The Standard.

MARKDALE AUG. 7, 1884.

New Improvements.

The present age is full of inventions; some of them wise, and otherwise; but the other day we devoted a spare hour in "Milling," which our enterprising friend, Ford, has introduced. The process by which flour is manufactured, is not only a novelty, but solves a chemical problam which has long held a discussion in ur editorial rooms.

Under the old process of "Mashing" grain, previous to seperation (bran from kernel) a certain amount of injurious fermenation took place, during this process. The chemical sanitary committee of the City of New York, reported five years ago, that the present (then) state of "Milling," was the direct cause of nine-tenths of the endenic disease that plagued their city. However, a better state of things has taken place in our own country. Mr. J. W. Ford has introduced a very expensive assortment of machinery in his grist mill, by which the flour is extracted from the bran, without producing the noxious effect before described. The wheat is first crushed, and then carried by an elevator to the second story, where it descends to another, and finer crusher; and, in a similar manner, until five such operations are gone through without in the least heating the mass. Another feature is the putting the bran through a novel process, by which a fine quality of flour is extracted—every atom of albuminous food is extracted; and our only objection to Mr. Ford's dissectant mode of giving a large yield of Flour to the bushel, is, that it will cheat our poor "bossy" of a large share of the nutriment she ought to receive. Nevertheless, we are not going to blame Mr. Ford: We'll give "bossy" a double dose, to make up for deficiencies. We trust, however, that Mr. Cave, the contractor and builder of Mr. Ford's Mill Works, will not construct any more in this locality, as it will have a tendency to cause a growl amongst the housewives who have milch cows.

Better Than The Best.

GRAND OFFER GOOD FOR AUGUST ONLY.

We will send to any adress the STANDARD and T[illegible] to *Weekly News* the balanse of 1884 for 40 cents, or the STANDARD and Montreal *Star*, six months for 65 cents, or the three papers mentioned the balance of the year for 70 cents. This is the best oportunity yet presented to secure the news at a small cost. Do not delay, but send in your subscrsption early in the month and thereby secure the greater bargain. The cash must accom[illegible]y the order in all cases. Mail all orders to STANDARD office, Markdale.

Personals.

Miss Lizzie Mundy, of Penetanguishene, is visiting at Mr. D. J. Shanahan's.

Mr. Thos. Mathews left last week on a trip to Perth, he went by boat from Toronto and will return by the Ontario & Quebec Railway.

Mrs. McDonald, of Toronto, is visiting her sister-in-law Mrs. A. McDougall, of this village.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walker of Manitoulin, are visiting friends in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Reid, of the Queen's Hotel, Dundalk, spent Wednesday afternoon in Markdale. Mr. Reid gave us a pleasant call.

Correspondence.

NOTICE.—We wish it distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents

To the Editor of the Standard.

MR. EDITOR,—I see your Meaford Road correspondant is a good deal better at denying than at proving anything. He talks about the *discussion of the meeting*. I always thought it was a subject or topic that was discussed and not a meeting. The S. School is not a private, but an organization, and the members of any organization are the proper parties to authorize any one whom they think fit to publish their minutes or any part of them, and as I said before that the Secretary is more likely to give a correct report than your correspondent, who was not at the meeting at all. He says that report had it that there was a decision arrived at about the excursion. He would do well to write *facts* and not reports always. He then speaks of me flying off at a tangent! Well, I must confess that I don't know much about geometry, and so cannot well make out what he means by this expression except it be that he is the curved line, and I the straight one meeting it. Is that it? He says he is as good a friend of the Sabbath School as I am. Well perhaps so, I will leave others to judge. But I think I am perfectly safe in saying that he has not been in the school to take any part in it more than twice a year, as the Secretary's book will show; and maybe he would make a good teacher. or even Superintendent, but I am afraid he is spoiling badly for want of practice. However I am glad to hear he is a friend of the S. School, and hope he will continue to be. and that he will show it elsewhere as well as he does in the columns of your valuable paper.

Thanking you for your space.

I am yonrs truly,

W. B.

Too Good to Miss.

Markdale, August 2nd, 1884.

To the Editor of the Standard.

DEAR SIR,—In your last issue I noticed a letter by one M. Norris. He starts out to tell the good folks of Markdale something about the wonderful country called "Lyon's Head." He fails, however, to tell us much about the place; but with a faint effort he tells us a little about his journey to Owen Sound. He describes his fellow-creatures who accompanied him on the journey as a fat man; a tall, lean man; and the conductor—a strapping, pompous fellow, etc. Mr. N. seems to have a spite against railroad men by the way in which he expresses his feelings towards them. Whether Mr. N. was trying to travel on a half ticket and got put off, or whether he at one time tried to raise himself to one of those honorable positions as punching tickets, we are not prepared to say; but in the meantime Mr. N. must not compare railroading to school teaching. It was certainly something new for him to travel by rail, by the way he takes every little thing in. He, as I suppose, does the most of his travelling by foot, or probably lumber wagon. This in which he takes a great interest in is nothing new to railroad men, only an every day occurrence. The side show which Mr. N. describes as being really refreshing and most beautiful, is easily accounted for. You see Mr. N. has only one eye, hence we get a beautiful illustration of a side show, therefore if he had the other eye no doubt but Mr. N. would have furnished us with a more exact account of his journey. He only seeing one side of the show. If he had changed his seat, we dare say he would have seen a great deal more. And when he got to Owen Sound he gave us a brief account in the way which his companions left the car. They all more or less seemed out of the way only himself. Probably a little hot coffee with a stick in it would make this difference, as he seemed to think it was raining lanterns or some other thing he could not describe until he touched upon religious subjects which probably wakened him up. If your readers had seen the 2 x 6 valise which he carried it might lead them to think it was a side show itself, and no wonder such were his imaginations when the crowd met his gaze. Our letter is growing rather long, but we would advise Mr. N. to take the other side of the car on his return, and furnish us with the other side of the show, also a full report of one side of the Salvation Army would not at all discourage us. The account of the newly married couple was simply immense, but the way he seemed to follow them up would lead one to think he would like a similar position, of course not with the same lady. Go on friend N., only draw it milder next time. Thanking Mr. Editor for allowing me this space in your paper.

RAILROADER.

Lyons Head Continued.

Staying in Owen Sound a few days, and having done the town in other respects, I must needs see and hear the Salvation Army. To this end, after tea on Saturday evening July 5th, I girded up my loins, so to speak, and set out for the market square which I reached just in time to see the Army enter it with flourish of banners and music: At the word of command the Army gets on its knees and is soon surrounded by a promicuous crowd of sinners of both sexes, some of whome listen respectfully while others treat the preformance with considerable levity. The Captain leads in a prayer in which she gives the Lord a description of her audience the reverse of flattering. Indeed she plainly states that we are going straight to the devil and that we need to right about turn pretty soon or we'll reach our destination.

After a short time we adjourned to the barracks where the performance was repeated on a large scale, the singing of rather grotesque hymns with song tunes and interminable choruses being a leading feature of the exercises. Then there was speaking, anyone who chose taking a part. All the speaking amounted to about this much, that the speaker was once a pretty bad citizen, which no one seemed to doubt, and, that he, or she, was now saved and free from sin, which every right minded man or woman hoped was the case. Of course there was a good deal of advise to us poor miserable sinners to come forward and do likewise but no one obeyed. Then there were prayers similar to the first one, and more music vocal and instrumental, especially the latter. Indeed the noise was at times almost intolerable, and while they spoke glibly of casting out the devil, I couldn't help wondering whether the noise had something to do with this "Consummation devoutly to be wished." Certainly if his majesty has anything corresponding to the human nervous system, or an ear for music, the wonder is, that he doesn't leave sooner.

One can hardly help smiling at some of the incidents that occur at some of their meetings. At this particular, one a soldier was praying fervently and just as he was expatiating on the vileness and misery of his hearers an enthusiastic fellow soldier shouted "Hallelujah" with a vim that was truly startling, and as if the fact of our being sinners was a most delightful piece of news. It forcibly reminded me of a somewhat similar incident that took place at a prayermeeting not not a thousand miles from Lyons Head. Attending the meeting was a very earnest old brother who was also very deaf: But the fact that he didn't hear everything, in no wise restricted the number and fervency of his responses. On one occasion some one in praying quoted the text "The divel as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour" when the deaf brother cunvulsed the worshippers by a fervent "Glory be to his holy name."

Another thing that struck me was the nonchalant, almost flippant, use of names and expressions usually looked upon as sacret. One couldn't help wishing that they were uttered more reverently. Speaking seriously, few thoughtful persons I think can attend their meetings without being sorely puzzled as to the propriety and utility of the whole thing. Of course if they do good they can well afford to endure the sneers and the affected superiority of their opposers what if they are doing more harm than good: What if their noise and childish display and apparent irreverence repels more than they attract, and only for the time and by virtue of their novelty? Who shall say? Though the town opinions differ widely as to their methods and their success. Some say they are doing good; others deny this; while still others say that they have done good; but their day of usefulness in Owen Sound is past. Some respectable citizens join in and help them, while others stand aloof in cool contempt of the whole thing. As for the rabble, they seem to look on the Army as the lawful butt for their puny shafts of redicule. Perhaps Gamaliel's counsel to the Jews of old is equally applicable to the opposers of the Salvation Army of the present.

On Monday and Tuesday I visited the High School where the examinations were in progress and couldn't help sympathizing with the unhappy victims of these barbarities of civilization. On Tuesday evening I took passage for Wiarton by the *Pacific*. The passage up was extremely pleasant, everything was seen so distinctly yet softened and beautified by the moonlight, Islands and capes and buoys and rocky cliffs and woodland shores seemed to belong to fairy-land rather than to this grim, old, care-laden, world of ours.

On Wednesday morning I awoke with a sense of coming calamities, I hurry into my clothes, and then into the dining room where porridge fish, potatoes, coffie, and toast, disappeared Yankee fashion for the Lions Head Stage is coming and there's no time to consider hygiene. I walk a few rods to the top of the hill and there is the Stage; The cargo consists of the following items:—on the front seat, a 200 lb. man from Lyons Head, and the driver; on the other seat, a man and two woman from Stokes Bay; at the back, some pakages and a keg of beer; under the seats, a miscellaneous assortment of valises, boxes &c., in the front right hand corner, a large stone jug of whiskey with a wad of bed-ticking in lieu of a cork; and in the other corner the mail bag. The driver relenquishes his seat and the rains to the fat man; I take the place of the latter, resting my feet on her majesty's mail, the driver proper alternately runs behind and mounts on the beer barrel for a rest; and away we go.

Six precious souls (beside the spirits and all agog to dash through thick and thin."

The first few miles of the road is pretty good and we enjoy the ride immensely, cracking jokes, and singing songs, and chaffing one another to our heart's content. But soon a change comes over the spirit of our dreams. There are the rocks. We hold our breath. The driver nervously tightens his hold of the reins. Bang goes the right fore wheel against a rock, the whiskey jug bounds into the air and alights on the toes of the fat man, a shadow comes over his face and I can hear him muttering energetically under his breath, perhaps he is reciting Milton or Shakespeare or some other of those old humbugs who philosophize so beautifully on the patient endurance of evils. He may be reciting a psalm, or a Peter Noster; but I have my doubts however their is no time to speculate, the same wheel strikes another boulder, while my side sinks into a hollow, and the fat man is hurled upon me with the force of an avelanche, crushing me into utter helplessness. We pack ourselves up, feel for damages and prepare for the next. Here it is a spot covered with large stones where the bumping and shaking is simply indiscribable. But the end is not yet, suddenly the waggon drops bodily into a hollow in the roads, so sudden is its descent that we do not follow for a moment; but remain in the air. The fat man looks like a great newly fledged bird trying his wings for the first time. He looks as if he were about to fly away and he at rest; but he doesn't, In sted of that he sits down suddenly and forcibly Again the shadow steals over his face, and the recitation begins but ends abruptly, for another jolt takes place, and I am shot against him so violently as to stop his breath and his speech at the same time this continues with short periods of repose until amid barking of dogs and blast of horn we puled up at "Coldwell's" the half way house, for dinner, Mine host of the halfway is well known and is a character in his way, His jolly face, his strong Milesian brogue, his keen wit, his ever ready repartee, and his great good nature, render him a favorit with travellers, notwithstanding that he loves the bottle too well, and has a penchant for using certain verbs and adjectives of a highly improper character.

The road from Coldwell's to Lions Head is but a repetition of the other half, now climbing over rocky hills, now dipping into picturesque wooded valleys, and presently emerging into a clearing, where the smooth, level, road seems like the calm between storm bursts. After four or five hours painful riding the stage halts and your traveller alights a short distance from home. A few minutes tramp through woods and clearings, and there it is! home! everywhere the symbol of love and peace and rest.

A hearty supper, a few hours answering all sorts of questions about Markdale and its people and some music, prepare me for bed where I soon fall asleep and dream that I am riding on the moon on an earthquake, with a team of volcanoes for horses, a very fat mastodon for driver, and a geyser in the corner for a whiskey jug.

M. NORRIS.

Williamsford.

Carson Price is building a large addition to his store.

Mr. Vogan is doing a large business he takes 200 lbs of meat per week from Rutledge of Markdale, the butcher.

Lilburn's new steam saw mill is doing fine work, and runs like a top.

A number of Italions are working on the gravel train here.

Preperations are being made for the Agricultural show.

What we may Expect.

A bountiful harvest.

And general prosperity.

Lively times over the Scott Act forthwith.

Our police trustees to complete the repairing of sidewalks by Christmas.

Some one to get their leg broken in the rickety Station platform.

And afterwards, the company to put down a new one.

Another change in the railyay time table shortly.

And then close connections with the Ontario & Quebec to Montreal.

A learge increase in the circulation of the STANDARD.

And another wedding shortly.

MARKDALE ROLLER MILL.—Mr. J. W. Ford has just completed the overhauling of the flour mill having re-fitted it throughout and put in a full line of rolls, this has been done at considerable expense, the change having cost over $4,000. He has now a *first class* mill and will be in a position forthwith to give the very best satisfaction and let every man have his grist home with him the day he brings it to mill. We bespeak for Mr. Ford a most generous patronage.

METHODIST GARDEN PARTY.—Notwithstanding the rain yesterday evening there were over 100 assembled at the garden party, and had it not been for the shower, we are confident the attendance would have been double that number, as it was a very pleasant time was spent. It was held at the residence of Mr. Wm. Armstrong, adjoining the village, to whom the Ladies Aid Society are very thankfull for his generous hospitality in throwing open his house and grounds for the occasion. Mr. Armstrong's farm is one of the most beautifull places in Ontario, comprising 200 acres of choice land in a magnificent location, the grounds surrounding the residence are beautifully laid out, has an abundance of shade and ornamental trees and is kept with commendable care and taste, making it altogether a most delightfull place of residence.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths sixty-five cents.

DEATHS.

WALSH—In Glenelg, on the 19th Mr. James Welsh aged 72 years.

His ways were just;
In righteousness he put his trust
To meet his Saviour—God.
And from earths release
He found a place
Unknown, but to the good.

Monthly Fairs.

Markdale—Saturday before [illegible]erton.

Chatsworth—Monday before [illegible]ham.

Dundalk—Tuesday before [illegible]ville.

Flesherton—Monday before [illegible]ville.

Orangeville—The second Tu[illegible] in each month.

Mount Forest—Third We[illegible] in each month.

Priceville—Monday before D[illegible]

Durham—Third Tuesday in [illegible] month.

Hanover—Monday before D[illegible]

Walkerton—Last Wednes[illegible] every month.

New Butcher Sh[illegible]

The best meats the country can [illegible] kept on hand and

DELIVERED TO ALL PART[illegible]

THE TOWN WHERE ORDE[illegible]

A share of public patronage resp[illegible] solicited.

Remember the stand in McNee's bl[illegible]

RUTLEDGE & TRELF[illegible]

181

325 ACRES.

FONTHILL NURSERI[illegible]

THE LARGEST IN THE DOM[illegible]

SALESMEN WANT[illegible]

To begin work at once on Fall sales. [illegible] employment at fixed salaries to all w[illegible] work. Men and Women [illegible] pleasant

WORK THE YEAR RO[illegible]

Good agents are earning from $4[illegible] per month and expenses.

Terms and outfit free. Address

STONE & WELLINGTON

Toronto.

TO SCHOOL TRUST[illegible]

The undersigned is manufacturing [illegible] cellent assortment of

School Furnitu[illegible]

Consisting of SCHOOL SEATS and [illegible] TEACHERS' DESKS, etc., of the [illegible] design and most approved pattern. [illegible] recommended by School Trustees and [illegible]ers, for cheapness, comfort and comp[illegible] wherever tried. An assortment of F[illegible] School Bells kept always on hand. [illegible] catalogue to Chatsworth P. O.

181 ANDREW McG[illegible]

EUGENIA

Grist, Saw and Lath M[illegible]

Having made eqtensive improve[illegible] my Grist Mill I feel confident I ca[illegible] good satisfaction.

GOOD FLOUR ALWAYS ON H[illegible]

Chopping Done Every D[illegible]

Custom Sawing and Bills Filled o[illegible] shortest notice.

LUMBER AND LATH ALW[illegible] ON HAND.

Cherry, Butternut, White Ash, Blac[illegible] Basswood, Pine and Hemlock Logs w[illegible]

69ly. M. AKITT, Euge[illegible]

AN ACROSTIC.

Live to a good old age
And be wise as a sage
Read all you can
Doubt's dispel, like a man
It's true, Lardine's the best O[illegible]
Nothing its equal, cast's aside [illegible]
External its use, on every con[illegible]

Use Lardine Machine Oil unexcelled [illegible] machinery, sold manufacturer, McColl [illegible] Toronto.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OI[illegible] CURES RHEUMATIS[illegible]

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDER[illegible]

Are pleasant to take. Contain [illegible] Purgative. It is a safe, sure, and [illegible] destroyer of Worms in Children or A[illegible]