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Real Beauties, at figures that will surprise you.

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Carpet Rockers!

Just arrived to be trimmed to your order.

We have more of those handsome **Bedroom Suites** that are giving so much satisfaction and pleasure, to be sold at close prices.

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County News.

Mr. Wm. Harvey, an old an respected resident of Proton, died at Hopeville on the 19th Sept. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his death.—*Dundalk Herald.*

A youthful Dundalk hunter aimed his loaded gun at a pigeon in a tree, one day recently. The pigeon became curious, flew down on the youth's shoulders and proceeded to investigate matters generally. The young hunter dropped his gun in astonishment, when the pigeon flew off into the depths of the forest.

While Mr. Wm. Middaugh, of Melancthon was drawing a load of hay along the back line near Corbetton last week, one of his horses stepped on a burning stick by the roadside where bush fires were raging, and turning quickly, upset the hay into the fire and it was burned up.—*Dundalk Herald*

Mr. Daniel Sullivan, a wealthy Irish Catholic farmer of Albion township, has presented Rev. Father Jeffcott, the popular parish priest of the Roman Catholic congregation here, with a fine horse worth about $150. Most christians think they are doing well if they give a few beggarly dollars a year to the church to which they belong, but Dan. Sullivan does not deserve to be mentioned with that class.—*Orangeville Post.*

Miss Mittie Frane organized a Women's Christian Temperance Union in Dundalk a couple of weeks ago, with Mrs. Newell, wife of the Editor and Proprietor of the *Herald*, as President. Mrs. Newell is spoken of as a very energetic and eminently practical Temperance lady.

South Grey fair was a success.

On Sunday morning last at Silverbrook, Mrs. Henry White, one of the first settlers of Mulmur. passed to the other world. She was well known and much respected. She was the motherof a large family, two of which resides in Shelburne, Robt. and Thomas. Her remains were interred in the Whitfield cemetery on Monday.—*Shelburne Free Press.*

Shelburne village council granted $25 to the Gravenhurst sufferers last week. Good act.

The C. P. R. Co. intend building a million bushel elevator at Owen Sound.

The Thornbury *News* is of opinion, that the Great Northern Exhibition held at Collingwood recently, "was not nearly up to thrt of last year."

Thornbury wants a High School.

Orangeville grain buyers use "grain tests" and now a big storm is brewing among the neighboring farmers.

The rain on Monday formed a pool on Water Street, owing to there being no proper vent for the gutter, whereupon a wag posted a notice on the telegraph post:—"No fishing or boating allowed here."—*Owen Sound Times.*

Mr. Wm. Robertson, of the parlor boot and shoe store, made an assignment on Monday for the benefit of his creditors. Carrying too large a stock these dull times was the cause of his failure.—*Mt. Forest Representative*

Mr. H. H. Stovel, formerly of Mount Forest and now of Winnipeg, has launched out as publisher of a neat little 8-page monthly, called *The North-West Baptist.* We wish friend Stovel success.

While threshing at his own farm on Saturday, Mr. Alex. Chilton of Normanbn, 1st Lieut. of No. 5 volunteer company had the misfortune to get the second finger of his left hand caught in a knuckle of the machine, resulting in the finger being so badly crushed that it had to be amputated at the second joint. On receiving the injury Mr. Chilton drove to Mt. Forest and had the wound dressed.—*Mt. Forest Representative.*

The conundrum fiend dropped in the other day and asked us why a perambulator was like a Collingwood bed. We gave it up and he explained that it was "because it was a little buggy." The funeral was strictly private.—*Meaford Mirror.*

License Inspector Campbell of Thornbury raided Condy's Temperance hotel at Kimberley a week ago Monday. It is reported that he found a quantity of whisky in one of the bedrooms. The case has been placed in the hands of justices Gilray and Stuart and the trial will take place at the office of the latter at Kimberley tomorrow (Saturday.)—*Meaford Mirror.*

The Thornbury *Standard* is in favor of annexation pure and simple with the United States.

The exhibit of articles at our Fall show in Clarksburg was ahead of any former year, there being over 2000 entries. The show of fruit and vegetables was not up to last year, no doubt caused by the long continued dry weather. In grain, cereals, &c., the show this year was up to any former year. In domestic manufactures the show was excellent.—*Thornbury Standard.*

Durham Presbyterian ladies have just sent a chest of clothes—valued at $100—to the North-West, for distribution among the Indians out there.

Constable Noble, of Markdale, was in town on Saturday with a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Luke on the charge of stealing a horse from Mr. Hannah of Flesherton Station. It seems that Mr. Hannah drove over to Markdale on Friday, accompained by a little girl. He went into one of the hotels and left the girl sitting in the buggy to wait for him. In a short time Mr. Luke came along and told the girl to go in and get warmed and he would hold the horse. She did so and he drove off with the horse. Not turning up a warrant was got out for his arrest, but he has not been seen since. The horse was found out in the country where it was left by Mr. Luke who had no intention of stealing it but merely drove it off for a joke.—*Durham Chronicle.* Mr. Luke denies having had anything to do with "spiriting away" Mr. Hanna's horse and rig.

Mysterious Murder!

Correspondence of The Advance.

MIDDLETON, ONT., Sep. 25.—One of the most heartless murders ever published, was committed a little over a mile east of Stewart Station this morning, judging from circumstances, about 2:30 a. m. The night watch-man of Mink Tunnel, while performing his duties, discovered evidence of a terrible struggle in the sand by the side of the track about seven a. m. In his own words: "About two o'clock this morning two half-breed Indians came to my stack and asked for matches, which I gave them, after which they went away. I noticed they went west, but not having any suspicions of their purpose, I did not pay any further attention to them. About seven o'clock, I went out and walked about half a mile west, when I discovered evidence of a terrible struggle in the sand. There was a lot of blood on the sand and stones by the side of the track, and some on the rails.

Looking over the bank, I found the dead body of a half-breed, lying face downward about ten feet from the bank, fearfully mangled—almost past recognition. About the face and head he was so badly disfigured, that I could not say as to whether he was one of the men who were at my stack or not." The murderer is still at large, but strong suspicion points to a certain half-breed Indian named Louie Moses. As to this there is no certainty, but public sentiment is of opinion that the country would be well rid of him. The object of the crime is difficult to determine. It certainly could not have been robbery, although the fact that he had just purchased a new pair of boots and a hat and that they are both gone would suggest that opinion, impossible as it seems. He was said to have been a very quiet and well-behaved half-breed, which would indicate that it was by no act of his that he got into the row, unless as is supposed, that whiskey had something to do with it, which is probable, as he, in company with others, where known to have sold some fish to a dealer at Peninsula Station yesterday. They probably got liquor there. Arrangements have been made for the holding of an inquest. Until then, the case will be wrapped in mystery.

I may further add that I was down at Stewart Station and saw the body of the murdered man. It was a terrible sight.

Cause and Effect.

A few months ago there was an addition to the family of Colonel Percy Yerger, on which occasion Mrs. Yerger's mother, a venerable lady, spent several weeks with the family.

A few days ago Mrs. Yerger received a letter from her mother to the effect that she intended to make another visit.

"Is grandma comin' again?" asked little Tommy, making a disgusted face.

"Yes, Tommy"

"Oh, Lord, that means another squalling baby in the house," sighed Tommy, thinking of the previous visit of the old lady.

An Admiring Little Wife.

Henry George—"My dear, this steak is burned to a crisp."

Mrs. George—"Mercy me! so it is!"

"And the potatoes are not half done."

"So I see now."

"And the bread is sour, and, in fact, there's not a thing fit to eat, and I'm as hungry as a bear. What on earth have you been doing with yourself all the morning?"

"I've been swinging in the hammock, dear, dreaming about how lovely everything will be when your millennium gets here."

Advertise Well.

From the Yonkers Gazette.

Advertise well! 'tis the secret of glory, stick to this principle fast as a leech:
Think of the names that are famous in story; advertise well is the lesson they teach
How have men compassed so wide a connection, made the world swallow their nostrums at will?
'Tis that by constant and serious reflection, advertise well is the principle still.

Advertise well! you will never repent it; nothing more wise can a business man do.
Stick to this motto, and never forget it; advertise well—it will pull you safe through.
Advertise well; do not think what 'twill cost you; publishers' bills are but friends in disguise,
How do you know what your caution has lost you! Would you be wealthy, you must advertise.

Advertise well! though business be waning; those who spend freest must win in the end.
Up and be doing! no need for complaining; act for yourself, and be your own friend.
Advertise well! all lanes have a turning; nothing pays better than paper and ink.
Thousands who daily this motto are spurning, find that it brings them to bankruptcy's brink.

The Doctor's Prescription no Good.

A pretty good story is current on Dr. Race. He was sitting in his office the other day when a big Chinaman rushed in in a state of great excitement.

"Where Doc Lace?" he gasped, his almond eyes popping out of his head.

"I am Dr. Race," said the physician.

"Give medicine for Chinee boy, quick!"

"What is the matter with him?" asked the doctor, reaching for his prescription case.

"Him dead!"

A Case of Practical Economy

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while enjoying his favorite meal, and while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned, the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it.

"Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?"

"Oh, yes," answered the merchant; "I have no reason to complain."

"Well," said the customer, "I have always insisted that honesty was the best policy and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant. And the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend," cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

The Judge and the Conductor.

Judge Donohue, of the New York Supreme Court, on one occasion was brought to his bearings in a way as effective as it was amusing. He wanted to stop while the conductor was on the platform collecting fares, and pulling the rope the car was brought to a sudden stop. The conductor rushed into the car and demanded:

"Who rung that bell?"

"I did," said Judge Donohue.

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to get off."

At this the conductor indulged in some remarks which were not complimentary. The judge afterwards complained to the superintendent of the line, who promised to look into the matter. When they next met the judge demanded of the superintendent whether he had reprimanded the conductor.

"I spoke to him," was the reply.

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said that he was coming up some day to adjourn your court!"

The irate magistrate saw the point and did no pursue the investigation.

How He Was Made Better Off.

A Scotch tradesman who had amassed, as he believed, £4,000, was surprised by his old clerk with a balance-sheet showing his fortune to be £6,000. "It can not be," said the principal; "count again." The clerk did count again, and again declared the balance to be £6,000. The master counted himself, and he also brought out a surplus of £6,000. Time after time he cast up the columns—it was still a 6 and not a 4, that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his good fortune, modernized his house, and "put money in the purse" of the carpenter, the painter, and the upholsterer. Still, however, he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the extra £2,000, so one winter night he sat down to give the columns "one count more." At the close of his task he jumped up as though he had been galvanized, and rushed through the streets in a shower of rain to the house of the clerk. The clerk's head, capped and drowsy, emerged from an attic window at the sound of the knocker to inquire the errand of his midnight visitor. "Who's there?" he mumbled, "and what d'ye want?" "It's me, ye scoondrel!" exclaimed his employer, "ye've added up the year of our Lord among the pounds."

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THE undersigned begs to announce that he has started a first-class Livery in the stand opposite Munshaw's Hotel, Flesherton, where the travelling public can be accommodated with good rigs and horses at most reasonable prices Try me and be convinced.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. JOHNSTON.

Flesherton, Nov. 19th, 1886.

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