

Local Matters.

Farmers don't feel happy over the probable price of hay. It will be so cheap as scarcely to reward a man for the labor its production costs him.

Returned.—Mr. Alex. Adams, delegate from Woodville Lodge, I.O.O.F., to the Grand Lodge, which has been in session in Hamilton during the past week, returned on Saturday evening last.

Removed to the Asylum.—Mary McDougall and Catherine McCuaig were last Tuesday removed by Mr. Jackson to the London asylum for the insane. —Post.

The Orillia Firemen's excursion to Meaford, yesterday, was largely patronized from this neighbourhood. A very pleasant time was spent by the excursionists and the trip across the Bay was much enjoyed.

Disgraceful.—Some young men of this place took a jar containing about five gallons of whiskey from a buggy which was standing in the "Eldon House" shed. The affair however was settled.

Quite a sensation was caused on Friday last by the appearance of a finely painted waggon on our streets, driven by the agent for "Green Mountain Balsam," from Clifton, Ont. After billing the town he left.

The party stealing our melons will please call on us, and receive a slight token of our appreciation. We had no idea that melons could be grown in this vicinity, and were simply experimenting. We would like to know how a Woodville melon tastes, anyway.

Midland Railway.—The steamship Antolia has arrived at Montreal with a full cargo of steel rails for the Midland Railway, which the Grand Trunk Railway will forward to Port Pope at once, it being the intention to steel the whole of the Midland Railway as rapidly as possible.

Upset.—As Mr. G. J. Smith, was driving west on King street, with a threshing machine, on Tuesday evening, the horses got frightened going down hill opposite Mr. Nesbitt's residence, and ran away, upsetting the machine across the road and doing considerable damage.

Improvements.—The Odd Fellows' Hall has been undergoing some much needed repairs and improvements. Mr. McSweyn has added a large and commodious ante-room to the rear, and he intends re-carpeting the Hall. The ante-room was much needed, and will add much to the comfort of those assembling in the rooms.

Personals.—Mr. A. J. Sinclair, our Toronto correspondent, paid us a visit on Monday. He is spending a few days with his friends in this locality. . . . Mr. Angus Fairbairn, the great Scotch Vocalist, is in town, and staying with Mr. David Sides. We hope Mr. Fairbairn will make arrangements to give us a concert at an early date.

Newspapers are the merchant's best salesmen. They enter almost every dwelling, and while imparting the latest intelligence, foreign and domestic, local and provincial, they silently, yet forcibly, solicit patronage for each advertiser. With thousands of these, our home salesmen travelling through the country every week, who can estimate their potent aid to business prosperity.

Some girls in Berlin, were attacked at the church door by a mouse and driven away.—Exchange. What kind of a church do they have there in Berlin that no young men are stationed at the door to protect young ladies from mice? At our church in Woodville there is always a strong guard of admiring young men standing on each side of the entrance for this very purpose.

Accident.—On Wednesday last the youngest child of Mr. E. Wendt, met with a painful accident, by being scalded with hot tea. The child was standing by the table while a girl was pouring out the tea; her attention being called elsewhere, she was not looking at what she was doing, and poured the tea on the head of the child. The boiling fluid ran over the scalp and down the forehead inflicting a most painful burn.

Accident.—Willie McSweyn, son of Mr. P. McSweyn, met with a curious accident a short time ago. While playing croquet with his brother, a slight misunderstanding arose which resulted in the former attempting to pick up the ball, which his brother resented by striking at it with his mallet when Master W's finger coming between the mallet and ball he received a sharp blow. The finger swelled, but little attention was paid to the matter, until a few days ago, when the bones of the finger seeming to protrude in a peculiar manner, the boy was taken to Dr. McKay who pronounced the finger broken. The Dr. set the joint and the finger is rapidly healing.

We have before us the first number of a good looking, handsomely clothed, thoroughly interesting and intelligent candidate for public favor in the shape of a weekly newspaper, "The Cosmopolite" hailing from Sioux City, Iowa, D. H. Talbot being manager and proprietor. The new venture enters the field with every recommendation necessary to secure success. It is evidently written with a sharp and fearless pen and in the best interests of the people. We wish it a long and prosperous career.

We have received a copy of the annual Report of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. This institution, which according to the report is in a very flourishing condition, is held in great esteem by the ladies of Ontario, a fact demonstrated by the large number of pupils enrolled. The College is supplied with the most able teachers to be procured in Canada, and fully merits the high position it occupies among our educational institutions.

That Sidewalk.—When is the new sidewalk, for which the lumber has been ready for the past two months to be laid, or is it to be laid this season at all? The sidewalk between the Eldon House and A. C. Campbell's, store is becoming positively dangerous, especially after dark, and steps should be taken immediately either to have the old one repaired or the new one put down. What with protruding nails, broken boards, and holes, it is wonderful that some severe accident has not occurred before this.

FALL SHOWS.

Brock Township, at Sunderland, Monday and Tuesday, September 29th and 30th.

Port Perry, Tuesday, September 30th, and Wednesday, October 1st.

North Brock, at Cannington, Wednesday and Thursday, October 1st and 2nd.

North Ontario, at Uxbridge, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 7th and 8th.

South Victoria, at Lindsay, Wednesday and Thursday, October 8th and 9th.

South Ontario, at Whitby, on September 18th and 19th.

North Victoria, at Victoria Road Station, on Tuesday, September 30th.

Eldon Township, at Woodville, on Friday, 10th October.

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of Correspondents. —E.O.

FOR THE ADVOCATE.

THAT DINNER.

Have you ever indulged, gentle reader, in the luxurious reverie of a good country dinner? Away from the conventionality of city hum, the purgatorial offices of officious attendants, and the invincible yet eternal odour which ever clings like departed spirits on the grave of its predecessors. Away in the pure sequestered spots, where blows the freshening breeze of health, where blossoms sweet breath out there rich perfume and flowers of a thousand hues bedeck the face of nature. What blissful visions of cozyness spring from the pregnant thought, what ideals of snowy linen rise in perspective, while mountains of rich delicacies so crowd the festive board it fairly groans beneath the weight, the spotless cleanliness and easy grace of the presiding Martha who moves with noiseless tread, preparing for the hungry soul, like a presiding angel. Such were some of my mental anticipations as I calmly waited for dinner at the city of Glenarm. I confess I had closed my eyes on the real and tangible, and my olfactory organs to the smellable, as the front of the Hotel was possessed with swine, which from their horrid appearance needed but a slight connection to ally them to their ancient brethren—possessed with devils. The burning heat of a noonday sun extracted their natural aroma in an intense degree, but to an hungry man "Otto de Swine" serves but to aggravate the pangs of hunger, and by a process of mysterious metaphysics actually promises a "swinoligious" appetite. Forty minutes of mental anxiety; forty minutes of culinary meditations, which in their profundity would have unseated a modern Toyer, then amidst the solemn pomp and uncertain sound of a cracked bell—accompanied by a well organized curve of the landlord's backbone—I was ushered into the august presence of the dining-room. Was it a dream? Well might I tremble as on a barbarous chair I took my seat. A dream indeed—far worse, a base delusion and a snare, a horrid fact. Shall I ever forget the pang of horror which took possession of my inward parts while gazing on this solemn mockery of dinner? Will that unclean vision of vile discolored linen ever fade from my memory? In unutterable agony I gazed upon the funeral procession, led off by the cruet stand undertaker, containing some vile vinegar, blue-crested mustard, and diabolical salt; the corpse, a piece of spotted pork anointed by a fried egg, the pall bearers six plates containing three biscuits each, arranged three on a side, while my own long serious face did duty as chief mourner. Calmly reflecting on the gravity of the position I advanced cautiously and made a flank movement on the spotted pork,

which the knife went through with that peculiar thud which is constantly heard on the cutting board of a shoemaker. The taste by no means belied the appearance, for by a delicate perception I readily believe it had been fried in a vessel where the tears of a generation of its predecessors remained—unwashed. The crushing defeat of the pork accomplished, my attention was directed to the solitary fried egg, its co-partner in misery, while I carefully turned it round for inspection the possible question of gender of this impossible looking article presented itself as a subject worthy of consideration; was it masculine, feminine or neuter? Could I by any process of reasoning pronounce the latter, the subject would have received instant dismissal, but ever and anon came the poser, which? Fired into mental activity, my cranium fairly bristled with the pro and con of the case, while certain ancient theories of rooster's eggs, inherited by tradition from my ancestors, vaguely floated on my mental horizon. The colour was unusually deep, the taste remarkably strong, while the yolk was soft and flaccid. All at once, as by the spirit of revelation, light dawned upon the subject, and this is my solution. What need for forty minutes delay in the preparation of this disgraceful meal? That vile girl had in the atrocity of her diabolical heart most unmercifully chased that poor hen through the fence, and up and down the yard, with a broom, for the space of thirty-five minutes, to produce an evolution of nature—the arrival of that identical egg. No wonder it tasted strong. I don't believe there was breath enough left in the girl, or the hen, to give a thanksgiving cackle. I have watched with astonishment the process of steam hatching, but never before witnessed the result of express laying; so I gazed in wondering admiration at the latest scientific novelty, but—I didn't eat it. Hunger, truly, needs no sauce, but it craves satisfaction. As a last resort I came down like an avalanche on the biscuit pall-bearers, but it was a dead sell as they were as crisp as Egyptian mummies and about as tasteless. Frustrated at every point I was compelled as an act of religious duty to take up a collection. Solemnly rising from my chair I proceeded to deposit the pall-bearers under their respective plates, gracefully turned over the scientific egg on the spotted pork, artistically securing the latter by a three-pronged fork, amalgamated the vile vinegar and blue-crested mustard, distributed indiscriminately the salt of the earth, shook the same off my feet as a testimony against them, paid a quarter to the landlord, whipped up my team and departed from my first and last dinner at the city of Glenarm. J. T. H.

FENELON FALLS.

On Wednesday night, a little after 12 o'clock, a small frame house on Murray street, owned by Mr. Louis Lalabertie and occupied by Mr. George Vancleiff, caught fire from some unknown cause, and the flames had made such headway before Mrs. Vancleiff awoke and gave the alarm, that the family, consisting of the parents and two children had barely time to escape in their night-clothes. As that part of the village is thinly settled, Mr. F. Sandford was the only neighbor at the fire soon enough to render any assistance; and so few knew of it that not more than a dozen were present at any time. The house was insured, we are told, for \$300 but there was no insurance on the contents, about half of which were destroyed with the dwelling. The fire broke out in the kitchen, and there is a rumor that it was caused by lightning; but we have not been able to learn that there is any evidence that such was the case.

One day last week a little boy between seven and eight years of age, son of Mr. John T. Thompson of this village fell from the fence in front of his father's house to the sidewalk and put the elbow of his right arm out of joint. It was not at first thought that he was much hurt; but as the injured limb swelled a great deal and was very painful, Dr. Wilson was called in next morning and soon discovered what was the matter. The patient having been put under the influence of chloroform, which was administered by Mr. John Nugent, the dislocated joint was set, and the little fellow will soon be playing about again; but the accident will probably be a caution to him against climbing fences any more.—Gazette.

CARDEN.

The Carden Roman Catholic congregation intend holding a picnic in Laidlaw's Grove, South West Bay, Balsam Lake, on Thursday next, 28th inst. A large attendance is expected.

MISS JULIA HOLMAN, the operatic actress, died in London, on Sunday evening.

The New York Herald is still on the scent of A. T. Stewart's body, said to be in Montreal.

DIED.

At his late residence, Lot 13th, Con 3rd, Eldon, on Thursday, 7th inst., Mr. John McEachern, aged 43 years.



A LARGE STOCK OF PURE TEAS

—AT—
D. McLEOD'S,

Sign of the "Bee Hive,"
Which he is Selling at a Great Bargain.

GROCERIES
Of all Descriptions,
CONFECTIONERY
In Endless Variety.
CAKES, &C.

Remember the place—next door to the "Northern Hotel."

D. McLEOD.

G. B. Fotheringham,

GENERAL

LOAN AND INSURANCE

—AGENT—

MONEY TO LOAN.

Corner King and Church Streets.

WOODVILLE.

WOODVILLE

Boot and Shoe Store!

Pay us a visit. You all know that for

CUSTOM WORK!

I am not to be excelled either in:

Fit, Material, or Workmanship.

OUR PRICES ARE TO SUIT THE TIMES, AND OUR GOODS TO SUIT YOU.

SEWED WORK A SPECIALTY.

ROD. CAMPBELL

ARCH. CAMPBELL

WANTED!

HARDWARE.

500 Feet to Supply
with Boots and Shoes.

Grain Cradles,
Hay Forks, Rakes,
Scythes, Hoes

CALL AND SEE MY

NEW STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes,

BARLEY FORKS!

AND ALL KINDS OF

HARVEST

TOOLS

which I have just purchased

—ATA—

GREAT

REDUCTION

MACHINE OILS!

on cost, and can consequently
sell very cheap.

COAL OIL A SPECIALTY. 20c
PER GALLON.

FULL LINES!

—in all the—

LATEST STYLES!

PAINTS,

WARNISHES,

OILS,

BRUSHES,

A Large Variety of Ladies' Frunellas, Cheap.

All kinds of Hardware

WOODVILLE HARDWARE EMPORIUM