. It is an excellent plan to clean the winter-house when the weather gets warm and settled. Spray it with carbolic disinfectant. Air it until it is dry, and keep it closed against the heat till cool nights make it a desirable refuge for them. Give it a good coat of lime-wash before the fowls are admitted, using care so that every nook and crevice is touched, and if you have not already supplied cedar poles for roosts, do so at this time. A few barrels of dry road-dust should be put in store in the fall, and muck from the swamp will be found of great use in winter to sprinkle in the house. The farm hen needs as much care in winter as her town cousin, except that she has laid up a store of health and hardiness from her summer rambles which keeps her comparatively free from disease. If her winter-home is dry and warm, and in the case of old hens, she prepared her winter wardrobe early enough to escape the chill of cool nights when her feathers were off on a vacation.—The Country Gentleman.

#### Effect of Soil.

Prof. J. L. Budd is reported by the Farmer's Review as stating some striking instances of the diverse influence of soils on fruit trees. Two cherry trees were planted on rich black soil, dry enough for a crop of corn in a wet season, and two were planted on a knoll with rather thin soil mixed with some gravel. The two on the rich black soil have been dead three years, while the two on the knoll are perfect, and are annually loaded with fruit. The same is stated to be true near Ames with the English Morello, where on dark, rich prairie the trees are all dead, but on thin knolls and ridges they give good satisfaction. The reason for this difference is not stated in this report, but it appears obvious that the more rank and succulent soil has fitted it for destruction by the frost of winter, which is often intense in that region.

#### New Light on Bran.

Bran is one of the most indigestible of foods and ought never to be fed alone. It is valuable when mixed, in not too large quantities, with more easily digested and less concentrated matter. The bran mash as usually made is very irritating to the linings of the stomach and intestines, and its loosening or cathartic efforts are from the cause. From the moment the mash is eaten the whole assimilative system is engaged in getting rid of instead of digesting it. No wonder it is loosening. Make half the mash of equal parts corn meal and linseed meal, then there will be no ill effects from its use.—The Ohio Farmer.

#### To Fatten Fowls Rapidly.

The quickest way to fatten hens for market is to put them in a small yard, not over ten in a yard, and feed them all the corn and wheat they will eat. Once a day, at noon, give them a mixture of equal parts cornmeal, bran and ground oats, scalded with potatoes or cooked turnips. If you have skim milk use it with the ground grain. Ten days should be long enough to make the hens fat.

#### Cow Stalls.

Single stalls are best for cows, as the danger of one stepping on another's teats and injuring, or wholly destroying them, is avoided. The cows are kept cleaner when in single stalls. The usual width of the stall is four feet. One inch slope in the floor from the head of the stall to the gutter is sufficient. The length of the stall depends on the size of the cow.

#### Farm Fagots.

The pig is an important adjunct of the cow. All breeding animals should have exercise.

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

# A Remarkable Oriental Experience.

## A THRILLING STORY OF CHINESE TREACHERY.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF  
—MY LORD—

It is my custom to write freely, and you, my lord, are not amongst those who would deprive me of the liberty of my pen.

It is some months since you confided to me that portion of your diary which deals with your quest in the East, and I openly admit that I was at that time by no means ungrateful for the gift.

You will pardon my frankness in stating the truth. You, my lord, have never been subjected to the life of persecution which the fiction-writer must accept as his own. Diaries are thrust upon him from all sides; plots thick and round him; and sometimes innumerable are included in his presence, that he may naively relate them in some tale.

It was, therefore, more with the feeling of his curiosity than with the idea of utilizing your words as a source of information, that I have been desirous of noting the impressions you had formed of Eastern lands, familiar to me from the travels of my youth, that to glean from the personal observations.

That your permission, my lord, to revise and publish your diary as you see fit; but the world is so overwhelmed with works of travel, that I have rather decided to extract the interest from your work in my own way; and whilst adhering only in part to the wording of your diary, I shall still accompany you throughout as you see fit, in as accurate a sense as I can, and I have looked upon, under circumstances strangely differing, in the years gone by.

And, lastly, as the tale with which you have entrusted me is familiar only to a few, I shall cover you throughout with the cloak of fiction. You shall figure as a commoner, in place of a lord; for as it is the custom of a novel-writer to make a commoner a peer, so I, from perversity, take a malicious pleasure in reversing the order of things and taking my revenge upon you.

I have the honor to be, my Lord  
Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

### CHAPTER I.

Brussels, April 29th.—A curious thing occurred this evening. I was seated in the veranda, for the day had been more than usually warm for this season of the year, when my eye was attracted by a little bird that alighted first upon the parapet and then, in a moment or two, alighted on my feet. It was a swallow, and appeared to me to be in a sorry plight, and worn either by old age or lengthy travel; for its wing drooped upon the ground, and its eyes were half closed in weariness. I reached out my hand, and the swallow, making no movement, became my captive.

I was endeavoring to ascertain if it was wounded, or how otherwise the bird came to be in such a condition, when my glance fell upon what I discovered to be a fragment of paper, closely and firmly bound with thread around its leg.

"Here," I said to myself, "is an adventure; this swallow does not come to me by chance alone," and thus thinking—for I confess I am a somewhat romantic turn of mind, and that curiosity at once overcame me—I took my penknife and cut the threads—an operation of no small difficulty, as the bird struggled till the remainder of its strength evaporated, and the missive, of whatever nature it might prove, was so closely and tightly wound that it was the greatest danger of injuring the slender limb round which it had been secured.

Having finally succeeded, I wrapped the bird in my handkerchief, that it might not escape, and, proceeding to examine the fragments which I had detached, I found that I held in my hand what was evidently a small and torn paper, ragged and destroyed, partly perhaps from the attempts of the swallow to tear it from its limb, partly perhaps from the wear and tear of time.

Unfolding the fragments with great care, and piecing them together, I was delighted to discover that my momentary expectation had not led me far astray, and that the paper was actually covered with certain words written or scratched thereon, apparently in dark red ink. In all, the paper cannot have been more than an inch square, which yet contained in a small and clear handwriting—that of an Englishman—sufficient to give me a clew to follow, were I ready to accept the mission now strangely brought before me: a message, I reached by a swallow's wing from far beyond the seas.

After prolonged scrutiny, and the attempt to fill in such words as were missing, I made out the following to be the writing:—  
God's name rescue . . . . .  
Lose no time . . . . .  
In the . . . . .  
Pekin By the Chin (see) Tenth swallow  
William Norris September (year and date missing) . . . . .  
God help . . . . .

Thus the centre part, which, from the folding, had come to be, as it were, a cone, and which evidently contained the full and complete message, was explained the whole, was wanting. But the meaning of the missive was in a sense clear, although there were some points upon which I was unable to form a judgment. I shall point out what I mean, by repeating the words with the single filling up of such gaps as may be easily treated, thus:—  
In God's name rescue (me or us)  
Lose no time (we or I) (am or are) prisoner (or us)  
In the . . . . .  
Pekin By the Chin (see) Tenth swallow  
William Norris September (year and date missing)  
God help (me or us)

Thus the chief gap, which is the most important of the whole, lies in the third line. It is evident that some name is omitted. But what name I have endeavored to fill up by judging the length of the line, and by inserting the word "and" or "see" before the final "in" is:—  
In the ——— see us in:—  
Pekin:  
but beyond this I can not go.

My sensations, upon discovering the nature of the communication which had fallen into my hands by the strangest of coincidences, are beyond description. I was at once overpowered by wonder and a sense of the supernatural, and inflamed with the first birth of the desire to investigate and follow the matter to the end.

Looking more clearly upon the coincidence, as I now do some hours later, I am the more determined to carry out my part of the chain of destiny—a destiny of which the swallow, perhaps for many a year, perhaps only for months, has borne its share.

One of my fellows (perhaps more than one) has been, and it may be still is, confined by the Chinese, for some reason unknown, somewhere or near Pekin. And of the

messages which he has entrusted to many birds, as I gather from the words "tenth swallow," one at least has reached its destination—the hand of a brother-man.

I am young, wealthy, and free, and I accept the trust that has been thus strangely given to me; and if you are alive, William Norris I shall come to you, ay, even at the risk of my own life.

I have longed for adventure, and the opportunity has come—an opportunity which no one could have foreseen. Brussels, April 29th.—The swallow died this morning. It appeared to be an old bird; but whether it be that it was so when this man in China attached the paper to its limb, or whether it has grown so during years in which it has fitted over the earth as the prisoner's messenger, I cannot tell. Was this message written years or months ago? I would give much to learn the date.

Bravo bird! what fate brought you here to die? What can have brought you to me from a land thousands of miles away, unless the guiding power of the God above? I have hopes, William Norris, that your message has not come too late. This morning I telegraphed to my oldest friend—the very man to go with me on an adventure or excursion of this kind. I have his reply before me now. "Wait a month; it is possible sooner. Will go to the end of the world with you then." I can not wait a month. Every day is an eternity to William Norris. I shall go alone.

My intention, therefore, is to go to Pekin and to find this man, wherever he may be either by a prolonged search or by some miraculous intervention which shall enable me to fill in the missing words.

Who would have thought, two days ago, that I, Herbert Vanocome, should have made up my mind (one usually of the dilatory order) to set off upon a few hours' notice for the far-distant East, in four or five days I shall be on board the messenger-steamers at Marseilles, and if all be well, I calculate on being in Pekin within two months and a half from now.

A considerable journey for a lazy traveler who has never done more than lounge about the Continent! Well, it could not have occurred at a more fortunate time. It gives me an object in life, at a time when I am tired of idleness and can not bear the idea of a London season.

I believe I should feel almost disappointed were any one to assure me now that the William Norris has been dead for years; or were Norris himself to arrive in person to inform me that he had escaped. How selfish is the nature of man! Were William Norris prisoner of the Chinese and at their mercy, my country would care for its zest, and the spirit of adventure would be gone.

It is difficult for a man to be honest to himself in thought. En route eastwards to Pekin.—Life becomes a dull monotony at sea. There is nothing all around but the glassy wave and the unchanging blue of a heaven white with gazing at its own loneliness. Occasionally a flying-fish or two will rise, and disappear; else there is nothing but the regular beat of the engines, and the motion of the screw, and the silence of repose only beneath the awning that stretches o'er the deck.

And thus it is, day after day, till one grows weary of the sameness of every hour. It is only in after years that the mind recalls these heavily delicious hours with a longing that they might be born anew.

It will pass over the days which were doubly long, and I, in my impatience, urged on and on, will pass aside the sense of aching pain which recurred to me when my mind recalled the quest upon which I was set, and when I realized that I was powerless to do anything for weeks to come. A few weeks have made a difference to me. At the first blush I took the swallow's message as it came, as a coincidence—no more. I did not realize how a fellow-man's life may lie in my hands, that I may save him, or leave him like a dog to die. I did not accept the swallow's message so truly and deeply as I have done now.

After many, many days, at sea—days longer to me, I suppose, than to any on board—I found myself at Shanghai—Shanghai, with its fine boulevard and its boulevard—the Paris of the East!

I spent several days there, for the chief reason that I was obliged to wait for a steamer to the North; but I did not count the time as wasted, for I had inquiries to make as to the man in search of whom I had come, and of whom I had heard so much; and I had no time to lose. It was but a chance that I came across his name even in Shanghai.

My banker's introductions, which I had received by post at sea, were useful in one sense, but practically useless as regards the end in view. Without giving any one the clew as to the object of my journey, I made inquiries everywhere as to the man whose missive I had so strangely received. No one knew him, even by name. This I was at a loss to understand, because, to reach Pekin, it was almost a necessity that he should pass through Shanghai. I pondered much upon the subject, and came to the conclusion that the few words which I had carefully preserved must have been written many years ago, since no one could recollect having met or heard of the writer, or that he might have passed so rapidly through Shanghai as to leave no trace of his movements behind. It then occurred to me to examine the guests' book at the hotel. I took it in my hand, and opened it casually. I started involuntarily as my eye fell upon the page. By chance the book had opened at a date nearly a year previous, and before me was this entry:—  
"William Norris, from Nagasaki, arrived 5th August; left for Pekin and Great Wall, 6 August."

So there was a fair chance that I might be still in time! Further than this I could learn nothing. They remembered Norris in the hotel—a tall gentleman, dark and wearing a slight mustache. Had he ever returned to the house; or but he might have gone to a friend's house or to the Club; he had not come to the hotel.

And I alone knew the truth, that he was a prisoner of the nation for whom I had already conceived a hatred; and that I had kind—a nation which filled me with a sense of loathing, and from which my inmost nature shrank. One thing was now made clear to me—that William Norris might still be saved. I had never doubted of his existence. That had not struck me as strange as it may seem. I believed in his call for aid, and I was right. But—shall I confess it?—I had begun to despair when, first in Hong Kong, and then in Shanghai, I had been unable to discover any trace of him of

whom I was in search; for I feared that the message might have been of such an ancient date that William Norris had succumbed already, perhaps, to a life of torture or to a lengthened imprisonment amongst his Chinese foes. And now that I knew otherwise, my desire to save him only grew the stronger, since I perceived that was a chance. And often I wondered for what reason he had been seized: was it because of hatred for the European race upon the part of the Chinese; or had he desecrated some religious rites, or in what manner offended his old-blooded foes?

On the day which remained before my departure for the North I lessened my baggage as far as possible, by the packing of all that I absolutely required in the remainder to the charge of a Chinese attendant, and I took my departure with a light heart, for I knew not what casualty might occur; indeed, I may say that, in addition to my own revolver I had three others, thus allowing, in case of need, for one apiece for three men, English or Chinese, and though it was probable that these would prove mistaken for my baggage, I had deemed it well rather to be over-armed than to be unarmed. Further than this I had two strong knives of the nature of daggers, as that it will be seen that in the first instance I had no intention of using them.

There were two young fellows in Shanghai whom I had met, upon the first evening of my arrival, at the house of my banker, with whom I dined. They were brothers; their names Frederick and James Dicoy; and I took a liking to them from the first. I decided to put before these men the particulars of the expedition upon which I was engaged, and accordingly I invited them to dine with me upon my last evening ashore.

I sent the boy from the room as soon as dinner was at an end, and then narrated to the two young fellows the particulars of my intended expedition, and of the ready learned as the cause of my presence in Shanghai.

"You are both," I concluded, "men whom I feel that I can trust. One has a strong feeling, which is not exactly tear, upon launching out upon a venture of this kind. I may tell you plainly that I expect to be in Shanghai again within three months accompanied by William Norris, for this reason, that the chain of fate, which brought the swallow with its message across the seas will miss a link or two if I succumb to the death I may have to face. But, all the same, I am prepared to die, and ready to do so, unless I succeed in escaping from the Chinese in company with William Norris."

Neither of the two answered me. I think, as they were touched with something of the same sorrow as had fallen upon me. Can I tell you my own feelings on this point? "If you have any objection to my going, I will not insist upon it, but I will make it plain to you that I am going, and that I expect to be in Shanghai again within three months, unless you make some movement, no matter what, to prevent me. I am dead of a live, to seek for me in Shanghai, or shall I find him in Tientsin?"

"The remuneration must be large," said the elder.

"That is nothing; he may name his sum." He rose, and summoning the boy, gave him instructions to find me a guide.

"Sevey," he said in conclusion.

"My can say," came the answer; "chop-chop can do."

"You wish us," he continued, "to keep ourselves, to keep ourselves in the morning regarding your journey?"

"Is it necessary? Would it not be better to stir the colony now, if it is true, as I have little doubt, that this man is still kept a prisoner? There is many a man in Shanghai who would join you."

"I have little doubt of it, and, indeed, what you suggest," was my reply, "do, so trust me I should come, and were I to do so, yourself in the first place, to act for your assistance; but it must be remembered that there is nothing to go upon as yet. It is true that I know of Norris's imprisonment, but I do not know where he is confined; so that my journey resolved to simply into a search (at any rate, in the mean time), rather than a hostile affair with the Chinese as an enemy. You will understand, easily enough, that I do not feel justified as yet in calling for aid, indeed, in a word, I believe that one must, much more able without exciting suspicion, than a band of half-a-dozen."

"I was right, and he knew it." "Might we see the paper? forgive my curiosity," said the younger.

"I mean the paper brought you by the swallow." "Certainly," I answered. "I was about to put it before you, in order to see if you could assist me in any way to fill the gaps. I took from the little box in which I kept it."

"There it is!" "The two bent over it." "I see you have gummied it to a piece of cardboard," said Frederick. "Is there anything on the back?"

"Nothing," was my answer. "I did so to preserve it. Do either of you know Pekin?"

"No. I am afraid we shall be of little assistance to you. One moment: what is the meaning of the word us in the third line? You have spoken as though there were one man only,—this would indicate otherwise."

I answered him at once. "You have formed the same opinion as I did upon first reading the few words. I have carefully studied the fragment since that time, and I shall tell you why I am of opinion that it is not us, but we, that is, a wrong one. If we fill up the word 'us' with 'we,' we decrease the number of which might contain a Chinese name to a very small capacity. Now, it is likely that the writer has in these words that are his whereabouts, which he could not have done in the space we shall leave between the word 'the' and the word 'seek.' Again look at the end of the second line; you will see that if we make the paper square, as it seems to have been, there is exactly room for us to insert 'er,' making 'we-er,' but scarcely margin for the addition of 'us.' Then, and chiefly, we have 'William Norris,' followed by the date; no mention of other names. And finally without giving

you more lengthy and interior reasons let me recall to you, if you wish further proof, that William Norris passed through Shanghai alone. My first reading was the simple one: 'In the ——— seek us in Pekin,' but later I put aside the word 'in,' and am inclined to treat this 'us' as part of a word, of which, the letters on either side are missing."

Even as I spoke, something told me that I had wandered into a mere conjecture. I fell into a thoughtful fit: to tell the truth, I had not greatly considered this point till now. I had known that Pekin was impossible to conjecture a word which would exactly fill this space. But now for a moment I began to think differently.

"Can either of you suggest a Chinese word ending, say, with 'us,' or 'us,' or—well, might go through the whole alphabet, gentlemen?" I asked.

But perhaps it is unnecessary to say that the riddle remained unsolved.

"And what, then, do you imagine," asked Frederick Dicoy, a little later, "to have been the history of this paper?"

"Well," I think you see the whole: a number such as this, in some place where he has been, has been sent this message. It is a sharp, like a pin. He has written a number such as this, we read it there, where he says, 'tenth swallow.' This is only one of many. If it is in Court grounds that he is a prisoner, I despair of rescuing him; but in the mean time, I shall say no more. Here comes the boy."

A short colloquy ensued; then James Dicoy turned to me, and said, "I have found you a guide, and good man too."

We sat late that evening—my last, as I have said, in Shanghai; and I must confess that my mind was not a little relieved by the conversation, and possibly chiefly so from the knowledge that I was not merely following in the footsteps of William Norris, to disappear as he had done; or at least, if I did so there were those who would follow me to lay bare his fate and mine.

Four days later my guide and I reached Tientsin.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### SOMNAMBULISTIC PECULIARITIES.

Some Strange Things Done by People While Asleep.

It is reported that a young French clergyman frequently arose in the middle of the night, while asleep, and wrote several sermons, which he composed then, but he spent much time in making corrections and other corrections on his manuscripts, which he would find perfectly legible the next morning.

As the somnambulist of France the men are mentioned, who were seen walking on the ground on stilts, and on one occasion buckled on his stilt and crossed the swollen torrent in the dark. On awaking he had not the courage to perform the same feat in daylight.

A young girl some time ago was observed to be perambulating the housetops in a certain street of one of our large towns. Her parents were communicated with and step were at once taken to prevent any mishap befalling her. She successfully walked the length of several houses, then returned and passed through the window into her own room.

An Amsterdam banker once requested a professor of mathematics to work out a very intricate and puzzling problem for him. The professor, thinking the matter good exercise for the intellectual faculties of his pupils, consented to it, and requested them to work out the enigma. One of the students, who had pondered deeply over the intricate subject during the day, retired to bed. Some time afterward he arose, dressed, and seating himself at his desk worked out the problem accurately, covering sheets of paper with his calculations. He had no recollection in the morning of having done so.

A remarkable case is given by Weinhold. A musical student was in the habit of rising in the middle of the night and going to the piano would arrange his music and sit down to play correctly the piece before him. As though the acute intelligence which existed in him during his sleeping state, some of his fellow-students one night watched him, and suddenly turned the music upside down. The sleeper, however, detected it, quietly restored the sheet to its proper position, and went on playing. On another occasion one of the strings of the instrument being out of tune, the discordant note so jarred upon his sensibilities that he stopped playing, took down the front of the piano and turned the off-tune string to its proper position.

Another student was accustomed to write late passages from Italian into French during his sleep. He used a dictionary and wrote most assiduous and correct in his searches after the words needed.

Concerning the sense of sight, which is brought into play during sleep, a case is recorded of a remarkable case of a young lady who would rise from her bed and write intelligently and legibly in complete darkness. The most curious feature in connection with her efforts was that if the least light was admitted into her room she was unable to continue. A ray from the moon passing in at her window was sufficient to disturb her. She could only continue so long as she was enveloped in perfect obscurity.

Not content with doing their duty throughout the day, when they are awake, some persons seem to be so possessed by a power, unless they keep themselves employed whilst they are asleep. Not infrequently individuals have projected and carried to a successful issue projects which they were quite incapable of tackling when awake. No doubt because they couldn't, even if they wished to, dream of doing them unless asleep.

### EGYPTIAN CAVALRY WIPED OUT.

They Stray Far South of Their Outposts and the Derivishes Annihilate Them.

### PERSONAL.

Mr. Austin Corbin's game preserve at Newport, New Hampshire, has proved to be a successful investment, and the wild animals in restraint there have multiplied beyond expectation. They now number more than 700, and range in variety from Finnish rabbits to Rocky Mountain elk.

These latter animals have thrived very remarkably in captivity, but the greatest increase has been among the buffalo, the original small herd having grown into five herds. Eleven calves were born during the year just closed, and all are thriving. The wild boars imported from the Black Forest of Germany have been equally prolific, and have become elephants, as it were, on the game-keeper's hands because of their tendency to destroy the young of the other animals.

Will Carleton surprised the people of Kansas City by going about the streets during the recent "cold snap" there without an overcoat, and asserting that he felt comfortable. The poet, who looks quite unlike one, is forty-seven years old now, and there are noticeable traces of gray in his hair. He has an athletic figure, and wears a business suit, with a silk hat, and is a diamond pin in his tie. Mr. Carleton's reputation as a writer of "poems of the home," as he calls his "Ballads," was established fifteen years or more ago, and he is still sufficient to keep up an active demand for his books. He is now a free lance in literature, producing stories, sketches, and plays as well as poems. He receives royalties at present from six published volumes. At the Whittier Memorial exercises held last week he read a poem which he had written for the occasion.

Julia Ward Howe began the study of an ancient Greek in her old age, but probably with no greater interest than that with which Queen Victoria took up Hindustani when she was three years ago, and her Majesty is still bending her energies to acquire a perfect command of the language of her Oriental subjects. She has added a staff of Hindoo servants to her household, and whenever a rajah from the East comes to her palace, as in the case of the Gaikwar of Baroda, she converses with him in his native tongue.

An old resident of Indianapolis who was well acquainted with the elder Booth says that when that great actor lived near Baltimore, the little farm in the suburbs on which he raised garden-truck was a source of much greater interest to him than the theater in the city. The products of his farm he would himself take to town to sell, and "many is the time," says the aged Indiana man, "I have seen Mr. Booth standing in the marketplace in Baltimore as eager to sell a quart of berries as any of his neighbors, though perhaps that night he would make thousands of dollars at the theatre where he was billed to appear. He would hang around the market until it was time to go to dress for his part, and then he would leave his wagon in somebody's charge, returning when the performance was over, perhaps to find it, perhaps not."

The pathway to literary success is not always smooth. The greater part of Ibsen's main effort in literature, his tragedy of *Casteline*, was sold for a trifle to a grocer to use for wrapping paper; and even when a dramatist was well started on his career his chief source of support was the stipend of \$225 a year he received as "theatrical poet" at Bergen. Ibsen showed great talent as a school-boy—so much, in fact, that his master, supposing him guilty of plagiarism because of the maturity of thought exhibited in his school-room compositions, attempted to chastise him.

Renan led so small a private fortune that his widow is forced to sell his library, and will dispose of it at the beginning of next year, while waiting for parliament to grant her a pension. Renan's life-long friend, M. Bertholot, says that the philosopher left the world almost as poor as on the day he quitted St. Sulpice to begin the struggle of life. In our land of well-paid college professors it will be of little interest to learn that Renan's salary as a professor in the College de France was only \$2000 a year, five per cent. of which was deducted for a pension. Yet there was no other theological lecturer in the French republic who attracted so many listeners to his class-room, or gave his college so wide a reputation abroad.

### BENEATH AN AVALANCHE.

Awful Death in Montana of a Brave and Much Esteemed Torontonian.

Mr. Roy Goodwin, of the Great Northern railway, Montana, arrived in Toronto with the mortal remains of his brother-in-law, Mr. Morden, son of Capt. Morden, of 161 Downing avenue, Toronto, who was one of the unfortunate victims of a terrible landslide in the Rocky mountains on the 31st ult. The circumstances attending Morden's death were of a peculiarly harrowing character. He was only 24 years of age, and had been employed on the Great Northern railway as brakeman since May last. On the day of the catastrophe, a train was sent out from Kalispell into the mountains to clear the track of snow after one of the heavy storms which are prevalent in that district. It consisted of a heavy consolidated mountain engine, attached to which was a kind of snow plough studded by the trainmen a "hozier," and a van. Engaged in this service there were seven trainmen and about 25 Italian laborers. The work of snow clearing had been successfully accomplished, and the train was returning down the side of the mountain to the canyon below, when Morden, who was on the top of the caboose, noticed that the snow was moving down the slope nearly two thousand feet above. The sight was an appalling one. Should the slide strike the party, it meant death to some, if not to all. Instantly Morden signalled to the engineer to increase the speed, and then began a race with death. It did not last long. With tremendous crash that resounded through the canyon, and echoed far-miles through the mountain gorges.

### THE CHILD IN THE BASKET.

A Story of the Babyhood of a Famous French Statesman.

The vigilance of an old-time customs official, it may be said, came, perhaps, within an ace of changing the course of French history. One day a mother who had been to a country house near Marseilles returned with her son to Marseilles. It was twilight. The child, 8 years old, had been put in a peach basket borne by a donkey, and the mother, fearing the child might take cold, it was in November—had covered the body with a thick brown shawl. Fixed with running around the country all day, cozy and warm under the thick shawl, the child was soon asleep and hidden by the sides of the basket. When the city gates were neared, the mother, forgetting all about the child, walked a distance behind the donkey and did not make him stop at the Custom House to be searched. The custom officer, seeing the donkey jog on without stopping, suspected that he was laden with smuggled goods and ran after him to thrust his sharp steel probe through the basket. Luckily the mother observed him, ran forward and screamed: "Don't use your probe. My child is in the basket. The child was Adolphe Taiers."

### The World's Most Useful River.

The Nile, probably, is the most wonderful river in the world. It has made Egypt possible by turning an arid wilderness into the richest land in the world. It has provided at the same time an admirable commercial highway, and made easy the transportation of building materials. The ancient Egyptians were thus enabled to utilize the granite of Assuan for the splendid structures of hundred-gated Thebes and of Memphis, and over for the temple of Isis on the Mediterranean coast. At a time when the people of the British Isles were clad in the skins of wild beasts, and offered human sacrifices upon the stone altars of the Druids, Egypt was the centre of a rich and refined civilization, and over for the temple of Isis on the Mediterranean to the Nile, which not only watered and fertilized the soil annually, but was and is one of the greatest and best natural highways in the world. 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. That is why ancient Egypt did not need steam-power nor electric motors for the immense commerce that covered the Nile, nor for the barges carrying building material for hundreds of miles.

### A QUEER CASE.

A Man Who Declares He was Born B. C.

One of the most remarkable cases that ever puzzled the medical fraternity is that of Jacob Ritten, who left Minneapolis on November 18, in charge of two attendants for treatment at a Boston psychological institute. Ritten was a couple of months ago adjudged insane by the Omaha Commission. Dr. Clarence Miner pronounced him to be in a hypnotic condition, but otherwise in perfect health. As this has been the verdict of no less than half a dozen experts within the last year, it was determined by the medical profession to take him to a psychological hospital and see what could be done towards restoring him to his former self. The peculiarity of the case consists in Ritten's persistent assertion that his name is Anom Hotoo, and that he was born in the year 327 B. C. He says he went into a trance about 420 B. C., and was embalmed while in that condition, his relatives believing him dead. He

### DESCRIBES THE INCIDENTS

of the reign of Ptolemy V., with a minutely established on his knowledge of ancient history and possession of an imagination second not even to that of Rider Haggard. Ritten described to *The World* correspondent the personal manners of Ptolemy, whom he characterises as a "pretty shrewd and a 'guy.'" He says the people who are now claiming to be his relatives have no right whatever to the title. The first time he ever saw them was when he escaped from a museum in Philadelphia three years ago. He was brought over from Egypt by Prof. Haggitt, the Egyptologist, he says, and was consigned to the first moment the lid was taken off the casket. He experienced neither hunger nor thirst, only a desire to get out of the rags in which his limbs were bound, but he found it impossible to move either hand or foot until the wrappings were taken off, and he was placed under a glass case in the museum of the Academy of Sciences. Then he began to move a little at a time, until one evening just before dusk he crawled out of the case, and made his escape in the janitor's overcoat.

When asked to account for the knowledge of locations of different stages and cities in America, which he betrays in his conversation, Ritten says he has studied hard since his escape from mummydom to acquaint himself with the world of to-day and its usages. The man never becomes in the least embarrassed by questions put to him, but answers every inquiry with a surprising calmness.

### THE IMPRESSION PRODUCED ON THOSE WHO LISTENED

to the wild talk of this modern Egyptian is that he is as crazy as a March hare, but there are a few astute medical men to the contrary. Ritten has a queer history, which is told by Mrs. Strothoff, his sister. She says that she and her two brothers are the children of a Russian Jew, named Michael Ritten, who with his entire family was driven out of Moscow in 1800. The elder Ritten refused to join the Russian Church and was hustled out of the town, being compelled to sell his property and stook for a song. They moved to London, arriving almost penniless, but the father by dint of a good deal of money made enough money to open a curiosity shop in the Strand. This proved to be a poor location, and a move was made to the West End where the family set up shop again in Wardour Street. This last venture proved to be a success, and a good deal of money was made prior to 1861, when the old man died, leaving a fortune of having married a baker of London named Strothoff, moved to this country. A couple of years later she was followed by her brothers, who had closed up their business in London and sailed for America with a good deal of money, and the neighbourhood of the old man was one of the heavy ones of two thousand pounds. The son, having married a baker of London named Strothoff, moved to this country. A couple of years later she was followed by her brothers, who had closed up their business in London and sailed for America with a good deal of money, and the neighbourhood of the old man was one of the heavy ones of two thousand pounds. The son, having married a baker of London named Strothoff, moved to this country. A couple of years later she was followed by her brothers, who had closed up their business in London and sailed for America with a good deal of money, and the neighbourhood of the old man was one of the heavy ones of two thousand pounds.

### THE MIGHTY AVALANCHE

gaining momentum, every foot it traversed swooped down upon the racing engine, turning it completely over and sending it with fearful force on a ledge far below. Morden was "knocked" off the caboose and buried under thirty feet of snow. How any of the party escaped is a mystery. When the survivors recovered from the shock they found that the snow had met an awful death. The two former were killed by being crushed against the boiler head of the locomotive, and the third man by the door of the van bursting open and pinning him to the floor. Morden was not to be seen. After 10 hours' weary work, however, he was discovered, but the immense mass of snow had forced all but the faintest spark of life out of him, and as he was gently removed from the wreck he feebly murmured: "I am buried," and expired. Those were the last words evidently, on his lips when the crash came. Morden's remains were sorrowfully borne to Kalispell by his companions, and embalmed for conveyance to Toronto, this being carried out under the direction of the Brotherhood of Trainmen.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

A woman's life insurance agent does an excellent business in Wichita, Kansas. A Seattle man recently died out of prison and the country \$50 to keep in prison a man who had stolen \$5.

Viscount Dalrymple advertised that he will not be responsible for debts contracted by his wife. Fifteen thousand seven hundred and forty women in Glasgow possess municipal votes.

An eagle was shot on Hat Mountain, Colorado, a few days ago that measured eight feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Mrs. E. Nutting of Parkman, Me., who is 77 years old, made 1,200 pounds of butter in 1892, besides doing all the housework for a family of five.

In thirty years the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in Ireland has changed; it then it was 25 to 75, now it is 25 to 75.

The Queen's preferences are now said to be toward Devore, the Irish poet, for the vacant laureateship.

A pauper named Sheridan, who had been an inmate of Lambeth Workhouse for several years, has come into a fortune of \$300,000 by the death of an aunt.

The British Government will appoint a chess survey similar to those of 1881 and 1886, with a view of preparing for an epidemic next spring and summer.

According to opticians, the eyesight has been seriously affected in some parts of London by the fumes arising from the wood pavement.

A farmer of 600 acres in Hampshire, Eng., has thrown up his holding, which he could not make pay although the rent was only 10s an acre.

A peculiar Siamese twin pair of pendants was shot, on the wing, by a sportsman near Bellefonte, Pa., a few days ago.

Two English newboys, who cried "Dying confession of Mrs. Maybrick" on the street recently, have been committed for obtaining money by false pretences.

Newspaper complaints are frequently heard in London of late with regard to the outrageous prices of certain undertakers who send insinuating circulars to families in which there are cases of serious illness.

The Queen has approved the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the lands available and suitable for the extension of crofters' holdings in the counties of Argyre, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland, Caithness, and Orkney.

Lord Torphichen's very fine collection of old plate was sold at Edinburgh recently, and many articles realized from £4 to £5 per ounce, the highest price being paid for a rose-water dish, with armorial bearings, dated 1633.

The underground railroad in Glasgow is nearly completed. It is seven and a quarter miles long and the greatest depth of the track is 160 feet. The contract price was over \$5,000,000.

Rev. Andrew Macpherson's appointment by the Secretary for Scotland as minister of the Gaelic chapel at Cromarty was approved of by the Queen.

Mr. R. T. Inrie of Washington county, Oregon, found a piece of pure gold about the size of a pea in the gizzard of one of his chickens.

The story of the painter who painted fruit so like nature that the birds tried to eat it from his canvas is discounted. Two hunters near the Dalles, Oregon, a few days ago were hunting wild geese.

They set out their decoys and retired, when almost immediately a big gray eagle swooped down on the decoys and carried one off in its claws. The hunter shot the eagle, which measured seven feet from tip to tip of its wings.

The Parliament House in Dublin is now occupied by the Bank of Ireland. In the event of Home Rule, the governors are said to be willing to let the first session of the Irish Parliament to be held in what was the House of Peers.

It is in contemplation to erect four additional Protestant churches in Belfast as soon as possible for the accommodation of the much increased church population of the city and suburbs, and several handsome subscriptions for the purpose have been already handed in.

Ireland cannot complain of receiving scant justice in India, whatever she may say about the Indian Government. Errors-General in succession and the grand manders-in-Chief in succession is not a bad record—for Sir George White is an Irishman, hailing from Ulster.

Owing to the recent deerstalking season having been so successful, there is already a brisk demand for forests for next season. A great many persons who took forests this year on trial desiring leases, and offering high prices for them. In Rosshire, for instance, Achnasbhall Forest has been re-taken by Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., from a sub-tenant of Lord Winton, for a term of years at £4500 a year, a rent equivalent to £50 per stag.

The year now closing has been one of the duldest experienced in the shipbuilding trade in Aberdeen for a considerable time. Thirteen vessels have been launched, as compared with twelve in 1891; but the tonnage is only about a half of that turned out the previous year, most of the craft built being trawlers. The outlook for 1893 is not encouraging.

BELEGGED BY WOLVES.

A Perilous New Year's Eve Adventure. Ten years ago the writer, with Ned Prevost, now one of the lumber barons of Canada, were in the district north of Burk's Falls, near Elk Lake, as wild a place as any on this side of Hudson's Bay.

We found the log shanty fairly weather-tight and half full of meadow hay. Our three dogs pounced into this and made a tremendous racket, and out jumped an enormous fox which they soon killed.

Although the snow on the mountains was deep, around the lake shore the wind had swept it away. Two of our dogs were young, but the third was splendid for game, and after nosing around a while, started at a dead run, followed by the others. I was firing a clapnet on the dogs, when Ned came running in and said the dogs had got something, either bear or cat.

We had a double-shot gun, muzzle-loader, and a Sharp's rifle, and both put off after the dogs, who were about 300 yards away. Our surprise was great when we found they had a yearling bear in a hollow stump. One shot did the business. He was very fat, and our New Year's dinner was provided, anyway. Not an hour after, Prevost shot a Canada lynx, almost as large as the bear.

In fact, this was a hunters' paradise, and during the day we saw on the opposite side of the lake no less than seven deer. By night the shanty had been made comfortable, the hay making good beds. Plenty of wood was cut, and water brought from the lake and supper cooked. Outside it was getting very cold, but as bright as day, the moon being nearly full. Smoking our pipes and telling stories filled the time until 10 o'clock, when suddenly, the oldest dog, with his hair bristling, and growling, made for the door.

"What's the matter, Chance?" said Prevost. "Hullo on! don't let him get out, you hear the noise outside—there's a timber wolf!" Sure enough, that low howl, which one heard is never forgotten, was coming down the wind, and there seemed to be a pack. No wild animals are more dangerous when they are together. One will seldom attack a man, but a hungry half-dozen are decidedly ugly to meet. While we were holding in one dog the other two got out through a hole under the window that was merely stuffed with hay, and that was the last we ever saw of them. From the foot of the hill the ground sloped down to the lake as even as a meadow, and this was covered with snow that under the moonbeams shone like a sheet of silver, and, not much bigger than mice in the distance, we saw the pack running single file.

"Now, Phil," said Prevost, "we must not center, and not waste our ammunition. I'll lead you against the logs and look out a yard or two, and the dogs will follow, and cat, and will stay around till morning. I never thought to spend New Year's Eve fighting timber wolves." There was no glass in the window, which was merely a hole cut in the logs. A tremendous yelling was heard but was over soon. Our unfortunate dogs were done for, and it was fortunate that we secured Chance in time. He knew what was going on outside, and tried to dash through the window—and now the brutes scented us and halted, all but one sinking into the low brush. I leaned my rifle against the logs and took a long sight and fired and could see the ball making little jumps on the surface of the hard snow, a clean miss. A Sharp's rifle has great penetrating force, but always fires high and for this I did not allow.

We soon discovered what principally attracted the wolves. The body of the dead dog lay not ten feet from the shanty, and no animal either lame or wild makes so strong a scent. Inside of twenty minutes one big fellow, grey on the back, a rare sign of age, made a dash for the body of Reynard and got a goodly bucket that finished him at once. Another tried to do the same, but was broken by a rifle bullet. I was not over ten yards from him. The rest left for the timber thirty yards away and howled dimly. We now resolved to stand guard by turns, as we could not believe that the vicious brutes would storm the shanty. I lay down after building up the fire. How long I slept I can't say, but was awakened by the yelling of the dog and Prevost crying out: "Look out! There's a wolf in the shanty!"

They came! They came! Chance had caught him crawling through the hole and was fighting bravely. We could not shoot: the dog was getting the worst of it, and more. In the scrimmage a bunch of hay was kicked in the fire and the place was ablaze. Fortunately Prevost got hold of the hand-axe and just in time to save our dog, split the wolf's head open, but from a snarl from the brute he had the little finger of his left hand taken off. I had succeeded in putting out the fire and could look around. Chance was moaning with a big wound in the throat. Prevost yelped, and I was amazed at the size of the wolf. It was as large as a New-England dog with teeth three inches long. It was evident that we were fairly besieged, and from the window could see at least a dozen brutes that were excited by the smell of the blood. I killed two and Prevost one, and more than half were five more. It was a long, weary night, my companion's hand was painful and he shared the common belief that a wolf's bite is poisonous, while our poor dog was badly hurt, his fore paw being nearly bitten off, and his throat mangled. Just before daylight, a rush was made from the outside and I killed the last wolf with my head and front legs inside the cabin—hunters believe that these animals sometimes go mad, and this looked like it, but when day broke, with one long howl they left as they came. When we ventured out, besides the one in the cabin three were dead. One with its back broken, snarled at us until a bullet ended its life. There were trails of blood leading to the lake and others must have been wounded, but such is the vitality of these animals that they will carry away a big load of lead.

The fire had burnt up a coat and blanket, but when cost was counted we had quite a load of skins worth not less than \$30. Chance was laid on the sled and after a hurried breakfast a start was made for Freeman's, twenty miles away, in Bradford County. He was a hunter and trapper who lived by his gun and was as much of a savage as any Sioux. He took our dog and promised to mend him, but the poor brute died a few days later.

In the basement of the Bank of England is the barracks wherein half a hundred soldiers are quartered from 7 o'clock every evening until 7 o'clock the next morning for the protection of the bank.

The Compagnie Transatlantique has again brought forward the question of lighting the Atlantic route from Ireland to Newfoundland. It is proposed to moor ten powerful floating lights 200 miles apart, and connected by electric cables.

THOSE SCHEMING CANADIANS.

President Harrison Said to be Preparing a Bill to Secure American Business. A Washington despatch to the New York Times says: Secretary Foster went from the treasury yesterday afternoon to the White House, armed with a report prepared by Assistant Secretary Spaulding, on the question of railroad traffic between the United States and Canada under the consular sealing law of 1864.

The probability is that the President will recommend to Congress the modification of the law of 1864. To say that it cannot be enforced because of the lack of officers at the border would be a very derogatory excuse, and one that would sound ridiculous in view of the acknowledgment that there has never been the loss of a cent of revenue through the sealing law.

The New York Tribune's Washington despatch says: Secretary Foster will send to the President a report on the shipment of goods over Canadian transportation lines to and from the United States, as directed by a House resolution at the last session.

Secretary Foster has given the subject much study and thinks that it would not be wise to interfere with the consular seal traffic originating in the United States and destined to points in the United States.

And an Alleged Toronto Man Likely to Have His Name Disbanded. A Chicago despatch says:—"The 'Crystal Fluid' fake business has been exposed by the police, and a number of arrests and prosecutions will follow.

A Favorable Showing. In a recent article in the Empire on "The importance of Toronto," the following comparison of our population and trade returns is made:—

Table with 3 columns: City, Population, Imports. Toronto: 188,000, \$19,343,000. Baltimore: 434,000, 13,140,000. Buffalo: 255,000, 5,700,000. Detroit: 205,000, 3,127,000. Louisville: 161,000, 426,000. New Orleans: 242,000, 14,600,000. Pittsburgh: 238,000, 566,000. Chicago: 1,099,000, 13,590,000.

The Fate of Salt Lake City. Salt Lake City, so long the abode of the late Brigham Young and his numerous wives, is doomed to be destroyed by an earthquake. This at all events is the opinion of Mr. G. K. Gilbert, one of the best known American geologists.

THE NITRATE KING. A Visit to John T. North, the Richest Man in England. No one knows just how much John T. North is worth. I doubt if he knows himself. He has ventures in nearly every part of the world and his nitrate fields are better than any gold mine in the world.

Both in winter and summer Canada is a most desirable country to live in. Its dry, healthy and invigorating climate is rivalled by a soil which yields every fair fruit, food providing crop and product of the sea found between the 40th and 60th parallels.

THE DEADLY CROSS OF OROUCA. The cross is a threat of death, and the Corsicans who find it draws upon his shanty knows that he must look for no quarter. In certain districts exception is officially made in the case of persons notoriously en etat d'innimite.

AN ENTERPRISING BURGLAR. A professional burglar in Berlin has found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way.

THE NITRATE KING.

No one knows just how much John T. North is worth. I doubt if he knows himself. He has ventures in nearly every part of the world and his nitrate fields are better than any gold mine in the world. One of his most intimate friends told me in London that his expenses every year outside of his business are more than \$500,000, and his income is supposed to be more than \$5,000,000 a year.

During my stay at Col. North's house I took much with me in the family, and after this, chatted with him for some time about himself and other matters. He is now about 50 years old and he weighs, I judge, about 160 pounds. He is about 5 feet 10 inches high. His eyes are blue, his face is rosy, and his hair and whiskers are of a rich red hue.

Shortly before Cyrus W. Field's death, in an interview with him I asked him if he thought that there could be a billionaire in this world. He replied: "I don't know. A billion dollars is a greater sum than the human mind can grasp, but when we have a man like Col. John Thomas North, with the wonderful eye that can see a continent at his back, you can't tell what will happen. I don't know what Col. North is worth, but I am told that his possessions run high into the tens of millions."

While I was in London I heard a number of estimates of Col. North's fortune, and about \$20,000,000, or \$100,000,000. He is wonderfully systematic in his work, and he manages this immense sum with greater ease than Jay Gould did his vast fortune. He has an office in London and he comes to this every day. He has different securities in the different branches of his business, and he gets reports from these every morning and rapidly directs what is to be done concerning them.

I talked with Col. North about the condition of times the world over, and he told me the outlook for good times in the near future was by no means good. Said he: "There is plenty of money in the world, but the people are afraid to invest, and they keep it in their stockings or in the safe deposit boxes. They are buying safe securities which bring no interest, and the outlook for speculative enterprises is bad. The trouble which follows the financial crash at the time of the Baring Bros.' losses is still felt."

What do you think, Col. North, of the chances of young men who want to make fortunes? Are they as good now as they have been in the past? "I can't say as to that," replied Col. North. "This is a big world and its resources have as yet hardly been tapped. Take South America. It is a vast continent, a great part of which is filled with gold and silver, and will in the future add many hundred millions to the wealth of the world. I believe that it is a good field for investment to-day, and the young man who will learn the Spanish language, and who has the right spirit of enterprise and business capacity, can do well there."

THE FATE OF SALT LAKE CITY. Salt Lake City, so long the abode of the late Brigham Young and his numerous wives, is doomed to be destroyed by an earthquake. This at all events is the opinion of Mr. G. K. Gilbert, one of the best known American geologists. The event may not occur for five, fifty, or five thousand years, but sooner or later it must, it appears, be the scene of a great seismic upheaval. The danger seems to Mr. Gilbert to be sufficiently imminent for him to urge upon dwellers in the capital of Mormonism to build "earthquake-proof houses."

THE NITRATE KING. A Visit to John T. North, the Richest Man in England. No one knows just how much John T. North is worth. I doubt if he knows himself. He has ventures in nearly every part of the world and his nitrate fields are better than any gold mine in the world. One of his most intimate friends told me in London that his expenses every year outside of his business are more than \$500,000, and his income is supposed to be more than \$5,000,000 a year.

Both in winter and summer Canada is a most desirable country to live in. Its dry, healthy and invigorating climate is rivalled by a soil which yields every fair fruit, food providing crop and product of the sea found between the 40th and 60th parallels. It aids to physical and intellectual vigor it yields to all—even to the crab and gloomy pessimist in search of an asylum from despair itself. Our winters never bring discomfort, not to speak of famine, whose existence is a periodical and often an annual experience elsewhere.

THE DEADLY CROSS OF OROUCA. The cross is a threat of death, and the Corsicans who find it draws upon his shanty knows that he must look for no quarter. In certain districts exception is officially made in the case of persons notoriously en etat d'innimite. The vendetta neither sleeps nor knows when to stop. It is not confined to two persons. The quarrels of individuals are taken up by whole families. Not even collateral branches are exempt, and women must take their chances with the men. Indeed, revenge is more artistically complete when the blow falls upon the beautiful and gifted. In 1856 one Joseph Antoine injured a girl named Sanfranchi. Thirty years passed and the story was forgotten, but on August 14, 1886, the nephew of Sanfranchi encountered Antoine on perhaps the first occasion he had ventured from his house. He shot the man down like a dog. Threatened persons remain shut up for months, or even years, in their houses built, as all Corsican houses are, like a fortress. If they wish to go out for a moment to breathe the fresh air from the threshold, a scout goes before and reconnoiters. In the district of Sartene bands of armed men are sometimes met with in the road. It is a man ex itinere traveling from one village to another. The vendetta between the Rocchini and the Tafan resulted in the death of eleven persons and the execution of one of the principal criminals. In this extraordinary case two entire families took to the mountains and waged guerrilla war upon each other. Each in turn was assisted by gendarmerie, who had made disgraceful alliance with the bandits in order to effect their arrest.

AN ENTERPRISING BURGLAR. A professional burglar in Berlin has found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor got suspicious, and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information. The result is that the burglar reporter is in safe custody.

CANADA OUR HOME.

Some Characteristics of the Country & Commonwealth of Homes and Families. The patriotic Canadian need never beat a loss for a theme of praise to his own country and people. In all the attributes and features of honest patriotic pride Canada and the Canadians are wealthy, indeed, both by heritage and merit. This land, broad and beautiful beyond comparison with any other home of nationality or citizenship in the world, is conspicuous in equal degree for public welfare and security, by reason of wise laws and free institutions.

Canada is pre-eminently a commonwealth of homes and families. The same persevering purpose which inspired our forefathers to cling to the land when in its native state it yielded little else than promise, is still attracting to the provinces east and west loyal and devoted men and women, who, in the old land, with its regularly recurring years of distress and depression or amid the crude, semi-barbarous democracy which grates the nation to the south of us, cannot find the means or advantages for the making of permanent homes and the rearing of happy and virtuous families. These means and advantages embraced by common public spirit which recognizes in the religious freedom, the most intelligent evidence of Christianity, are the attributes of Canadian patriotic pride.

It is not necessary to tell Canadians who have traveled abroad, and seen the world that no climate is healthier than that of our skies fairer. And this is why it is good for all Canadian men and women to see other countries after having first cultivated that undying love of home which intimacy and youthful associations alone can develop. Our boys and girls enjoy the highest facilities in schools and colleges for the acquisition of book knowledge, but far higher than these are the incentives here given to the study of nature in all her wonderful aspects on land and water. A contributor to a Scottish journal recently stated that the number of artists in Canada is about the reasonable proportion to the possible patronage of the population. That writer obviously did not understand why artists are so many. The grandeur and diversity of Canadian scenery order it thus, irrespective not only of patronage, but of livelihood. The Canadian artist does not go abroad to other lands looking for work for brush or pencil, even though that may mean patronage, if he is a true lover of country and nature. As a rule our Canadian artists are patriotic and therefore they are legion. Nor can it be otherwise in a land of absolutely infinite attraction from the ocean slope of the Pacific across the snow-capped peaks and torrent torn defiles of the Rockies, across the broad and fruitful prairies, across the iron walled side of Superior, across the cultivated farms of Ontario and Quebec, and into that strange survival of the ocean past the unchanging tundra by the Atlantic. Canada is pre-eminently a land of charm for the artist. When its charms have proved themselves as potent with native and foreign travellers Canada will then be the home of art. All in good time.

Both in winter and summer Canada is a most desirable country to live in. Its dry, healthy and invigorating climate is rivalled by a soil which yields every fair fruit, food providing crop and product of the sea found between the 40th and 60th parallels. It aids to physical and intellectual vigor it yields to all—even to the crab and gloomy pessimist in search of an asylum from despair itself. Our winters never bring discomfort, not to speak of famine, whose existence is a periodical and often an annual experience elsewhere. The fog, rain and east winds of Britain and the blizzards of the United States are alike unknown to us. Our winters, on the contrary, mean business activity and bounding life. In city, town and country our people are well clad, well fed, and are always found to enjoy the healthy sports and worldly amusements of well-to-do civilization. Some of God's poor we of course have with us, but whether these are poor by fault or misfortune they are, we believe comparatively speaking, few. In respect to the consumption of food there are no classes in this country. All fare pretty much alike. It is within the grasp of the man in receipt of the most modest wages paid to labor to provide his table with food equal, if not better, than the middle class people of England eat. It is hardly necessary to say that any comparison of the nations of the American continent that there can be little equality of taking to heart the good things that are said by others. Visitors are attracted as much by the frank and friendly character of the people as by their genial smiles and smiling landscapes. Perhaps the skies and the soil influence the national character; of course they do. But nature's gifts ought to be appreciated and preserved, and for that reason Canadians would do well to make known more to all men their honest, rightful pride in their native land. Its soil, climate and institutions are unequalled all the world over. Love of liberty and respect for law are characteristic of the people one and all. In no other land is life as pleasant all the year round. Long may she live.

A Miser With a Vengeance. Here is a story of a miser told by the Roumanian papers, and sent by a Vienna correspondent. A Greek died in the small town of Caracal, having always lived on the aims of his compatriots. Before dying he made his wife swear that she would bury him in the dirty old overcoat which he wore every day. The poor woman had to ask the Greeks of Caracal to help her to provide the costs of the funeral. A good-hearted Greek went to see her in her affliction, and, pointing to the body, said he would give her a better coat to bury the man in. Then she told him of the man's last wish. The Greek, whose suspicions were awakened, told her that she should certainly not part with the body until she had well examined the coat, for there must be some particular reason for the request. The widow unpicked the lining of the overcoat and found 35,000 francs in bank notes which the miser wished to take into the grave with him.

Only eight of the 60,000 Frenchmen who fought under Napoleon at Waterloo are now alive and in France. Queen Victoria since the beginning of her reign, has only signed one death warrant, which was for an execution in the Isle of Man, the Act passed for relieving her Majesty of signing death warrants having by an oversight not included that part of her Majesty's dominions.

Here is the death rate of the world: Every minute 62. Every hour 3,730. Every day 91,554. Every year 33,528,338.

### COL. BOB. ON PROGRESS.

#### THE GREAT INFIDEL'S PLAN FOR IDEAL GOVERNMENT.

His New Lecture Deals With Some Living Issues—Some of His Brilliant Home Thrusts—After All, He is Considerably More Advanced Than His Party.

Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll's ideas of government, as set forth in his latest lecture—"Progress"—are interesting, if not altogether original. He reaches the subject by easy stages, first tracing the development of man from the prehistoric period down to the present time to show the necessity of the changes he contemplates.

"Our ancestors," says the Colonel, "lived in dens and caves, subsisting on roots and herbs that they could dig and gnaw. They were a tribe above the beasts of the wilderness. But people hold up their hands in horror because cannibals have eaten one another. According to my opinion that is the best way man has ever lived upon his fellow-men."

"The plow and the sickle were the first tools of man. Then came the wheel. I consider the wheel one of the greatest inventions of the human brain. Invention has done more for man than wealth. The men who deserve the laurels in our century are the inventors, the discoverers, the thinkers."

"If I were to found a State I would not permit every man over 21 years of age to vote, but each family would have a vote, and the home should be the unit in the Government. The danger of the Republic to-day is that millions of men who have no interest in the Government, but who are political Bedouins of the desert, blown by veering breezes from one party to another."

"I do not believe it is for the interest of the country to have any one man to own more land than he can use. I would fix by law the amount of land one man could hold. If he refused to sell I would put it in the hands of any man who wanted a home to buy a certain number of acres."

"I would exempt from sale for debt every home, and from taxation by city, town, State or nation. Let the fortunate pay the taxes. What we want now is absolutely free thought. In these things a person must do one of three things—sell what he thinks, keep still or lie. I find that the respectable thing to do is to lie."

"All that is said and done there is but one crime—cruelty, and one virtue—generosity. All others merge into these. Whenever we do something cruel we breed some horror that carries death in its trail. Society raises its own criminals. We will find in time that there will be no more crime than for a man for a crime than for a disease. Society must find a remedy. It will not send a man to prison for so many days or years, but to a reformatory to stay until cured. And let our best and greatest and most splendid men have charge of these institutions."

"I wish there were a power that would instantly paralyze a hand raised against an innocent man. I would like to have that power myself for a few weeks. The thing would get around the country in a week."

The lecture is interspersed with bright sayings, of which the following are selections:

"When a man is very rich he generally has all the diseases money can buy."

"Nations are like puzzleists. One says to the other: 'I am greater than you because I can lick you.' Force has been the standard of greatness."

"Maternity is the tenderest and holiest of words. This word alone should be enough to civilize mankind."

#### Running Water's Power.

Formerly the Canadian side of the Niagara Falls was U-shaped, which caused the name Horseshoe Falls to be given it. For the last ten or a dozen years, however, that side of the fall has been V-shaped instead of U-shaped, the change being caused by a wearing away of the ledge over which the waters pour. On January 4, 1899, a great displacement of rocks again took place and now the Canadian side of the cataract is again known as "Horseshoe Falls." It is pretty generally known that the Falls of Niagara are moving to the south. A deep cut through the solid rock marks the course they have taken in their backward march. It is a wonderful excavation, a mighty canal dug out by the sheer force of falling water. Not less astonishing is the removal of all this debris. The rocks have been thoroughly pulverized and swept out into Lake Ontario. Once it was believed that the fall would ultimately wear back to Lake Erie and degenerate into a second-class rapids.

The latest idea is that the fall will recede two miles further to the southward and then stop still; that is as far as the backward tendency is concerned. The cause of this will be that at that point a solid foundation for the limestone ledge over which the waters pour will be found. Two miles of a wearing back will make the falls only eighty feet in height, instead of 160, as at present.

#### An Incurable Man.

In time to come Gen. Saussier, the military governor of Paris, is likely to be remembered by France with pride and affection in connection with the present crisis. Agents of the Count of Paris have hinted at a dual or princely title and enormous revenues that would be the result of treachery on the part of Gen. Saussier to the Republic, and while the hints have not been uttered directly to Gen. Saussier care has been taken that they would reach him. But he is removable in his fidelity to duty. He is not a strong Republican in his sympathies, but he is thoroughly faithful to his lawful superiors and it is not doubtful that he will obey their orders to the letter. The knowledge of this fact makes the Government feel secure against any attempt at insurrection from whatever source the attempt may be made.

When the battle waged thickest around President Carnot's head, and his downfall seemed likely, Gen. Saussier was mentioned as his successor. The General promptly went to President Carnot, and said he was in no sense a candidate for the Presidency, and assured him of a readiness to call out the troops at a moment's notice to suppress any insurrection.

Without Gen. Saussier's fidelity and the discipline of the troops in his command, Paris would have been bathed in blood days ago and it is quite probable that the Government would have been overthrown.

### ICE-BOATING ON TORONTO BAY.

#### An Exciting Though Perilous Pastime that is Very Popular.

The lightning-like swoop of the toboggan with all its danger and excitement is nothing when compared with the swift mile-a-minute rush of an ice-boat on Toronto Bay. And yet, despite the perils that encompass this great winter sport, it is growing in popularity quite as rapidly as the Queen City of Canada grows in population and commercial greatness.

Readers generally are familiar with the skate-like construction of an ice-boat. More than once this form of skiff has been pictured.

The ice-boat fleet on Toronto Bay is a very large one and the situation of the harbor is peculiarly suited to the formation of a comparatively smooth sheet of ice and plenty of it. On ordinary days there are scores of ice-boats scurrying hither and thither and the scene is strikingly characteristic of the Canadian people. Since Edward Hanlan, the champion oarsman, has settled down to comparative quiet in his Toronto home he has taken an abiding interest in ice-boating, and his chief delight is to unchain his steel-shod flyer and take his American visitors for a spin. Eddie Durnan (Hanlan's nephew), who is looked upon by Hanlan as the champion oarsman of the world, is also a skillful pilot and can round an air-hole when he sees it with as much skill as an ordinary skater can. There are many others who practice ice-boating on the Bay who are equally ready with the sails and oars whose tender mercies the novice may safely entrust himself without first making his will, although the latter is always a wise and proper precaution.

Ice-boating is particularly adapted for just such winter weather as we have been treated to since late in December, when the temperature is down almost to the lowest peg, when the wind is blowing at the rate of 30 miles an hour and the air is filled with frosty flakes as fine as dust, then is the time to indulge in the glorious sport. To be warmly dressed is of first importance. Bundling up well in furs and woollens serves a double purpose sometimes. One is then partially protected from the piercing air which penetrates the thickest of furs, and providing there is a collision or other accident one is less liable to be broken bones. With a gale blowing, and good ice, an ice-boat's speed is simply terrific, and when this is cut short by accident, the occupants are hurled as from a catapult.

Happily, there are few of these accidents. Once in a while a boat drives into a hole in the ice and those following are likewise precipitated into the cold embrace of the icy water, but this does not often happen, and there is so much joyous exhilaration, so much genuine sport in this northern pastime that people brave the dangers take the chances, and live.—Buffalo Express.

#### CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

##### The Imprint of a Human Face Fixed Upon a Baby's Hand.

The little hamlet of Roseburg, S. C., is to the fore with a curiosity which is ahead of all others. This is a 3-week-old baby whose right hand bears the imprint of a human face. The face occupies nearly the whole palm, says the Philadelphia Times, and is as clearly outlined as if drawn on porcelain. It is the countenance of a little child about 3 years old lying asleep, with the eyelashes drawn in fine dark lines on the full cheeks. The mouth seems to be slightly parted and the lips are delicately tinted. The baby whose palm contains this singular portrait is the child of Clarke Osborne, a thriving merchant of Roseburg, and Mrs. Osborne declares that the face in the infant's palm is that of a little girl she lost about three months before the baby's birth. Relatives and intimate friends also profess to be able to see a strong resemblance to the dead child.

When the baby was first put in its mother's arms she looked at the hands, and, with a loud cry, fainted away, but on coming to herself exhibited the little creature's hands to the attendants, who saw at once the strange likeness to the dead and gone sister. Mrs. Osborne was at first much frightened over the singular circumstance, but at last became convinced that this strange portrait was sent to comfort her. Physicians say, however, that the mother's carcases of the dead child impressed the unborn infant, who merely repeated her mental pictures of the little girl as she last beheld it.

The image on the palm was much clearer the first few days of the infant's life than now, and it is thought to be gradually fading away. The family are very sensitive on the subject and have refused to show the child except to relatives and most intimate friends, but a dime museum manager has already made propositions which have been declined.

#### A Mad Ride.

Capt. A. Wheeler and engineer Lytle took a steamer through the Cataract Canyon of Colorado River the other day, a feat never before attempted and heretofore deemed impossible. The boat was the twin-screw launch Major Powell, built at Green River, Utah, to be used in transporting passengers to the San Juan gold field.

The Captain and engineer donned cork jackets and threw fenders over the gunwales. When Cataract Canyon was reached the engines were reversed, but the launch fairly flew along, being quickly veered to port or starboard and barely missing great jagged rocks. After passing through nine miles of seething chidrens it had smooth sailing for a few miles, and with an ever increasing velocity went down one of the maddest torrents ever attempted by pilot.

Twelve miles below, in a comparatively insignificant rapid, a snag caught the port propeller, breaking two blades. The launch swung to the left, striking a big rock and stove the bows badly. She was safely beached and will be repaired.—New York World.

#### A Costume of Rattlesnake Skin.

Peter Gruber, the Rattlesnake King of Venango County, has had made the most unique costume any man ever wore. It consists of coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes and shirt, and is made entirely of the skins of rattlesnakes. Seven hundred snakes, all caught and skinned by Gruber during the past five years, provided the material for this novel costume. To preserve the brilliancy and flexibility of the skins in the greatest possible degree, the snakes were skinned alive, first being made unconscious by chloroform. They were then tanned by a method peculiar to Gruber, and are as soft and elastic as woolen goods. The different articles for this outfit were made by Oil City tailors, shoemakers and hatters, and the costume is valued at \$1,000.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

### East Huron Schools.

Inspector Robb handed in to the county council an elaborate report of the public schools of East Huron, from which we take the following notes: There are 86 school corporations in this inspectorate and 88 school houses. These are classed as follows:—Brick, 28; stone, 8; frame, 56; and one log. The estimated value of the school houses and grounds is \$103,270; of furniture and equipment, \$18,995.

During the year 896 trees were planted. A very neat brick school house was built in school section No. 18, Howick, costing \$519.

There were 8,240 pupils enrolled in the schools of this division during 1892. Of these 4,248 were boys and 3,992 girls.

There are 1,466 in the first part of the first book; 1030 in part second; 1,424 in the second book; 1967 in the third book; 2047 in the fourth book and 866 in the fifth book. 3,541 study music; 1,762 Temperance and Hygiene; 392 book keeping and 406 agriculture. All these in the fifth class have passed the entrance examination into the High School, but have returned to the Public School. In nearly every case they are better at the Public School for one year after passing the Entrance than to go at once to a High School.

The average salary of the male teachers in the townships, is \$378; in the villages, \$550 and in the towns, \$759. The average salary of the female teachers for townships, \$276; for villages \$272 and for towns, \$298. During the past three years there has been a steady decline in the salaries of male teachers and a slight increase in the salaries of female teachers. Whether it be for weal or woe, female teachers are slowly, but surely displacing male teachers. If they do men's work as well as men, they should receive men's pay.

Many pupils from Howick write on the Entrance Examination in the county of Wellington. The great attraction being a gold and two silver medals granted every year to those who take the three places at this examination. For many years candidates from Howick have secured two or three of these medals. Last year Howick secured three.

### Huron County Council.

The county council met in Goderich last week, all the members being present except the Reeve of west Wawanosh. Joseph Griffin, reeve of Ashfield, was chosen warden without opposition.

Dr. Ure, of Goderich; Dr. Shaw, of Clinton; and Dr. Smith, of Seaforth, were made trustees of the Collegiate Institutes in their respective towns.

Mr. Wm. Coats, of Clinton was elected auditor. The warden appointed W. G. Duff, Seaforth, the other auditor.

The following committees were struck: Executive—Messrs. Milne, Kay, Girvin, Kennedy, Sparling, N. H. Young, McPherson, McEwan, Scott.

Finance—Messrs. Rollins, Proudfoot, Ferguson, Bedcom, Malloy, Woods, Brockenshire, Benneweise, McLean, Cook, Cox, McMarchie, Eilber, McDonald, Watson, Kydd, Shepherd.

Road and Bridge—Messrs. Ratz, Graham, Gibson, Torrance, Oliver, Howe, Turnbull, Taylor, Cruikshank.

Education—Messrs. Mooney, Kerr, McKay, Shiel, Chambers, Geiger, Stewart.

County Property—Messrs. Sanders, Spackman, Sherratt, Evans, Dames.

Warden's Committee—Messrs. Sanders, Kydd, Eilber, Cox, Milne.

Special—Cook, Rollins, Girvin, Holt, McEwan.

Mr. Cook introduced a motion to amend a motion made last year, by authorizing the executive committee to inspect the mortgages held by the Treasurer and report on the same to the Council. This caused a long debate the present regulations being that only the warden, treasurer and clerk examine and decide on applications for loans, but the amendment was lost on a division. On the following day the matter was again brought up and thoroughly discussed and Mr. Cook's proposition was this time carried out and all county mortgages will hereafter be subject to inspection by the council's committee.

The balance of the business will be published next week.

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

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

Barkwell's Bronchial Balsam will cure any cough, cold, bronchitis or asthma. For sale by N. McLaughlin, druggist, Gorrie.

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

### Lines

#### To the memory of the late John Ferguson, of Orange Hill.

We mourn the loss of a loving son, Of a Brother true and kind, Who's gone before to the better land, And left us here behind.

We miss from our circle a faithful friend, A young Eriton noble and brave, And sad were our hearts as we lowered his form Into his new-made grave.

No more will we see his stalwart form Enter the house of God; For his Spirit now dwells with saints above While his body lies 'neath the sod.

No more will the tear-drop start from his eye, Or his body be racked with pain, Grieve not then, dear parents, nor weep for your boy, For your loss is his "infinite gain."

He has met his brother who, a year ago, Was felled by the Monster Grim; Now they dwell with the Savior in heaven above Far from this world of sin.

Then we mourn not as those that have no hope, For he gave evidence bright and clear, That God had pardoned his many sins, And of death he had no fear.

We know not, O Lord, who next will be called To join with the silent throng; Then help us like him to be prepared To sing the glad victor's song.

That whatever may come—either life or death—Long illness or sudden decease We may from this world of sorrow pass home, To meet him in mansions of peace.

A SCHOOL MATE.

### BORN.

On the 29th inst., the wife of Mr. James Sutherland, Gorrie, of a daughter.

### Upon Receipt of Postal Card

with your name and address, we will forward you Agents' Outfit and

### Our Great Premium List

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE THIS LIST OF HANDSOME PRIZES, WHICH ARE GIVEN IN MANY CASES BELOW COST.

### We Want Agents

IN EVERY LOCALITY. WRITE EARLY. This is a chance for the Young Folk.

THE GLOBE, Toronto. WEEKLY GLOBE, balance 1893 FREE.

### Dulmage,

1893

IS HERE TO STAY! The thermometer readings it is giving shows us that. Some long-haired individual predicted 1893 as an eventful year.

The sum of the figures is 21, or three 7s, hence something will happen. Our hard freeze will count on. There was a man in the north part of the township who lied about the weather a few days ago. It has been cold, no doubt, and some hard records have been broken, but this individual stated that one day last week in Toronto it was 100° below zero, that a train had frozen to the track from the water escaping from the tender, that pedestrians froze stiff on the streets and were stood up against the buildings like mummies.

### BUT We prefer facts

and reasonable information.

Long Profits are gone and we merchants must, by economy and careful buying, try and make ends meet. In CASHMERE and other English goods we buy from import samples, thus only the goods ordered are imported, making a saving of about 15 per cent.

That's why we have Black and Colored Cashmeres so cheap. By combinations of purchases direct I will sell cheaper than ever the coming season.

Great Bargains now in what Winter Goods that are left over from last fall's purchases. Any advantage in careful buying is given my customers.

DRIED APPLES and MINK SKINS wanted. Also.....SILVER!!

### Lakelet.

# Fred Donaghy

## Regent House, Fordwich,

### General Merchandize for the Christmas trade.

Is Showing a Grand Stock of  
And in Order to Catch the Crowd,  
Prices have been Marked down to cost, for the next Thirty days.

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

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

Complete stock of Seasonable and fresh groceries always on Hand.

### Bargains Every Day

Come and Get them.

## Fordwich Hardware Store.

# Hunter & Henry's

OUR HARDWARE STOCK has been enlarged to a great extent and is replete in all lines.

Having secured the services of Mr. GEO. RUSSELL, of Wingham, as tinmith, we are prepared to do all kinds of Repairs on the shortest notice.

GIVE US A CALL. (Successors to Darby Bros.)

## A. B. Allison,

DEALER IN

Groceries,

Confections,

Canned Goods.

Pastry.

Toys,

Notions,

Oysters,

Biscuits,

Notions, Etc.